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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

Matters of Fact

We wish to call the attention of our readers, and above all those correspondents who found fault with our position in the matter of the Charles Dickens Stamp Fund, to Mr. Tassin's article in this issue on "American Authors and British Publishers." It deals with matters of fact, and we think that reading it will convince a great number of persons who apparently need to be convinced that any over-effusive expression of penitence is quite unnecessary. A good deal that was written last year about American literary piracy and our material debt to the heirs of Dickens bordered on positive hysteria. There was a kind of childish delight manifested in the enormity of our newly discovered sin. We were apparently eager to confess ourselves miserable offenders, and abjectly to profess our repentance. We overdid the thing—there is no question about that. And now that it is all over, would not it be reasonable to consider the facts as they actually are? That course might lead to a little more serious appreciation of certain really estimable American men-of-letters, and also help to re-establish our national self-respect.

Edwin Percy Whipple

While we have naturally had a great deal to say about Charles Dickens during the past year we cannot refrain from expressing a few words of appreciation of two little volumes which have just come from the Riverside Press. These are *Charles Dickens, the Man and His Work,* by Edwin Percy Whipple, with an introduction by Arlo Bates. Regarded typographically, the books are a delight to the hand and to the eye. Moreover, Mr. Bates's Introduction is well worth reading in any form. E. P. Whipple was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1819. At fifteen he began a business life as a clerk in a bank, but before he was twenty he was harbouring serious literary aspirations, and reading extensively. In 1840, at a literary meeting of the Mercantile Library Association of

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE

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Boston, he delivered a satirical poem which won general approbation. Three years later his essay on Macaulay appeared in the *Boston Miscellany*. "It was at once evident," says Mr. Bates, "that a fresh force had come into American criticism, and the paper was hailed with enthusiasm." From this time on he published in the *North American Review, Graham's Magazine, The Christian Examiner*, and other magazines, a series of admirable articles, and these were gathered into two volumes in 1848 and 1851. In connection with the first named of these, it may be remembered that Whittier said: "Whipple was one of the first to speak a good word for me in *The North American Review*."

WILKIE COLLINS
From "Vanity Fair," February 3, 1872

It was the period when lyceums and literary societies were amazingly popular all over the country, and Mr. Whipple early joined the ranks of the lecturers. His field extended from St. Louis to Bangor; in New England were few towns of note where he did not speak; and the literary societies of Dartmouth, Brown, Amherst, and other colleges gave him an enthusiastic hearing. His *Literature of the Age of Elizabeth* appeared in 1869, and *Success and Its Conditions* in 1872. For a year he was the literary editor of the Boston *Globe*, and in 1880 he edited, with James T. Fields, an Anthology called *The Family Library of British Poetry*. Thomas Wentworth Higginson said of him: "He was an essential part of the literary life of Boston at a time when that city probably furnished a larger proportion of the literary life of the nation than it will ever supply again." At the Saturday Club, where his associates included Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Motley, Holmes, Whittier, Sumner, Prescott, Parkman, and Henry James the elder, he seems to have held his own in the brilliant company by his sound common sense, his wit and his genial temper.

In urging Mr. Whipple's claims as a critic of the first rank, Arlo Bates emphasises his originality, and the fearlessness of his judgment. "One of the qualities which made his critical work effective was the pithy fashion in which he condensed the character into an epigram, as when he said of Leigh Hunt: 'Shakespeare, Spenser, Shelley, Coleridge, he dandles on his knee, paws them, and would fill their dear little mouths with sugared epithets of eulogy.' Or these: 'simplicity was the result of the complexities which entered into his (Jonathan Edwards's) mind and character.' 'The self-pleased chuckle of Montaigne.' 'Hawthorne had spiritual insight, but did not penetrate to the sources of spiritual joy.' 'John Adams's moral impatience was such that he seems to fret as he thinks.' Then his well-known saying: 'If Jonathan Edwards, turned romancer, had dramatised his sermon, *Sinners in the Hand of an Angry God*, he could not have written a more terrific story of guilt and retribution than *The Scarlet Letter*.' Trenchantly suggestive, too, is his remark on the alleged caricature of Dickens: 'Such

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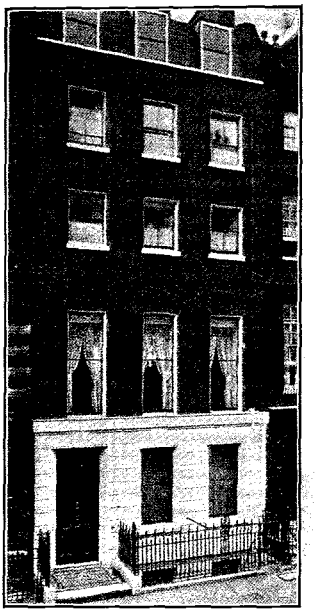


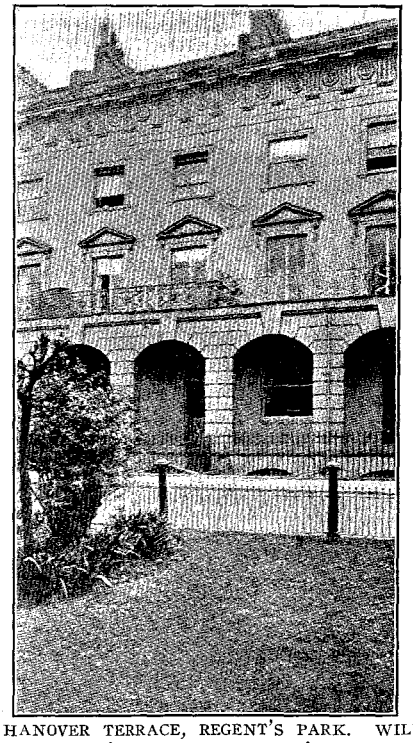
82 WIMPOLE STREET, WHERE WILKIE COLLINS DIED, SEPTEMBER 23, 1889

caricature as this is to character what epigram is to fact,—a mode of conveying truth more distinctly by suggesting it through a brilliant exaggeration.'"

The Return of Collins

There are signs of a considerable revival of interest of late in the books of Wilkie Collins, and we advise such of our readers as have the time to dip again into the pages of *The Moonstone* and *The Woman in White*. With the possible exception of Eugène Sue's *The Mysteries of Paris*, *The Woman in White* was unquestionably the most popular serial ever printed. On the publication day of the weekly in which the story was appearing in parts, the street in front of the office was thronged with people anxiously waiting for a new instalment of the adventures of Laura Fairleigh, Ann Catherick, the treacherous Baronet, and the diabolically fascinating Count Fosco. Mr. Arthur Compton-Rickett, in a recent article on Collins, calls *The Moonstone* "a masterpiece of construction." From the impressive opening scene, where the gem is shown in its splendid eastern setting, through all the mazes of the story, down to its final recapture by the Indians, there is not a scene which does not carry forward the tale, not a character that has not a part to play in the solution of the mystery. The parts fit into one another and correlate with all the neatness of those picture puzzles that are the despair and delight of childhood. No other English novelist can equal Collins in this respect. To find his peer we must turn to Gaboriau and Du Boisgobey.

This technical skill of Collins was recognised and admired by the brother craftsmen of his day. Dickens professed to find *The Moonstone* rather poor reading, yet Collins's influence may be traced in all his later works from *Bleak House* to *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Indeed, Mr. Compton-Rickett finds in *Our Mutual Friend* not only the methods of Wilkie Collins, but also the little tricks of manner. Collins's influence may also be traced to two at least of Anthony Trollope's novels, and there is the suggestion that *Felix Holt* and *Desperate Remedies* owe something to the author of *The Woman in White*. In



17 HANOVER TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK. WILKIE COLLINS'S HOME IN THE 'FIFTIES

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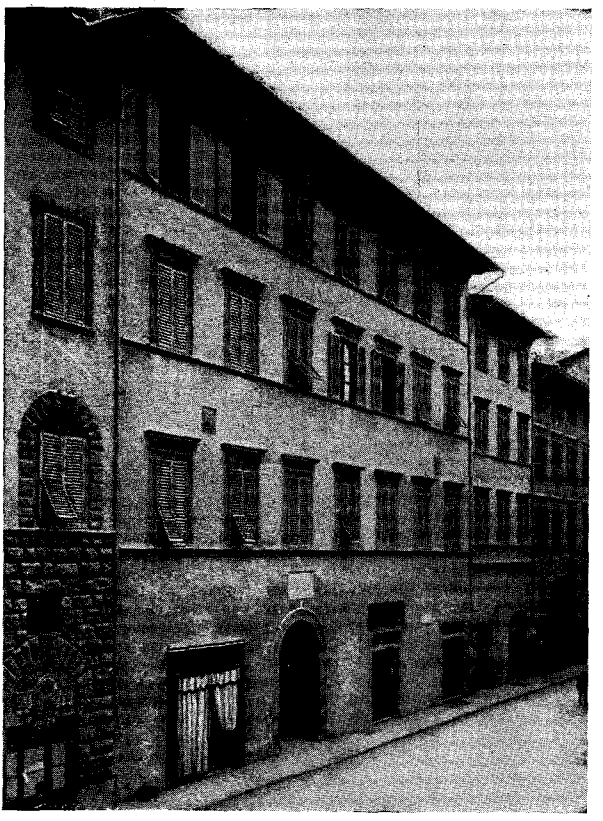
common with at least two of his contemporaries, Dickens and Reade, Collins's conception of the novel was that of a written drama. In sheer descriptive power the two former were greatly superior, yet, of the three, Collins yielded least to the tendency to confuse mere theatricalism with dramatic effect. The secret of Collins's power lay not in mere description but in suggestion. He excites us not by what he tells us but what he does not tell us. The compelling interest which holds the reader of *The Woman in White* and *The Moonstone* is due less to the vivid description of dramatic incidents than to the artful suggestion of some impending fate.

Barrett Browning

Robert Widemann Barrett Browning, who died at Asolo, Italy, July eighth, deserves just a little more attention than the usual son of a distinguished father and mother whose own achievement has been nothing astonishing. His life as a child was so closely linked to the reminiscences of the Brownings in Italy. Visitors to the Casa Guidi, Florence, seldom failed to mention the ethereal-looking child. Bayard Taylor wrote: "Their child, a blue-eyed, golden-haired boy of two years old, stammered Italian sentences only; he knew nothing yet of his native tongue. He has since exhibited



THE HOUSE IN THE CASA GUIDI, FLORENCE, WHERE BARRETT BROWNING WAS BORN, AND WHERE ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING DIED

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a remarkable genius for music and drawing, a fortunate circumstance, for inherited genius is always fresher and more vigorous when it seeks a new form of expression." Mrs. Browning herself wrote to Leigh Hunt: "You are aware that that child, I am more proud of than twenty *Auroras,* even after Leigh Hunt has praised them. He is eight years old, but reads English, Italian, French, German, and plays the piano—then is the sweetest child." Barrett Browning

THE "FRANCONIA" STUDENT CORPS IN BONN UNIVERSITY, 1865
(Nietzsche in the middle, leaning on his hand)

adopted art as his profession, studying in Antwerp and at the Royal Academy. His achievement was by no means great.

The New Life of Nietzsche

Frau Förster-Nietzsche, the author of the large biography in three volumes, has published simultaneously in German and English a new biography of her brother, in an abridged form which will fill two volumes, of which one volume has already appeared, translated by Anthony M. Ludovici. It is written with the double purpose of supplying a work that should be more accessible to the general reader than her previous voluminous biography, and that should bring out especially the earlier period of Nietzsche's life, which was neglected in the larger work and is little known. The public is familiar with the solitary Nietzsche of later years, but not with the young and enthusiastic Nietzsche, who in the early 70's distinguished himself as a university professor and as an essayist and lecturer. The first volume covers the period from 1844 to 1876. It is written in the adoring spirit of a devoted relative and a disciple. The author's excuse for this is that she was unacquainted with any facts concerning her brother that did not redound to his credit. She says she approached his lifelong friend, Baron von Gersdorff, on this subject, asking him if he could not tell her anything unfavourable concerning her brother, for in her picture there was too little shade. Gersdorff replied:

"I can remember nothing; he was all light. It was we, his friends, who did not understand him, who contributed the shade to his life."

Frau Förster-Nietzsche thinks this emphasis on the early life of the philosopher important as bringing out the chief problem of his career.

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NIETZSCHE AT SIXTEEN

For it *is* a problem that Friedrich Nietzsche, who denied our present moral values, or at least traced them to sources absolutely unsuspected hitherto—this Transvaluer of all Values—should himself have fulfilled all the loftiest and most subtle demands made by the morality now preached among us. And he did not do this because of any moral imperative, but from a perfectly cheerful inability to act otherwise. I leave it to others to solve this problem.

The picture indeed is that of a correct and, in some respects, rather priggish child, as may be inferred from the following incident:

One day, just as school was over, there was a heavy downpour of rain, and we looked out along the Priestergasse for our Fritz. All the boys were running like mad to their homes. At last little Fritz also appeared, walking slowly along, with his cap covering his slate and his little handkerchief spread over the whole. Mamma waved and called out to him when he was some way off: "Run, child, run!" The sheets of rain prevented us catching his reply. When our mother remonstrated with him for coming home soaked to the skin, he replied seriously: "But, mamma, in the rules of the school it is written: 'On leaving school, boys are forbidden to jump and run about in the street, but must walk quietly and decorously to their homes.'"

Rousseau as a Present Political Issue

The bicentenary of the birth of Jean Jacques Rousseau was the occasion of a debate in the French Chamber that seems very strange to a reader of current American political discussion. It turned on Rousseau's philosophic ideas. Fancy a debate in the American Congress or the British Parliament that turned on a question of political philosophy! The question before the Chamber was whether it should participate in the celebration—appropriate the public money to the glorification of Rousseau. M. Maurice Barrès, the Academician, protested, as a champion of the old order, against stamping with the approval of the state a body of doctrines

ELIZABETH NIETZSCHE (FRAU FÖRSTER-NIETZSCHE), NIETZSCHE'S ONLY SISTER, THE AUTHOR OF THE BIOGRAPHY

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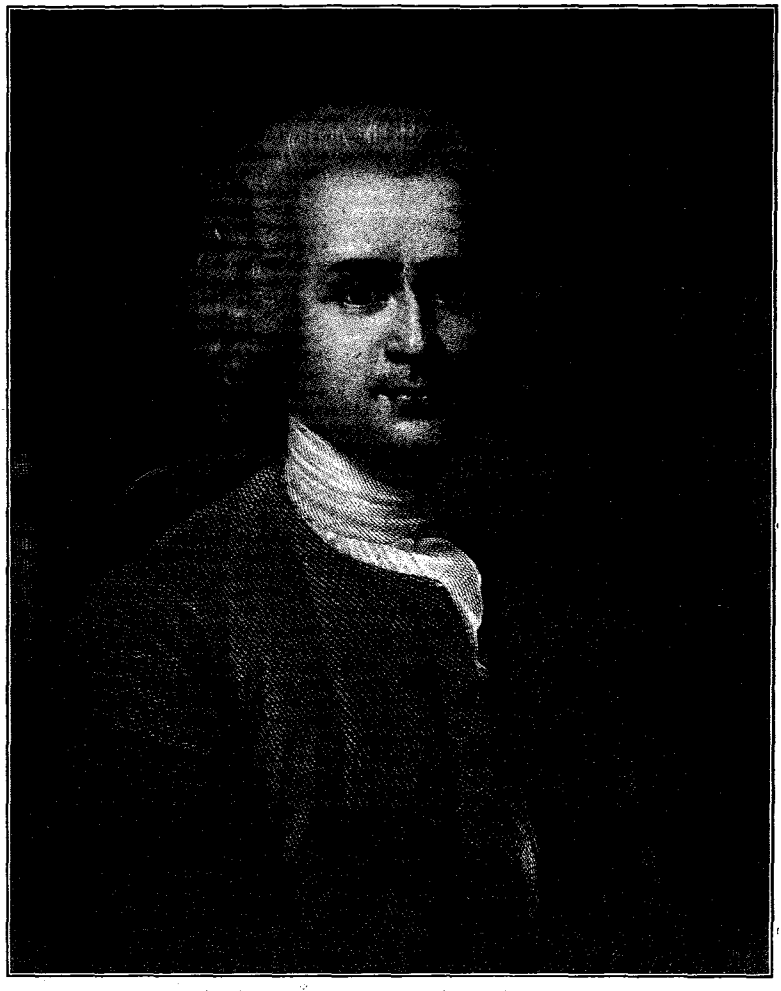

THE ROUSSEAU BICENTENARY—JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

that tended logically to the state's destruction. That sort of intellectual inconsistency would not trouble an American or English public man in the least. Neither in this country nor in England are politics concerned with the ultimate destination of ideas. They are concerned wholly with the conflict of immediate interests. But those astonishing Frenchmen actually believe in the practical work-a-day importance of mere ideas. If they are irreligious they wish to destroy religion. If they are religious, they refuse to make room in their hearts for an irreligious philosophy. Hence M. Maurice Barrès *á propos* of the Rousseau monument.

At the hour in which we are, have you really the idea that it is useful and fruitful to exalt solemnly in the name of the state the man who invented the detestable paradox that puts society outside of nature and stirs the individual against society in the name of nature? It is not at the moment when you strike down like dogs those who rise against society, saying it is unjust and evil, and declare war to the death against it, that we ought to glorify the man claimed justly as theirs by all theorists of anarchy. Nothing stands between Kropotkin and Jean Grave and Rousseau—and neither Kropotkin nor Jean Grave can intellectually refuse to own as theirs Garnier and Bonnot. . . . Gentlemen, I have the right to say that for men of government, the glorification of Rousseau's principles is a demonstration with no deep underlying truth. Is it a mechanical gesture, some old band air which you are going to

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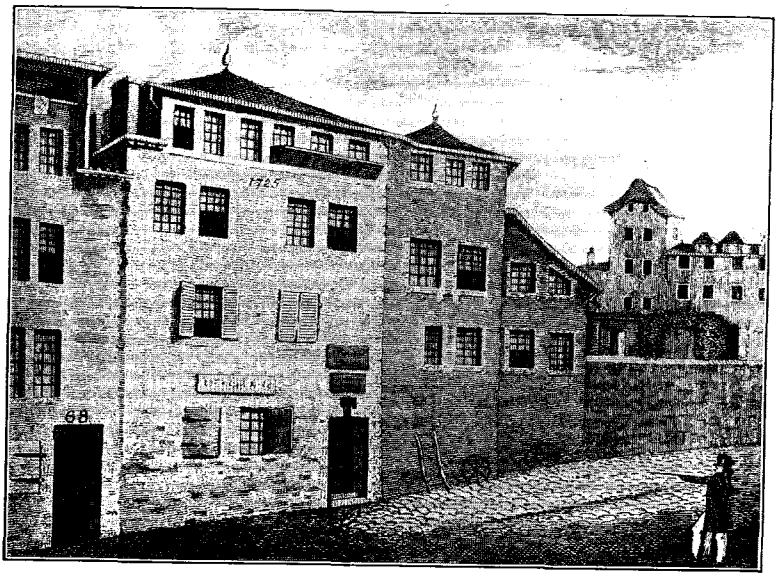
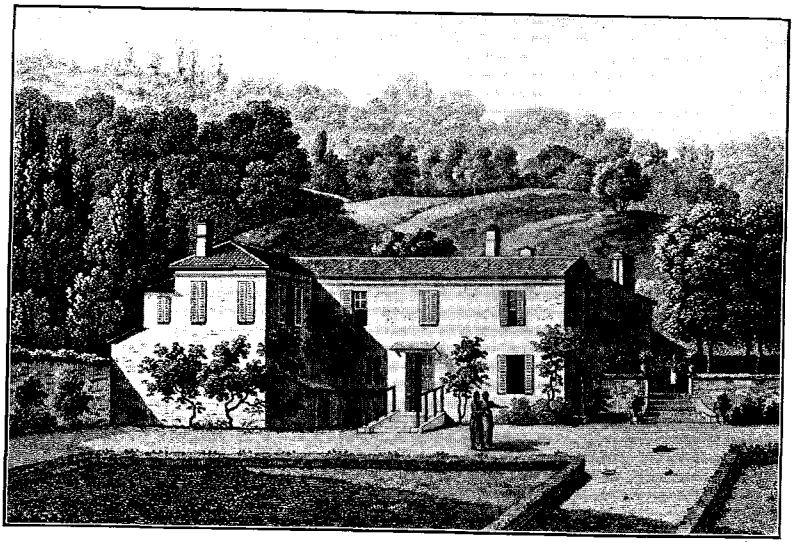


BIRTHPLACE OF ROUSSEAU AT GENEVA



THE HERMITAGE OF ROUSSEAU AT MONTMORENCY

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ROUSSEAU AND VOLTAIRE

Animated discussion between the two philosophers. Voltaire resorts to vigorous argument. Design of the end of the eighteenth century.

play without stopping to examine its meaning? Or, worse yet, have you put to yourselves the objections which I raise, but dare not refuse such homage to one catalogued among the saints of the Revolution?

The government's spokesman was that frank and eloquent defender of anti-clericalism, M. Viviani, whose exultant exclamations at the godlessness of the Republic so delighted the Chamber in 1906, that they voted to have them posted up in all the communes of France. At that time he had said among other things:

> We have torn from the people's soul all belief in another life. . . . With magnificent gesture we have quenched in the sky those lights which none shall again kindle. Do you think our work is over? It begins.

In reply to M. Barrès, M. Viviani declared that the government in honouring Rousseau was not necessarily applauding all his ideas. Surely there was enough in both his literary and his philosophical work to justify the government's demonstration. Frenchmen of radical tendencies admired Bossuet despite "his abominable eulogy of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," and admired Chateaubriand despite his hostility to liberal ideas.

> Really, we ask why you, on your side, cannot do the same for Rousseau?

Pathology of the Unusual

Despite the deserved contempt into which the Max Nordau theories of literature have long since fallen, American medical men are still busily engaged in Sunday supplements proving the insanity of exceptional persons with whom they disagree and the morbid origin of any book that they do not understand. One of them has recently tried to reduce literary criticism to terms of bacteriology, tracing the hopeful passages in Stevenson to tuberculous bacilli, the invective of Carlyle and the pessimism of Nietzsche to certain bacilli in the colon, and arguing in general that men wrote as they did not in spite of their diseases but on account of them. If he finds anything that he dislikes in their writings he attributes it to some disease. By this naïve method one can damn one's enemies under the guise of charity and with an appearance

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU AND THE PAVILION AT ERMENNONVILLE. DRAWN BY F. MAYER IN JUNE, 1778

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of scientific precision. Unfortunately, it has been a little overdone and the public has become suspicious. Some months ago, for example, an ardent anti-Roosevelt alienist swore by all the laws of psychopathy, psychiatry, psychotherapy, neurology, empirical psychology or whatever it was, that if ever there was a paranoiac it was Colonel Roosevelt, and he dared him to come to his clinic and prove himself sane. He knew well enough that if he could once get Colonel Roosevelt at his clinic he would so diagnose the deviltry in him that no stand-pat Republican alienist would advise his being at large. Roosevelt is fond of crowds—ochlophilism; drinks too much milk—galaktomania; attacks wild animals—theriomachy; talks too freely—hyperlalagy; and writes too many letters—epistolorrhea. Where others would simply swear at a man, the alienist lets drive at him with Greek derivatives.

In like manner this latest medico-literary theory disposes of authors who happen to be unusual—

> Carlyle and, I believe, Rousseau suffered from a superabundance of colon bacilli in their systems. To this may be traced Carlyle's pessimistic philosophy and Rousseau's impatience and dissatisfaction with human conditions.
>
> . . . I never think of Schopenhauer as a philosopher, but merely as a man who was simply suffering from the colon bacillus. Nietzsche belonged to the same group. Whether Ibsen did or not I don't want to say until I have studied his life more carefully. The civilised world at the end of the nineteenth century was flooded with pessimistic literature. I'm frank to say that my bacterio-literary theory has always kept me from taking this pessimistic literature very seriously.

Among others known to have done remarkable work under the stimulus of disease germs are mentioned Byron, De Maupassant, General Grant, Cecil Rhodes, Edgar Allan Poe, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Tosti, Wagner, and Liszt.

Wounded Dignity

True Britons were greatly shocked, if we may trust their weekly paragraphers, by the goings-on at our recent political conventions. Ought these grave councils of the nation to be robbed of their seriousness and dignity by horseplay and the dance? To English readers, they said, it seemed almost incredible that delegates to a political convention should burst into song or Turkey trots or shout in chorus for thirty minutes or collide with one another or shake their fists at chairmen's noses. The British weekly paragrapher announced in his well-considered way that he did not hesitate to say, though it grieved him sorely to wound the feelings of the United States, that such acts as these were not to be regarded as the acts of perfect gentlemen. Painful though the duty was, he nevertheless felt constrained to remind America that in national assemblages of the first importance concerned with so grave an issue as the choice of a candidate for the highest office in the land it was essential that a certain standard of dignity should be upheld. He would venture to add, and so forth, and so forth. All who are familiar with the habits of British weekly journalism will readily see these important sentiments repeating themselves and expanding all through one column and half-way down the next, filling exactly the space between the article on "The German Menace" and the article on "Tree Toads in Derbyshire." Not one word have we to say to this, all of which is as sound and true as a perfectly healthy slumber. We merely add the following summary of British political events that took place at about the same time that the above comments were printed.

June 25. A Socialist member hurls himself at the Treasury bench and shakes his fist in the faces of Mr. Asquith and the other ministers.

June 26. A woman flings herself upon Mr. McKenna, the Home Secretary, while with the royal party and tries to tear him to pieces—fortunately in vain.

June 28. Window-smashing by ladies reported to be general throughout the British Isles. Woman springs upon Mr. Asquith at a reception and seizing him by the coat collar shakes him into inarticulate helplessness until she is thrown by two men down the stairs.

There is no reason for regarding these three stirring events as at all exceptional.

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Probably any other week would be much the same. It is not worth while to cable to this country every time Mr. Asquith is shaken or Mr. Churchill has his high hat smashed upon his head. Probably such items are published only when other news runs short. It is safe to assume, therefore, that these and kindred incidents are merely matters of British political routine.

A Laborious Libel

Attacks on Mr. Churchill, by the way, range all the way from the bold feminine dash at his high hat to the covert thrust at his reputation through the medium of eighteenth century political verse reeking with classical allusion. *Blackwood's* for February contained a lampoon on Mr. Churchill, so deep, so classically worded, that the editor did not in the least know who or what was meant till Mr. Churchill sued him for libel. It was entitled a "Lost Letter from Ancient Rome," and purported to be a letter from Cicero to Atticus, which the translator had thrown into the form of Swift's metrical Epistles. In it occurs the following passage:

Clodius by nature is no slug
Like Pompey: dagger, dungeon, drug,
All urge him on his wild career:
He craves excitement, far or near.
Behold him, just from school released,
Playing at soldiers in the East!
From discipline he seeks relief
In mutiny against his chief.
More fond of warlike words than blows,
When captured by our Asian foes,
How cleverly he homeward stole,
And broke his prison and parole!

The last three lines reviving the old and frequently disproved story that Mr. Churchill broke his parole when he escaped from his Boer captors at the time of the South African war were held by the court to constitute a libel. Mr. Churchill repeated the true story of his escape and the defendants were unable to bring in the slightest evidence for their version. The poem ran to several pages and was most elaborately contrived, bristling with references to Roman politics and fortified with footnotes citing passages from the Roman historians as authority for its details. The writer must have toiled for a month on this pedantic and wearisome ambuscade for his political enemy. Unfortunately, from the reader's point of view, Mr. Churchill sued only for nominal damages.

The Two Bridges

Just as there is an English Winston Churchill and an American Winston Churchill, there is an English Robert Bridges and an American Robert Bridges. A little time ago when the news came that Oxford University was about to bestow distinguished honours on Henry James and Robert Bridges, many American readers thought that the latter meant the gentleman who has written so genially under the pseudonym of "Droch." As a matter of fact, the English Robert Bridges is many years older than the American. He is a distinguished physician, and his publications include numerous plays, poems, and essays.

American Books in England

A propos of the popularity of the American novel in England, about which Gertrude Atherton wrote at length in the BOOKMAN two years ago last summer, it is interesting to note that the four books selected by one of the most discriminating of English publishers to begin a new series of reprints are Hall Caine's *The Bondsman*, *The Ebb Tide*, by Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne, *The Call of the Wild*, by Jack London, and *Soldiers of Fortune*, by Richard Harding Davis.

The Fierce White Light

A publisher's announcement informs us that Robert Hichens, spending last year in Italy, found it expedient to travel "incog." Such is the fierce, white light that beats about the throne of successful authorship. The report does not say whether Mr. Hichens, trying to escape his fame, sought obscurity by registering at hotels as "Baron Felix," or "the Earl of Grosvenor."

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The Most Prolific Writer

There is always an interest as to who is the most prolific writer of the moment. Mr. Clement K. Shorter in his literary letter to the London *Sphere* of June 22d puts forward as his candidate Mr. Maurice Baring. Here are a few of Mr. Baring's recent books: *Landmarks in Russian Literature, Diminutive Dramas, Dead Letters, Proserpine: A Masque; Disideria: a Play,* and *The Collected Poems of Maurice Baring.*

A Very Old Friend

"One of the funniest stories told about her—Miss Carolyn Wells—is that by one of her numerous publishers, who asked her 'Why do you always send your book manuscripts in a five-pound candy box?' To which she replied: 'When I feel that I am going to write a book I always buy a five-pound box of candy and a pint of ink, and then I begin to write, and when the candy is all gone and the ink all used up I know that the book is long enough.'" The first time that we read this story we considered it a very good one. That was many years ago. Since then we have met it in various disguises, but it is always the same old story. We respectfully suggest to Miss Wells that it has now reached a venerable old age, and is entitled to a well-earned rest from further earthly labours.

Byron and Wellington

Lord Byron is an interesting figure in *The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley,* a book which has been receiving a good deal of apparently well-deserved attention from discriminating readers both in England and in this country. Lady Shelley first met the poet at the home of Colonel Leigh, the husband of Byron's sister.

> Mrs. Leigh told me that he spent most of the night writing a poem, which was to be called "The Corsair." As he did not leave his room until after midday, our intercourse was restricted. He is decidedly handsome, and can be very agreeable. He seems to be easily put out by trifles, and, at times, looks terribly savage. He was very patient with Mrs. Leigh's children, who were not in the least in awe of him. He bore their distracting intrusions into his room with imperturbable good humour. Mrs. Leigh has evidently great moral influence over her brother, who listens to her occasional admonitions with a sort of playful acquiescence. But I doubt the permanence of their effect upon his wayward nature. Her manner toward him is decidedly maternal; it is as though she were reproving a thoughtless child.

Later, at Mrs. Leigh's request, Lady Shelley accompanied her to Piccadilly Terrace to call on Lady Byron. On the way Mrs. Leigh spoke a good deal about her brother, to whose faults she was by no means insensible, and expressed the hope that a good wife would be his salvation. He had been much run after and spoiled by women. As the visitors were about to be ushered into the drawing-room the door suddenly opened, and Lord Byron stood before them. Lady Shelley was, for the moment, taken aback by his sudden appearance; but contrived to utter a few words, by way of congratulation. The poet did not seem to think that the matter was adapted to good wishes; and looked as though he resented the intrusion. He received the congratulations coldly, and the expression on his face was almost demoniacal. Lady Byron, on the other hand, received them courteously, but Lady Shelley felt at once that she was not the sort of woman with whom she ever could be intimate. But Mrs. Leigh seemed to be fond of her, at all events grateful to her for taking the responsibility which such a marriage entailed.

There long existed a close friendship between Lady Shelley and the great Duke of Wellington. Immediately after the news of Waterloo had been received in England the Shelleys journeyed to Paris. The Duke came to call upon them at once, a visit which Lady Shelley describes with a kind of ecstasy. For in those days Wellington, in London, was treated almost as a sovereign prince. His conversation conferred distinction. His wish was law. Talking to his hosts of the great battle, he said that nothing but the peculiar protection of Providence could have saved him on the field. "The finger of God was upon me," was the way he expressed it. He said that at

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THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND LADY SHELLEY AT MALMAISON, 1815

one time he was galloping alone in the rear of the British line, having dispatched all aides-de-camp on errands, when suddenly the Belgians opened fire upon him. Without drawing rein he sent off a Sardinian officer who happened to be near him. "Tell them," said the Duke, "that I am the Commander in Chief." This had, of course, the desired effect. On the day before the battle, the Duke rode to the Prussian headquarters to find out whether he could depend upon Blucher's co-operation. It was agreed between them that night, that although the Prussians were, for the moment, completely disorganised, yet, if Wellington were attacked on the following day, the Prussians would come to his support with all speed. If, on the other hand, Wellington was not attacked, then the Prussians and the British were to make a joint attack on the French on June nineteenth. This is a point about which there has always been considerable controversy.

W. B. Maxwell

One topic on which a great deal of futile argument is expended is the reason why certain successful English novelists of the younger generation find favour in America so much sooner than others. Mr. William J. Locke, for instance, waited for ten years before, with the advent of *The Beloved Vagabond,* we awoke to the fact that he was a personality. Arnold Bennett and Leonard Merrick have had analogous experiences, differing only in degree. William De Morgan and John Galsworthy, on the other hand, gained a hearing simultaneously in both countries; while others again are still waiting for recognition,—and conspicuous in the latter group is Mr. W. B. Maxwell, author of *In Cotton Wool.* Mr. Maxwell is recognised in England as one of the few substantially successful writers of fiction. His stories are sought after for serial purposes; and each new volume is expected to average a sale of from twenty to thirty thousand in its first season. His latest story, *In Cotton Wool,* was reprinted no less than four times within two months of publication, and is already being talked of by the reviewers as the big book of the season. Yet in America, up to the present moment, he has had little more than a *succes d'estime,*—cordial notices, personal letters from a few of our more discriminating writers, requests from a few magazines for short stories and special articles. But to the general reading public his name means even less than that of Locke prior to *The Morals of Marcus,* or Hichens up to the advent of *The Garden of Allah.*

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A friend of long experience in the world of books and almost equally familiar with conditions prevailing on both sides of the Atlantic, advanced a rather ingenious theory to account for American indifference toward the group of writers who, at the present moment, are being taken very seriously in their own country,—and in this connection the names were mentioned, among others, of Maxwell, Bennett, and H. G. Wells, in his later manner. The theory as set

W. B. MAXWELL

forth was this: that this younger group had in common the tendency to take for their leading characters people who, in their circumstances or in themselves, sometimes in both, are exceptional rather than average people. You begin by identifying yourself with the hero or heroine; and then, little by little, as the story progresses, the special traits of character, and the unusual conditions of environment, emphasise more and more the distance that separates you from them. And because this type of novel is in a measure unusual, America is a little slow in accepting it. *In Cotton Wool* serves admirably as an example of the type. We all of us can call to mind one or two Cotton Wool men in our own circle of acquaintance; men who drift through life, with nobody to think of save themselves; men with no settled business, but with an assured income, just large enough to allow them to alternate between London and New York, Palm Beach and the Riviera. We may even recognise ourselves, in a vague way, in those opening chapters of *In Cotton Wool,*—for who is there who has not, at some time, chosen the line of least resistance, and fooled himself into thinking that he was making a sacrifice by doing so? But very soon Mr. Maxwell begins to develop the personality of Lenny Calcroft in swift, sure lines, and we see that he is giving us, not an average case of self-indulgence, but the extreme, relentless tragedy of a strong man's slow disintegration through constant pampering of the flesh, until he ends, a neurotic wreck, in the insane ward of a private asylum. Undoubtedly, a pleasanter story could have been built on the same theme, carried to a less extreme point. But it is equally true that Mr. Maxwell's method stays longer in the memory.

Oddly enough, Mr. Maxwell himself is in private life surrounded with many of the comfortable conditions of his own Cotton Wool hero; he has an independent income; he has a semi-invalid mother, known to three generations of novel readers as Miss Braddon, who is never quite happy if he is long away; but, unlike Lenny Calcroft, he is married and happy in the multifold interests of his family and his profession. Why it is that his mind persists in running upon sombre themes, is a question which he often asks himself. It is told of him that in private conversation he has often debated the reason of this tendency; he is not morbid, he argues, he has, on the contrary, every reason to be satisfied with life; and yet, beyond a certain point, his stories tend to move onward and downward, at an accelerating rate toward an inevitable tragedy. There is, however, nothing approaching sameness

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in Mr. Maxwell's stories. In plot and in setting they exhibit a wide diversity of interests, a knowledge of life in many phases. *The Ragged Messenger* concerns itself, more or less directly, with certain phases of religious belief. *Vivian* and *Mrs. Thompson* dealt with the life of the shop. In *The Guarded Flame* and *The Rest Cure* the central interest is pathological, a study of nervous disease. In *Hill Rest* the plot turns upon speculative building. In *Seymour Charlton* and in *Cotton Wool* we have two different aspects of the harm which lurks in money. Yet, in the words of a recent English reviewer, who had been commenting on Mr. Maxwell's versatility, "it would not be right to say that he 'gets his case up.' He happens to be fascinated by many different sides of life. He studies them for pleasure; then the results of his quiet, leisurely observation come in handy for his books. If his subjects were 'mugged up' in a hurry, for a special purpose, he would be caught tripping, as lawyers are. He never is. He would, by the way, have made a good figure as a lawyer. His grave, clean-shaven, thoughtfully-lined face, over which there flits constantly the pleasantest of smiles, would look well under a wig. His logical, orderly mind is capable of marshalling vividly a series of complicated facts, of linking together circumstances with deadly precision."

The Ghetto in Literature

It was in the last few years of the nineteenth century that the Ghetto began to figure in American literature. Abraham Cahan was the pioneer in the field with *Yekl*. Then came Morris Rosenfeld, who, while working in a sweatshop in an East Side New York street, composed the pathetic poems which were incorporated in *Songs from the Ghetto*. Some years elapsed before the first work of Bruno Lessing and James Oppenheim appeared. The latest comer in the field is Ezra Brudno, the author of *One of Us*. Mr. Brudno is Assistant District Attorney in Cleveland. He was born in Lithuania, where his grandfather, hale and hearty at ninety-five, is still living and spending his last days in studying and reading. His father, who was quite wealthy in Lithuania, was forced to leave his native place about forty years ago for political reasons and emigrated with his family to Cleveland, Ohio, where Ezra Brudno, his talented son, has achieved distinction both in law and literature.

"The Promised Land"

Three editions of *The Promised Land*, by Mary Antin, have been called for in less than three months, making a total of over eleven thousand copies. The author finds herself embarrassed by the prominence into which her book has brought her. "If I were to answer all the questions that have been addressed to me since the publication of *The Promised Land*," she says, "I should fill a volume twice as thick as the one which provoked them. 'How did you come to write your book?' is a leading question. The answer is that in the fulness of time it wrote itself. I seldom meet anybody who is willing to believe

EZRA BRUDNO

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MARY ANTIN IN EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S LIBRARY

this statement, but I can only go on repeating it, since it is the truth. I had no plan when I began. One day I found myself thinking of the time I went to school in Polotzk, and I wrote about that. Another day I kept seeing the little girls I used to play with, and I put them in. Then it was the market-place that haunted me, or the Dvina gurgled in my ears all night, or there came into my mind a tale the women used to tell while picking feathers of a winter evening. I put these things down just as they came, and so grew the book. When it came to putting these fragments together, I found that they fitted wonderfully well, considering their haphazard origin. A little rearrangement of the loose sheets, an introductory sentence here, a connecting phrase there, and the story fell into chapters that named themselves. I never knew what I was going to do till it was done. The only part of the book that was done consciously, with the sense that such and such matters ought to be included, were the first four chapters. These were written last of all, when I had exhausted my unprompted reminiscences. It is the only part of the book that I worked over. The rest, especially the American chapters, I dipped up from the bottom of my inkwell."

More of the "Titanic"

There seems to be no abatement in the production of books about the ill-fated *Titanic* and the lessons that are to be learned from the disaster of last April. Last month we referred to the book by Mr. Lawrence Beeseley. Another work on the same subject has just come from the pen of Mr. Filson Young, the exceedingly talented author of *The Sands of Pleasure*. Again there is *An Unsinkable Titanic*, which is the work of J. Bernard Walker. This last named book has an interest in the fact that the author is the editor of the *Scientific American*. Mr. Walker was a civil engineer by profession, and entered the field of journalism as the re-

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J. BERNARD WALKER

sult of frequent contributions to technical magazines written in leisure hours. He has been the editor of the *Scientific American* for the past seventeen years, during which most of the more important engineering articles appearing in the publication have been written by him. He has made a special study of naval affairs, and is a firm believer in the controlling influence of sea power in shaping national destinies. His writings on the navy and the merchant marine date from "a special edition of the *Scientific American* on the Navy brought out during the Spanish American War." Nearly half a million copies of that edition were sold. The present book on the *Titanic* is due to the widespread interest aroused by his articles explaining the causes which led to the loss of the ship. Many persons we think will be surprised to learn from Mr. Walker's book that the *Great Eastern,* possibly the most lamentable failure in the history of ship construction, was nevertheless the safest big ship ever built.

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MARY AUSTIN

Mary Austin

"I shall never write another book dealing with the West—that is, with the primitive life of the West," said Mary Austin the other day when discussing her new work with a friend. "I feel that the West was generous to me in material, and I do not mean to say that the primitive life of the desert has ceased to interest me, but merely that I have written as much about it as I care to. Others will find material in the far West no doubt, for although the rough life of the mining camps and the cattle ranches is already tinged with civilisation in almost every locality there still remains enough that is picturesque to furnish a library full of books." Mrs. Austin went on to explain that she feels that she has found her field in the more complicated life of the cities. Following her book of essays, *Christ in Italy,* is *A Woman of Genius*—described as a novel of temperament rather than one of locality, which is to be issued this month. In the words of the author, *A Woman of Genius* is "the story of the struggle between a genius for tragic acting and the daughter of a County Clerk, with the social ideal of Taylorville, Ohianna, for the villain."

Davidée Birot is the sixth novel by René Bazin to be published in this country. M. Bazin has been in the United States as one of the French Commission to the Champlain Tercentenary. He is one of the very few French writers whose works are brought out in this country at the same time that they appear in France. *Davidée Birot* is described as a love story of a young French girl who becomes a school-teacher in a little town in Ardésie through an intense desire to be of service. This book deals with the social problems introduced by the prominence of labour unions. Its plot largely depends upon a strike of miners who throng the town in Ardésie, where Davidée's school is. M. Bazin was born in Angers in 1853. He was a delicate boy and spent most of his early years on an Angevin farm. As he grew up he studied and practised law at Angers and for many years held a professorship of criminal law in the university there. His natural inclinations were literary and he was driven toward novel writing by his intense feeling that the run of French novels misrepresented the French people, partly through their concentration on the life of Paris. He set himself to reveal the nature of the people of the French provinces,—a section of French life which he felt had been strangely neglected. He aimed to show France and the world that his people had depth and simplicity of nature, and were at root an intensely moral people. Partly because of this some of his earlier novels turned mainly on religious questions,—and since he was a Catholic, a large section of his American public has been Catholic. He has set forth his literary creed in these words: "Our novelists, by occupying themselves with this unrepresentative part too exclusively, have created and spread a conception of our country which

René Bazin

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RENÉ BAZIN

is not only inadequate, but is also essentially false. If I have held myself resolutely aloof from the society novel, which I might have done, perhaps, as well as another, it is because I desire to portray sweetness, purity and beauty of French family life, and not to perpetuate a gross libel upon it. "I am also anxious to dispel the illusion that the French are a godless people. If I make a great deal of religion in my novels it is because religion plays an important rôle in our life."

Gene Stratton-Porter

True to the spirit shown in her novels, Gene Stratton-Porter spends her whole life close to her trees, birds and moths. Mrs. Porter's home is at Geneva, Indiana, which is on the edge of the great Limberlost Swamp, of which she has written in *Freckles, The Harvester,* and *A Girl of the Limberlost.* She spends as much of her time as she can take from her writing wandering in the woods making more furred and feathered friends and getting

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GENE STRATTON-PORTER

better acquainted with the ones she already has made. Mrs. Porter rarely visits the big cities. Mrs. Porter was born close to the Limberlost swamp and learned to love nature from her father. All of her early work was purely nature writing, illustrated by her own photographs, but her greatest popularity came with her novels. In one of the few interviews that she has given she said, "The only way to love nature is to live close to it until you have learned its pathless travel, growth and inhabitants as you know the fields. You must begin at the gate and find your way slowly, else you will not hear the great secret and see the compelling vision. How many people know anything about moths? There are trees you never before have seen, flowers and vines the botanists fail to mention, and such music as your ears cannot hear elsewhere." From the time that Mrs. Porter made her close acquaintance with the woods she has always considered the moths the very essence of midsummer—the crown of the season's beauty. In *A Girl of the Limberlost* she shows this where one of the characters asks the teacher: "Come on, Miss Teacher, what is the boiled-down, double-destilled essence of June? Give it to us strong." The author makes the heroine reply, "The birth of these big moths." "You'll do," is the answer, "June is June, not because it has bloom, birds, fruit, or flower exclusive to it alone. It's half May and

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half July in all of them. But as I figure it, it's just June when it comes to these great velvet-winged night moths which sweep its moonlit skies, consummating their scheme of creation and dropping like a bloomed out flower."

"The Sign at Six"

A good many persons will no doubt be surprised to see in *The Sign at Six* a detective story from the pen of Stewart Edward White. As a matter of fact Mr. White has long been keenly interested in this kind of fiction and possesses a sound knowledge of his Gaboriau and his Doyle. Several years ago, in collaboration with Samuel Hopkins Adams, he wrote *The Mystery,* a gruesome and baffling story of the sea. This does not in the least imply that Mr. White has forsaken the field that he has made so decidedly his own. *The Last Frontier,* a book which is the result of his hunting trip in Africa a year or so ago, is announced for publication this autumn. In this work he has undertaken to answer the simplest questions. How does Africa look? What is it nearest like—Arizona? Surray? Upper New York? Canada? Mexico? The majority of readers, Mr. White thinks, want something by which they can learn the country—can associate it with something they know. *The Last Frontier* is an attempt to meet this want, to tell the reader just how the author found Africa.

The fact that *The Mystery* was a collaboration will probably cause most readers to regard *The Sign at Six* as Mr. White's first real attempt to compete in the field of what may generally be described as "detective" fiction. If the departure is merely temporary—it very probably is—we have only commendation for the book, which is an excellent one of its kind. If, however, it could possibly indicate that the author of *The Silent Place* is seriously considering striking out permanently in a new vein, no comment could be harsh enough. As a relaxation from more important work, *The Sign at Six* is both pardonable and praiseworthy. But there are in this country to-day a dozen men who can write that kind of a book of equal merit and interest. On the other hand, there are very few, if any, who can maintain the general high level which has marked Mr. White's work since *The Blazed Trail* won him a distinctive place in contemporary American literature.

The Capture of M. L. G.

It is the province of the literary magazine to give full credit to a book of particular cleverness. It is also such a magazine's province to give generous acknowledgment to any particularly effective scheme of literary exploitation. The best advertised book of recent years has been Mr. Johnson's *Stover at Yale,* and throughout the whole campaign there has never been a line lacking in dignity. There has been a good sound lesson in the advertising of that book. It has shown that there is nothing unworthy in exploitation itself, but that the fault lies in using a poor quality and applying unfair methods. Another book that has been advertised, not quite so legitimately, but still with considerable cleverness, is *To M. L. G.* Most of our readers will recall the story that was sent out broadcast to pave the way for this book. The author took the manuscript to a London publisher. She was heavily veiled and generally shrouded herself in mystery. The novel told how a woman, brought up in New York theatrical life, met a British army officer and loved him, but would not marry him until he knew all about her life. This she described in a book, rather than a letter, so that if he read it, and then did not want her, he need never reply. *To M. L. G.* was published last February. Three months afterward,—all this is according to the note sent out by the American publisher of the book—the author went travelling in Spain. "M. L. G." meanwhile was in another country. He happened to read reviews of the book in newspapers and magazines, cabled for a copy, read it, and then hastened to England, where he had last seen the author, whom he had deeply loved, but who had refused him without giving him a reason. The book explained all that he

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had been unable to understand. For some time he could get no trace of her, but at last he learned where she was, and went to Spain. Not attempting to gild refined gold or paint the lily, we continue in the word of the publisher's announcement "As in old romance, 'journeys end in lovers meeting' and they are to be married on October eighth." But who "M. L. G." and the author are is just as much a mystery as ever. The preceding facts have just come to the American publishers through the author's solicitor, with whom the publishers have from the first had all communication. But of the author's identity they have not been informed. All they know is that the author must be an American actress, as she represented herself in *To M. L. G.*, and as probably she is none of the persons to whom rumour has assigned the authorship of the book."

The "Kipling Dictionary"

The publication of a portly *Kipling Dictionary,* uniform with those already issued for Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Meredith, will, at first sight, strike a good many people as premature. The whole type of reference book which it represents, the *Homeric Lexicon,* the *Shakespeare Concordance,* carries with it not merely a suggestion of the posthumous, the implied finality of an obituary and a memoir, but it savours of the literary autopsy as well. Yet this first instinctive judgment is as illogical as it is natural. A hand-book of this sort is compiled, not because a certain author has been dead for one century or for twenty, but because what he wrote happens to be alive, —because, in short, there is a public demand for such a book. And it takes only a moment's thought to realise that, whatever their ultimate place may be as literature, there are no writings to-day so vitally and insistently alive, so widely interwoven in contemporary thought and speech, as those of Rudyard Kipling. We may dogmatise about the relative artistry of Kipling and Conrad and Hewlett; we may measure his verse with that of Swinburne or of Alfred Noyes. But the man in the street, to whom these other names mean nothing, will glibly prate of the White Man's Burden, and grin cynically over the Female of the Species. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that no other writer since Dickens has engrafted into the English language so many names and catch-words and familiar quotations. Start to check them off, and it is astonishing how they multiply, phrases to conjure with, resonant, picturesque, dynamic, phrases that one by one caught the public fancy and went flashing around the world, from continent to continent. And this incursion of the Kipling phrase is independent of age and sex. Even the vocabulary of the modern nursery has been abundantly enriched from the *Just-So Stories.* All this being so, it would not be strange if there were as many people to-day interested in tracing the source of "Somewhere east of Suez" as of "Barkis is Willin'," or in discovering the number of stories in which Mulvaney figures as in finding in how many volumes Pendennis reappears.

Now if one had to undertake the drudgery which the compilation of this sort of special dictionary involves, one could ask no better luck in the way of a subject than Mr. Kipling. He is so peculiarly rich in underlying ideas and symbolic meanings that the chance to act as interpreter and lay a finger on the keynote in each of his poems and stories, ought to go a long way toward relieving the tedium of the task. It is the lack of any such quality in this newly published *Kipling Dictionary,* by W. Arthur Young, that makes it frankly disappointing. It is simply a piece of plodding, uninspired diligence, exhaustive to the point of redundancy in the inclusion of names, and often sadly perfunctory in its definitions. For instance, what useful purpose can be served by this colourless summary of Terence Mulvaney?—"An Irish soldier and hero of several of Mr. Kipling's tales. His adventures alone, or in company with his two comrades, Stanley Orthoris and Jock Learoyd, are related in several stories." In sheer mechanical make-up, the dictionary is a fairly accurate piece of work, although the alphabetical arrangement shows some

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minor inconsistencies, as when "Mrs. Bathurst" is indexed under B. and "Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out," under M. Also, while in all other cases the fugitive verses which happen to lack titles are indexed under their opening line, the verses in the *Just-So Stories* are not indexed at all. A misstatement such as the following is mildly amusing: namely, that the "Elephant's Child" was "originally published in the *Windsor Magazine* for February, 1902; also in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for April, 1900." More serious are the not infrequent blunders made in summing up the essential details of the separate stories and poems. In "Without Benefit of Clergy," for instance, the dictionary states that Ameera "fretted herself to death," grieving for her child. Mr. Kipling happens to have stated that she died of black cholera. In "Cupid's Arrows," Miss Beighton, shooting purposely astray, "does not find the target twice in the round." As a matter of fact, she makes seven hits, once in the gold, once in the red, and five times in the white, her total score being twenty-one. Regarding "The Tents of Kedar," the third episode in *The Story of the Gadsbys,* the dictionary makes an even more amazing statement: that "the captain has his seat next Mrs. Herriott who, after playing with him, allows him to realise that she has heard of his engagement." While this is literally true, it would be difficult, even with deliberate intent, to pervert more completely the whole spirit of that cruelly cynical dinner scene.

Yet it is not so much the actual inaccuracies of statement as it is the failure to grasp the underlying spirit of the stories, that produces at times a tingling exasperation. Their vital meaning, their crucial turning-point, seem as often as not to escape the editor's notice. It is true that he does add, as a sort of afterthought, that "The Truce of the Bear" "carries with it a political significance," and that "Naboth" is "an allegory of Empire;" but these are exceptions. "The Ship that Found Herself," that inimitable parable of a people awakening to a sense of statehood and the power of union, is dismissed as "one of Mr. Kipling's essays in technicalities," just as though there were no deeper matter in it than rivets and pistons and boiler-plates. "The Man Who Was" is summarised minutely, so far as the material details go; but the underlying idea, that a Russian is and always will be at heart an Oriental, is wholly ignored. Similarly, the dictionary states that in "At the End of the Passage," Hummil's death is explained by Spurstow, the doctor, as having been due to his fear of visions seen in delirium,—in other words, to natural, and not supernatural causes. But in the story, the significant point is not the doctor's explanation, but the fact that his comrade characterised it as "a damned lie." Yet, with all its defects, it would be ungrateful not to recognise that the *Kipling Dictionary* brings together a large amount of material, bibliographic and otherwise, that will often save an hour of weary delving. The editor was wise in not adding to the bulk of the volume by collecting the ephemeral reviews and special articles which have appeared in literary periodicals. But it is hard to understand why he left out from his list of critical articles that have been deemed worthy of book publication the essay which Henry James first prepared as an introduction to the English edition of *Soldiers Three,* and which has since been reprinted in not less than five American editions.

Maupassant as Photographer

Recollections of Guy de Maupassant, by his valet François, which is reviewed at length elsewhere in this issue, is illustrated by a portrait of the novelist and by twelve or fourteen very commonplace pictures of scenes in Northern Africa. A publisher's note calls attention to these illustrations, and expresses the hope that they will be considered not only charming additions to an important work, but of a special interest in that they were all, with the exception of the portrait, taken by the celebrated novelist himself. The originals are the property of M. Pichot, a member of the little party that included De Maupassant in Algeria. The note may be accepted as an excuse and an ex-

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planation. As examples of the dabblings of the author of *Une Vie* in photography they are not without interest. Otherwise it would be like illustrating a new edition of *Innocents Abroad,* let us say, with reproductions of penny post-card pictures of various cities of the world. Before reading the publisher's note we had ascribed the illustrations of the book to an inadequate knowledge of what pictorial material about de Maupassant is in existence. De Maupassant was exceedingly reticent about his personal life and manifested an aversion to posing before the camera that must seem a little bit astonishing to a good many authors of the present day. Consequently the belief is prevalent that it is difficult to gather good illustrations for any work dealing with the Norman. As a matter of fact some very admirable illustrative material exists and is accessible. But very few persons know where to find it.

At Last

While we have never taken London *Punch* quite as seriously as the English seem to think it should be taken, there is no denying that when *Punch* prints a good joke it is a very good one indeed. The trouble is that waiting for it requires so much patience. Reward, however, came recently.

LEADING MAN IN TRAVELLING COMPANY—"We play *Hamlet* to-night, laddie, do we not?"

SUB-MANAGER—"Yes, Mr. Montgomery."

LEADING MAN—"Then I must borrow the sum of twopence!"

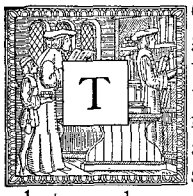
SUB-MANAGER—"Why?"

LEADING MAN—"I have four days' growth upon my chin. One cannot play *Hamlet* in a beard!"

SUB-MANAGER—"Um—well—we'll put on *Macbeth!*"

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND BRITISH PUBLISHERS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN



TO read to-day the arguments once advanced against international copyright is like reading the arguments against the abolition of slavery. One wonders what people were talking about and how it was that their minds could work that way. When it was said that Mrs. Stowe through the lack of international copyright was deprived of some hundreds of thousands of dollars which should be hers by right of property, and that the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, whose books were read all over the world, had, after deducting the cost of the tools for his labour, earned just fifty cents a day—Henry Cary, in 1872, gravely replied that the late Governor Andrews had given five years of his life and perhaps life itself for less than half of the forty thousand dollars which Mrs. Stowe had received for the labours of a single year of her life, and that the labours of the historian in question had proved ten times more productive than those of Mr. Stanton, the great war-minister.

This was perhaps the most naive defence of the system put forward, and it would occur to few people to advance such an analogy to-day as excuse for anything. But during that unedifying and protracted campaign there was an idea generally promulgated in England which generally persists still in America—an idea as baseless in fact as was that in logic. A recent controversy has shown that many Americans are yet blushing for the wholesale and shameless pillage of English authors by American publishers in the days before the international agreement existed. With shame they bow their heads to the accusation of George Moore in 1889 that America had not yet come within the pale of the morals of civilisation. But the immorality which the international situation so abundantly possessed was shared by civilisation alike; on the other hand, though—as

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Mark Twain wrote—"the honours of rascality were easy," whatever morality the situation had to show came far more frequently from America than from England and came from nowhere else at all.

Mr. George Moore, provoked by a perfectly fair-minded and well-informed statement of Mr. George Haven Putnam, had retorted that retaliation was the only course open to the English publishers and that if one of them paid a single farthing to an American publisher for what he could get for nothing, he outquixoted Don Quixote; and he demanded (in the pistolling tone which by that time came naturally to Englishmen in speaking of the reprint businesss of that buccaneering age) that Mr. Putnam provide him with the names of even two American publishers who had not pirated. In reply Mr. Putnam stated that the Appletons, the Scribners, the Houghtons, the Holts, the Roberts, Little Brown, his own firm, and many others had dealt with their English authors in precisely the same way they had dealt with their American ones; that the bulk of unauthorised reprinting in America had been done by five firms, four of which were Canadian; and that—as far as retaliation was concerned—the English appropriation of American books dated from the very first book published in America which was likely to repay stealing. These statements are substantially the facts of the matter.

That these facts should not be known to the average American is natural enough. Though any American reader could have seen when the bookstalls were flooded with pirated editions of English writers—both the price and the lack of announcement of authorisation telling him so at once—only the American reader who travelled in person or the American author who travelled in spite of himself was in a position to know of the piracies committed by the English publishers. But these facts should have been well enough known in England, and chiefly by the very people whose accusations were the bitterest. In 1871, W. H. Appleton wrote as follows to the *London Times*: "The most effective weapon of the enemies of an international copyright law in the United States is a batch of English newspapers after one of your periodical explosions upon the subject. Your standing charge is that the present treatment of English authors by American publishers is disgraceful—although popular novelists may get something decent for advanced sheets, the hard-working authors of valuable books get nothing. To this charge I am able to give a flat contradiction. The house I represent has been labouring for years to establish direct relations with English authors and, in paying them, has put them upon substantially the same footing as our own authors. This is so not in novels merely but in works of philosophy, science and history. Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Lubbock, Darwin get from us just what they would get if they were born in New York. If a book comes to us unprotected by law, and nobody protests, we treat it as your publishers treat a book the copyright of which has expired, and just as they treat American books whether anybody protests or not. But if the foreign author applies to us first and we then publish him, we hold ourselves morally bound to pay him. It is well understood by Americans that your proffered forms of copyright are less in the interests of authors than of the English book manufacturers."

It is not to be supposed that the matters Mr. Appleton mentioned were entirely unknown in English journalistic and publishing circles, and it is inconceivable that these should constantly have made their accusations without first applying to the authors they asserted were so pillaged. Indeed, many authors made public acknowledgment of the fairness with which they had been treated. The first money Herbert Spencer ever received from a publisher was sent him in 1861 by the Appletons; and every year afterward he received the percentage usually paid to native authors. Scribners paid Max Müller and Trench; Ticknor and Fields paid Tennyson, De Quincey, Miss Thackeray, Browning, Hughes, Reade, Kingsley, Arnold, Dr. John Brown, Mayne Reid, Dickens; and so one might go on with the list. Tennyson counted on his American income with certainty. In the *Athenæum* E. Lynn Lynton wrote that Harpers sent quite un-

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solicited payments for reprinting two novels; and Harpers' English authors joined in a round-robin praising the fair and courteous treatment of that house. Mr. R. R. Bowker's compendious volume, *Copyright, Its History and Its Law*—an English authority—states that the leading American publishers voluntarily made payments to foreign authors, in many cases the same ten per cent. paid to American authors and reaching in one case of "outright" purchase of advance sheets $5,000, though there was no protection of law for the purchase. Some of the authors who testified before the British Commission stated that their payments from the United States exceeded their royalties in Great Britain. Thus there was plenty of English testimony available, had the accusers cared to make use of it.

The general attitude of England, however, was tempered by no such reservations. This attitude (as well as her frequent practice) is amusingly illustrated by a good-natured editorial in a *North American Review* of 1842. The contemptuous query of Sidney Smith, "Who reads an American book?" it remarked blandly, could be more easily answered if English publishers were in the habit of accrediting to the authors the American works which they reprinted. It called attention to the fact that the *English Monthly Review* was systematically conveying to its pages articles published in the *North American*. It concludes by quoting some forcible remarks from the *Monthly Review,* into which it asks the privilege to insert within brackets some proposed emendations of its own. "We cannot avoid alluding to those harpies of literature, the re-publishers of the United States [*read,* England] who defile the banquet prepared by the writers of England [America] as well as rob them of their property. Within thirty days' sail of us there is a great country, where our language prevails. If a new book [or old periodical] is well received here, the American [English] publisher has only to reprint and sell it as his own. We say nothing of the injustice which is thus done to American [English] writers, not because it is of small importance but because we wish to view the subject exclusively as it relates to English [American] writers; for it must be obvious to every one, as long as this state of things lasts and while there are so many writers and publishers in England [the United States] the American [English] publishers will have quite enough to occupy them in reprinting our own works. It is in this way that it injures American [English] as well as English [American] writers!"

EXTENT OF ENGLISH PIRACIES

In a memorial to the Thirtieth Congress John Jay, William Cullen Bryant, and others wrote: "The extent to which American books are reprinted in England is probably little known in this country." This is a statement which was true all along the line—of the earliest days of the Republic, of the days when it was written, and of the days just before the International Copyright Bill was passed.

The first American book that was worth stealing was copyrighted in 1784. It was Morse's *Geography;* and it proved to be worth a great deal to the English publisher who appropriated it without the knowledge or consent of the author and without giving him the slightest recognition. It was the forerunner of a long line of school or text-books or books of the popular science variety which in England had almost no competition, and hence became, in a special way, a gold mine to English reprinters. The text-book trade has always been the most lucrative branch of the business; and thus even in days when America possessed no writers of importance, English piracies, both in number and value, were very considerable.

By the year 1838, however, America mustered many authors who had gained contemporary recognition abroad. Their names, as well as less conspicuous ones, figured in an official report to the Twenty-fifth Congress, which stated that up to that year no less than six hundred Americans had been reprinted in England. In 1843, a book called *American Facts,* by George Palmer Putnam (published in London as well as New York and written in a conciliating tone which betrays, more than anything else, the average English attitude of that day

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toward anything American) stated that the London catalogues for ten years had chronicled 382 reprints from the American. They were classified as follows:

Theology	68
Fiction	66
Juvenile	56
Travels	52
Education	41
Biography	26
History	22
Poetry	12
Ethics	11
Philology	10
Science	9
Law	9

It was estimated in 1841 that about 1,500 volumes of new publications were issued yearly in Great Britain. Thus 38 American reprints would form about 2½ per cent. of a year's issue. In America, for something over the corresponding ten-year period, 1830-1842, there had been 623 native books printed in all. Thus it is to be seen that the English publishers had appropriated over one-half of the entire American issue. Yet it was at the close of this period that the *English Monthly Review*, while coolly reprinting without recognition some articles of the *North American*, spoke of the American harpies!

It will thus be admitted that the *North American* was rightly informed when it went on to say that nothing could be more erroneous than the common impression that the benefits of international copyright would fall with immense preponderance on the side of English authors. "Judge Story's law treatises," it presented, "are regarded in England as the most important productions of the day. The writings of American divines are likewise regarded. The most popular essays of the age are those of Dr. Channing; the most important books of travel are those of Professor Robinson and Mr. Stephens; the most successful history is that of Mr. Prescott. The writings of Irving and Cooper take rank in England with the most eminent of her own authors; and some even of our recent poets—the hardest case of all that enter into the comparison—are read almost as much as any native bards. American books for children's reading and for school education are fast driving the English out of their own market." In respect to this last item, though neither English nor American figures are accessible, it is significant that while 36 Greek and Latin classics with notes and 35 Greek, Latin, and Hebrew text-books were published in America in this period no English reprints were published there in either of these departments; and in the year 1834 there were 73 original American educational books published and only nine reprinted from England, out of the entire field of English books both contemporary and past.

In 1848 came another memorial of protest to Congress—the one headed by John Jay and Bryant. "Our native authors," it ran, "have never yet enjoyed a fair field. Authors who in spite of the unequal struggle with the unprotected productions which crowd them out of the market—especially when it is considered that the popularity of the British works thus reprinted is established while that of the unpublished American author is still uncertain—have yet gained fame, are financially injured; and many whose writings have delighted both the Old and New World, instead of enjoying from their works a comfortable independence, derive with difficulty a slender subsistence for the copyright of works which have realised fortunes to English publishers. Appended is a list of 500 American works reprinted by English publishers, selected from a catalogue in which they appeared with nothing to designate their American origin. Incomplete as the list is, from the impossibility of always recognising American works under their new titles, and imperfect in that it frequently designates but one edition and one publisher, whereas in many cases numerous editions have been put forth by various publishers, it yet suffices to give some idea of the extent to which our own authors are losers by being deprived of a copyright in Great Britain."

Of the three or four rival editions of Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, the sale of one reached fifteen thousand copies; and Abbott, Channing, Stephens, Peter Parley, Barnes, *Webster's Dictionary*, Thompson's *Land and the Book*,

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Warner's *The Wide Wide World* are but a few specimens from a list where even a small royalty would have amounted to a considerable fortune. The royalties which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* would have reaped from its innumerable reprints cannot even be estimated.

"There is an American lady living in Hartford," wrote James Parton in the *Atlantic* in 1867, "whom the American Government has permitted to be robbed of two hundred thousand dollars. In the same way and even more culpably it has allowed Motley and Bancroft and Prescott to be robbed of the value of literary labours attained only by the aid of extensive and costly libraries and collections. We noticed the other day in an English publication a page of advertisements of thirteen volumes, twelve of which were American. The cheap publication stores of Great Britain are heaped with reprints, the sale of which yields nothing to the author. We have seen in England a series of school writing-books, the invention of a Philadelphian, the English copies of which betrayed no trace of their origin."

Hawthorne recorded in *English Note Books* that a leading London house had sold without any profit to him uncounted thousands of his works. "Of the ten works I have written," wrote A. S. Roe to the International Copyright Association, in 1868, "seven have been republished in England. I received in all $275 for works which had a circulation of over one hundred thousand." The same year Richard Grant White wrote, "The assertion that for one American book stolen in England a thousand English books are stolen in America, is mere tall talk; for American publishers print only a very few of the best and most popular English works." This statement was corroborated by Mr. Edmund Gosse, writing in an English periodical twenty years later.

In 1876, Longfellow wrote to a lady in England who complained to him of American pirates: "It may comfort you to know that I have had twenty-two publishers in England and Scotland and only four of them ever took the slightest notice of my existence, even so far as to send me a copy of the book." In 1878 the number of American reprints published yearly in England had reached ten per cent. Professor Brander Matthews records that the author of *Night-Cap Stories* wrote him that she called on her self-appointed London publishers and asked for a set of the books to take home; but although they had sold many thousands of them they told her they would give her the volumes only on receipt of the published price. Of Noah Brooks's *Boy Emigrants,* the London publishers openly boasted they had sold more copies than were issued in America. "Entering a shop in London," wrote Edward Eggleston in *The Century,* 1882, "I found the bookseller in a rage against America and the Americans. I retorted that he had not suffered so much from American as I had from English publishers. Indeed, our publishers have practised privateering for so long that a sort of "honour among" themselves prevails with the more prosperous ones which is unknown to the English publishers, who do not even rifle your pockets politely. The chief sufferers by the reprint trade are not British publishers, for whom I have no great sympathy, nor even British authors, whom I should like dearly to see righted. The American author suffers more than either. The wonder is we have any literature, for it is paid neither at home nor abroad."

In 1885 Professor Matthews, suspecting that English appropriations were much greater than English publishers so loud in their outcries would admit, took the trouble to examine the publishers' lists of Great Britain. His findings he printed in a vigorous article entitled "American Authors and British Pirates." One publisher in a series of 91 numbers included 36 of American authorship; and in another series of 19 the American books numbered 17. Of the 38 volumes of The Home Treasure Library 30 were American. The Good Tone Library contained 20 books, 17 of which were American. The People's Standard Library "of volumes which will last as long as the language endures" included 20 out of less than 100 books. The Lily series presented 19 English and 60 American books. Of a series of 80 humorous books between 60 and 70 were American, most of them re-named at will.

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So much, then, for the extent of British piracies and their continuance from the beginning of the literary history of the new Republic down to the passage of the international copyright. No one denies, of course, that the black flag flew as continuously in America. But it did not fly over proportionately so much booty nor was it flown by so many houses. And chief of all, it never flew over any of the leading houses. Though there were in London as in America plenty of honest publishers who did not pirate, there were —as there were not in America—some leading publishers in reputation and in importance who did. All this despite the facts that the universality of the American reading public and its demand for books was absolutely unknown in England or in any part of the world, and that there were more book-buyers among the poorer class in America than in the upper and middle classes of England combined. Even as early as 1841 there were two hundred thousand persons connected with the manufacture of books in the United States and a capital of thirty-five million dollars engaged in satisfying this unprecedented desire. Yet, as Mr. George Haven Putnam told the New York Free Trade Club in 1878, it had been the exception for an English work to be published by a reputable firm without fair and very often liberal recognition of the rights of the author; and the record of the American publishers had been and still remained better than that of his English brethren.

FEW PAYMENTS BY BRITISH PUBLISHERS EXCEPT FOR ADVANCE SHEETS

In the chaos where no publisher knew what his rights were or if he had any or if they would be respected—wrote James Parton in 1867—American publishers had an unwritten code which they called "the courtesy of the trade." By this if a publisher issued a foreign work or announced his intention of doing so, he had exclusive rights which other publishers should respect. But this unwritten code existed only among the reputable publishers, even if they were the vast majority of American firms; and although the Harpers spent tens of thousands to enforce the observance of it everywhere, they did not succeed. They paid four hundred dollars for advance sheets of each number of Dickens's novels, for instance, and within forty-eight hours of the publication of the magazine containing it, two other editions were for sale under their noses. Considering the difficulties which beset the publication of books in 1867, says Parton, we can but wonder at the liberality of American publishers to foreign authors—a liberality which has met no return from European publishers. The appearance of rival editions is not allowed to diminish the author's share of profits upon editions published with his consent. On the other hand, when the third and fourth volumes of *Bancroft's History of the United States* were about to appear, a London publisher offered three hundred pounds each for the advance sheets, but afterward forbore to pay for that which he could get for nothing. Nor have we been able after much inquiry, continues Parton, to hear of one instance in which an English publisher has paid an American author, resident in America, for anything but "advance sheets." Mr. Longfellow, whose works are as salable there as here, has derived considerable sums for advance sheets, but nothing from the annual sale. Irving, on account of his seventeen years' residence abroad, is the only American author who has received anything like the money his books earned. The tribute for being more just than the law compels, is due to several publishers on this side of the Atlantic; to none on the other, except for advance sheets.

This testimony in 1867 is confirmed by that of Mr. Putnam in 1878. "In the absence of an international copyright there grew up among our publishers a custom of making payments to foreign authors which became a matter of very considerable importance. These payments secured to the American publisher no title of any kind, and not always even the slight advantage of 'advance sheets.' The acknowledgments by English publishers of any rights on the part of American authors, however, were few and far between, and the payments but inconsiderable in amount. Granted that the leading English houses would doubtless have preferred to follow the Ameri-

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can custom of paying for their reprinted material, they did not at least succeed in establishing any general understanding similar to the American 'Courtesy of Trade,' and books paid for by one house were promptly reissued in cheaper rival editions, by other houses. One London publisher sent yearly a liberal remittance to Miss Warner, but the competition of the unauthorised edition made him discontinue them. Seven editions of *Helen's Babies* in England made an enormous sale, from which the author received hardly a penny; but for the advance sheets of the sequel one firm paid fifty pounds. The competition of the half dozen other publishers to reprint from the American journal in which it appeared as a serial was so fierce, however, that one house printed it without its concluding chapter and another added a last chapter in England, and did not know until afterward that the moral of the story was entirely transformed."

MUTILATION OF AMERICAN BOOKS COMMON IN ENGLAND

The mutilation of the sequel of *Helen's Babies* brings us to another aspect of the subject. *The North American Review* called attention in 1848 to the fact that American authors were not only deprived of a fair market at home and of all share in the profits of their works abroad, but they were deprived of all protection in regard to their literary fame and the integrity of their works abroad. Books with titles like *The Young Maiden* and *The Young Wife* became *The English Maiden* and *The English Wife*. Sparks's *Writings of Washington*, in twelve volumes, were reprinted with the original title in two volumes as if complete. Story's law treatises were chopped into fragments and scattered through another law book. Most prefaces and title pages were altered so as to conceal their origin. "Two different houses in London," said A. S. Roe, "advertised works under my name with the most ridiculous titles—works which I would scorn to own." E. P. Roe not only saw in one bookstore in Canada six rival reprints of one of his novels, but also a novel which he never wrote. Ten works were on one publisher's list by Mark Twain which he never heard of. *Ben Hur* was printed in London under another title and with the omission of the story of the hero, but the publisher had written an entirely new preface, to which he signed General Wallace's name. Professor Matthews says that after diligent inquiry he had been unable to discover a single instance where the American pirate mutilated the book he had stolen. There was, of course, no inducement to alter English books in any way without a distinct acknowledgment of the fact, because the reader knowing the reputation they had already gained insisted upon an exact copy, and the publisher would only have injured himself in injuring the book.

Yet in the matter of the suppression of the American author's name, the English publisher unaccountably stood often in the way of his own sales. Even a man of so substantial an English appeal as Henry Ward Beecher was frequently stolen outright. Dr. Irenæus Prime had sent to him by an English publisher a volume bearing the name of an English author, with the inquiry if he thought it likely to interest American readers: he replied that he could not return an impartial answer as the book was his own and had already passed through several American editions. Direct plagiarisms by English authors of importance were by no means infrequent. Richard Grant White complained in 1868 that British publishers robbed American authors not only of their royalties but their reputations in issuing their books without their names. The author of *American Facts* in 1845 says that the practice of dishonest concealment of the origin of a book was somewhat common in England, and the transplanting of magazine articles disguised or undisguised but without acknowledgment was an ordinary occurrence with the English periodicals. On the other hand, he says he never heard of a single instance where the title or preface was altered in America or where the author's name was suppressed. He might have heard of a few, however, for some there were, and American authors had hastened to call attention to them. But just as there was little mutilation if for no other reason than it was patently unprofitable, so there was little of such

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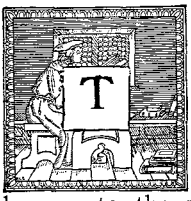
plagiarism in America if for no other reason than that the public were familiar with English writings and there was always danger of future exposure by means of another publisher. Granting even the lowest motive of business policy, still this was sufficient to leave English reprints for the most part untampered with in America; while mutilation and plagiarism were frequent in England, sometimes for this same lowest motive and sometimes for sentiments ranging all the way from local taste to local pride.

This is the history of the reprint trade in England and America in the days before the international copyright. Nobody on either side of the water can look back to them with much complacency—the days (not yet departed!) when the law forced men to steal. But contrary to an impression somewhat industriously manufactured by people who ought to have known otherwise, what honour there was lay chiefly with the American publishers. Many of them can review their individual records with the feeling that they were more just than the business competition of their own country allowed, than the law of either country compelled, and than the state of opinion among the leading British publishers demanded.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR OF THE RUSSIAN SOUL

BY CLEVELAND PALMER



HE father of the Russian novel, Gogol, left three heirs to his literary estate: Turgenef, Tolstoy, Dostoieffsky. Of these, if the first two are the better known to the western world, the third is incomparably closer to the Russian soul. Turgenef was a great artist, Tolstoy a great moralist, but Feodor Dostoieffsky expressed in its most intimate depths the strange and tormented spiritual aspirations of his race.

Although the writer had heard Mr. George Kennan speak with enthusiasm of *Crime and Punishment*, it was a Russian woman at a French "cure" who really introduced him to Dostoieffsky. A member of the nobility and the daughter of a famous general, she was a cultivated and widely read woman with an ardent admiration for the great English writers, especially Shakespeare. After talking of him one day, she urged the claims of the writer of her country who bore the same relation to its literature that Shakespeare bears to ours. The next afternoon she brought from the neighbouring city copies of the French translations of *Crime and Punishment* and *The Karamazov Brothers*. In the latter, which she especially recommended, she marked passages to be noted. One, the most important, was that extraordinary tale or poem which Ivan Karamazov recites to his brothers, of Christ, who comes to Seville on the occasion of an *auto da fé*, and is condemned to death by the Grand Inquisitor because His return to earth threatens the destruction of an institution confessedly reared on the very negation of his teachings.

Never has there been produced a passage of more subtle and sustained irony, and never has there been made a more penetrating analysis of the rôle of the Church with reference to the hunger for happiness in the weak and dependent human heart. In it all there is no trace of sharp satire or bitter invective, only

A Great Russian Realist (Feodor Dostoieffsky). By J. A. T. Lloyd. New York: John Lane and Company.

The Karamazov Brothers. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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a deep sense of the underlying enigma of life, which appears as it becomes evident that the Grand Inquisitor, in arraigning Christ, is really pronouncing His eulogy, and culminates when Christ Himself, in departing, smiles and kisses the lips that had sought to condemn Him.

Into *The Karamazov Brothers,* which now appears as the initial volume in Mrs. Garnett's complete translation of his works, Dostoieffsky, toward the end of his life, poured all the wisdom that had come to him, first, from his extraordinary powers of divination, and, second, from the stores of his own harsh and terrible experience. Born in 1821, the son of a poor physician in a hospital at Moscow, he was educated to be an army engineer, but early abandoned his profession for literature. After the most humiliating struggles with poverty, while supporting himself by translations from the French, he managed to produce a story of his own, *Poor Folk,* which brought him instant celebrity and comparative comfort. Welcomed into intellectual society, he became associated, though without any revolutionary conviction or real interest in socialism, with a little group of Fourierists with whom he discussed certain merely administrative reforms. Suddenly, however, he was arrested, with the whole society, and accused, among other things, of "having taken part in conversations about the severity of the Censorship," and of "having knowledge of the project to install a clandestine printing-press," he was cast into prison. After some months he received the death sentence:

"Twenty times the fatal words were repeated: 'Sentenced to be shot!' And so indelibly were the words graven into my memory that for years afterward I would wake in the middle of the night fancying I heard them being read. But at the same time I distinctly remember another circumstance: the officer, after having finished the reading, folded the paper and put it into his pocket, after which he descended from the scaffold. At this moment the sun broke through the clouds, and I thought, 'It is impossible; they can't mean to kill us!' and I whispered these words to my nearest companion, but instead of answering, he only pointed to a line of coffins that stood near the scaffold, covered with a large cloth.

"All my hope vanished in an instant, and I expected to be shot in a few minutes.

"It gave me a great fright, but I determined not to show any fear, and I kept talking to my companion about different things. He told me afterward that I had not even been very pale.

"All of a sudden a priest ascends the scaffold, and asks if any of the condemned wish to confess their sins. Only one accepted the invitation, but when the priest held out the crucifix we all touched it with our lips.

"Petrachevski"—the leader of the society—"and two others who were considered the most culpable were already tied to the poles and had their heads covered with a kind of bag, and the soldiers stood ready to fire at the command 'Fire!'

"I thought I might perhaps have five minutes more to live, and how awful those moments were. I kept staring at a church with a gilt dome, which reflected the sunbeams, and I suddenly felt as if these beams came from a region where I was to be myself in a few moments!

"Then there was a general stir. I was too short-sighted to discern anything, but I felt that something extraordinary was happening. At last I descried an officer, who came galloping across the square, waving a white handkerchief. He was sent by the Emperor to announce our pardon. Afterward we learned that the sentence of death had only been a threat intended as 'a lesson not to be forgotten.' But this lesson had fatal consequences for many of us. When Grigorief was released from the pole he had become mad through the terror he had undergone while waiting for the fatal shot, and he never recovered his reason. Nor do I think that any of us escaped without lifelong injury to his nervous system.

"Besides, when we were taken up to the scaffold they took off our clothes, so that we had spent more than twenty minutes standing in our bare shirts in a cold of 22 degrees Reaumur, below freezing point! When we came back to our prisons some of us had their ears and toes frozen; one got inflammation of the lungs, which ended in consumption. As for myself, I don't remember to have had the slightest sensation of the cold.

"Our sentence of death had been changed

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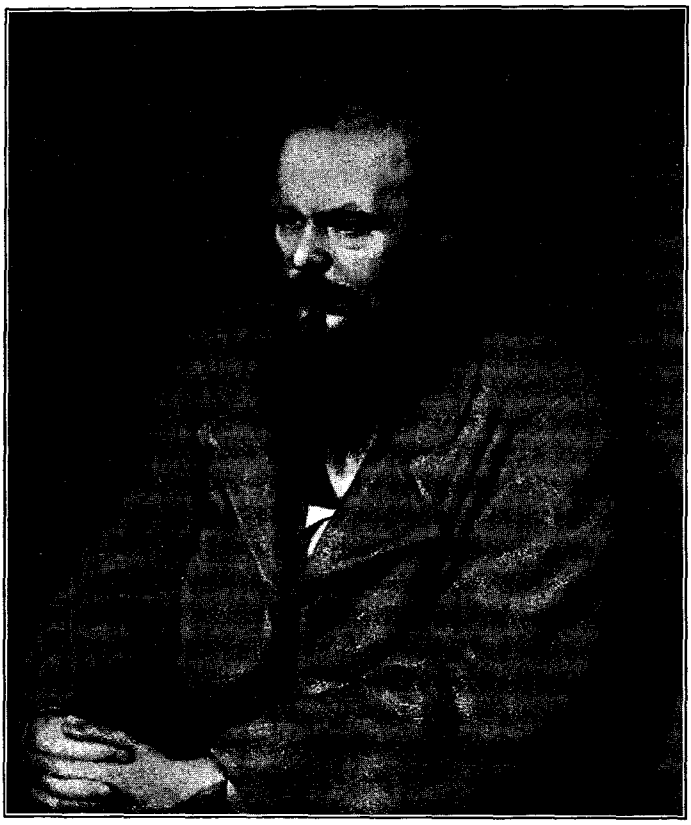

F. M. DOSTOIEFFSKY

to eight years' penal servitude in Siberia, and many years' subsequent exile."

This account is quoted in full, because it serves to illustrate two striking characteristics of Dostoieffsky's manner in fiction—first, the calm and dispassionate way in which he gives the grimest scenes and incidents where some memory of his own suffering might well, it would seem, communicate a shudder to his soul, and cause his hand to tremble; and second, the minuteness, often bizarre in its effects, with which he observes mental processes and plumbs the unconscious. He was to have ample opportunity for this psychological exercise in the next stage of his existence. The four years which he spent in his Siberian prison, and which he described in *Buried Alive*, gave him an insight into the criminal mind which has won him consideration from criminologists.

After leaving prison, he entered a disciplinary battalion as a private soldier, gradually rising to the rank of lieutenant. At the end of eight years he had reached a fairly comfortable condition, and had even married the widow of a fellow-exile. But he felt the loss of his old associations, and longed to return to Russia to carry on his writing which he had already resumed. His health was also badly broken. The prison experience may, as Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd in his biography of Dostoieffsky reasons, have saved him from sinking into an abject state of morbid introspection such as he describes in *The Underground Spirit*, but he paid dearly for this spiritual salvation by the epilepsy which declared itself during his confinement and was never to release its hold upon him thereafter.

Dostoieffsky was thirty-eight when he was permitted to return to Russia. His life from then on for many years was scarcely less miserable than it had been

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in Siberia. The poverty which had haunted his youth dogged his footsteps during middle age, and more than once drove him out of the country to escape his creditors. These periodical flights exposed him to a peculiar temptation, and reveal a strange side of weakness in this man of genius. He was an inveterate gambler, and, irresistibly attracted to gaming-resorts, he over and over again risked his all at roulette. Reduced to penury—for he never stopped when luck was with him—he was forced to beg from his friends for means to return to Russia. There he was implicated in the failure of a review founded by his brother who died and left the burden of his family and of his debts on Feodor. That was in 1845. His wife died the same year, and did also several of his best friends. He soon after married again,—this time his stenographer,—and continued his roving and desultory habits of life.

In the midst of all this misery and suffering, he nevertheless never ceased to write and to publish novels with increasing success, though the strain under which they were produced told upon their style and construction: "I know very well that I write worse than Turgenef," he complained with curious naïveté, in a letter to his brother, "but my work is not as bad as all that, and besides I hope to write as well as he does. Why, then, when I am in so great need, should I receive one hundred roubles, and Turgenef, who owns two thousand souls, receive four hundred roubles? Necessity compels me to hurry and to write in order to procure money, and consequently to spoil my work inevitably," Yet in spite of all, Dostoieffsky never merely wrote to order, and bad as his work sometimes was, it was always his own work. He was sincere and true to himself to the end, and this fidelity had its reward. Turning from Turgenef because of his western affiliations, which made him half a foreigner in his own land, the Russian people clove more and more closely to Dostoieffsky as they came to recognise in him the true interpreter of their dreams, the confessor of their most secret thoughts and aspirations. Though he laid bare their shameless vices and criminal impulses, he did this, in spite of the apparent coldness and cruelty of his *procédé,* with pity and understanding. Never does he lose faith in Russia and the Russians, and he maintains always that mystic faith in the destiny of the country and the race which permeates the Russian character and temperament.

It was this that the Countess H—— made clear to the writer that summer at Divonne. Her eyes shone as she spoke in tones of reverence and awe of the great writer whom, she said, her people worshipped even more as a prophet than as a writer. This was true even in his own lifetime. The little, thin, irritable, sickly old man, with the straggling yellow beard, and the "vivacity of a cat," whom his French friend and sponsor, Vicomte E. Melchior de Vogue, described as having the face of a moujik with more signs of suffering amassed upon it than upon any other face he had ever seen, was consulted from every corner of Russia, and he gave freely of his knowledge of the human heart, as well as, upon several occasions, of his talents as a criminologist, to the service of the weak and suffering. When he made his address at the dedication of the statue of Pushkin, he received a tremendous public ovation; and when, in 1881, he died, he lay in state in the capital, and thousands attended his funeral and thronged the ways along which moved his cortège.

Mr. Lloyd in his eloquent but often rather abstract and obscure interpretation of Dostoieffsky, where biography and intellectual analysis are too closely and continuously interwoven, sedulously avoids any comparisons save on the purely literary side. As we read of this strange *détraqué* with the combined weakness and beauty of his character; with the splendour of his dreams contrasting with the misery and squalour and disorder of his life; with his innocent and lofty soul encased in his broken and convulsive body; and, finally, with the lurid shadings in this soul itself which gave him a premonition of the worst as well as of the best of which mankind is capable, we cannot help thinking of Verlaine. Less tarnished

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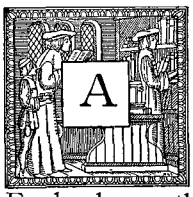
than that poet in his earthly tabernacle, he is like him, primarily, in a certain defect of volition, in a certain unfitness for life, which made the prison—that modern substitute for monastic seclusion—almost a sanctuary and a refuge from the world. On the literary side, too, Dostoieffsky makes us feel that we can divine the kind of novels Verlaine would have written if this poet, whose verse is like the inward whisper of Hugo's wordy lyricism, had been capable of prose fiction on the scale of *Les Miserables*.

In both Verlaine and Dostoieffsky there is the same strain of pity and humility that makes them modern mendicants, little brothers of St. Francis. But there is a strain of intellectual pride and curiosity in Dostoieffsky that is absent in the French poet, and this, more than once, reminds us, both in the man and the artist, of our own Poe. *Crime and Punishment*, indeed, under one of its many aspects, might almost be a tale of the "grotesque and arabesque" on a grander scale and with a greater gamut of emotion and sensation. The greater scale in no wise lessens the intensity and concentration of this study of an assassin who works under the empire of an *idée fixe*, nor does its grisly realism detract in any way from the delicate subtlety of its psychological analysis, or make the exquisite pathos of the gentler characterisations and the scenes of sentiment seem misplaced. Poe plus Dickens—that, perhaps, is the nearest formula by which one can arrive at a perfect understanding of this great writer who, as Mr. Lloyd justly says, was at once the confessor, the vivisector, and the Grand Inquisitor of the Russian soul.

THE TITANIC AND THE LITERARY COMMENTATOR

BY E. B. FRENCH

I



AMERICAN novelists and playwrights, always so mute on public affairs or current events, naturally had little or nothing to say about the *Titanic* disaster. In England, on the other hand, the best known writers of the day have commented upon it—perhaps to no great practical advantage—but their views are interesting and characteristic, as the following summary will show:

Bernard Shaw on Mock Heroics

Mr. Bernard Shaw's disgust with the newspaper comments on the first reports of the *Titanic* disaster was not at all surprising to the readers of his plays and prefaces. It was not to be expected that the author of *Arms and the Man* would have much patience with journalistic raptures over heroism, even if the facts lent themselves to a heroical interpretation. Mr. Shaw loathes heroics and the glamour of romance and in no conceivable circumstances would he find an excuse for them. But the facts of the *Titanic* disaster were, he contended, peculiarly unsuited to romantic treatment, and it was only by lying that the newspapers made them out heroic. Why, he asked, does a sensational catastrophe always drive a modern nation not into transports of grief or sympathy, or into prayer, but into "an explosion of outrageous romantic lying"? He refers it to certain romantic demands which must be met by disregarding the facts or by distorting them. Thus, one demand of romance is that everybody must face death without flinching; so that is the way the papers must present it. But what is the actual evidence?

> The captain and officers were so afraid of a panic that though they knew the ship was sinking, they did not dare tell the passengers so, especially the third-class passengers, and the

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band played rag-time to reassure the passengers, who, therefore, did not get into the boats and did not realise their situation until the boats were gone and the ship standing on her head before plunging to the bottom.

What happened then Lady Duff-Gordon has related, and the witnesses at the American inquiry could hardly bear to relate. I ask, what is the use of all this ghastly, blasphemous, inhuman, braggartly lying? Here is a calamity which might well make the proudest man humble and the wildest joker serious. It makes us vainglorious, insolent and mendacious.

Another romantic demand is, "Women and children first," and seldom, says Mr. Shaw, was there a sublimer chorus on the strict observance of this rule than in the first accounts of the wreck in the London papers containing the story of Lady Duff-Gordon.

She described how she escaped in the captain's boat. There was one other woman in it and ten men—twelve all told—one woman for every five men.

Again, romance requires that all the men except the foreigners shall be heroes, that the foreigners shall be kept from a cowardly stampede by British pistols, and that the captain shall be a superhero—

a magnificent seaman, cool, brave, delighting in danger, and a living guarantee that the wreck was nobody's fault, but, on the contrary, a triumph of British navigation.

Such a man Captain Smith was enthusiastically proclaimed on the day when it was reported (and actually believed, apparently) that he had shot himself on the bridge. . . . Writers who had never heard of Captain Smith to that hour wrote of him as they would hardly write of Nelson.

The only thing positively known was that Captain Smith had lost his ship by deliberately and knowingly steaming into an ice field at the highest speed that he had coal for. He paid the penalty, so did most of those for whose lives he was responsible. Had he brought them and the ship safely to land, nobody would have taken the smallest notice of him.

As to the steadiness and bravery of the officers the verdict of the press was unanimous, although the principal fact known at the time was

that boats which were not full refused to go to the rescue of those who were struggling in the water in cork jackets. The reason was frankly given—they were afraid.

The fear, says Mr. Shaw, was natural, and nobody at home dare blame them, but why assure the world that only Englishmen could have behaved in so heroic a manner? Such, he says, was the attitude of the press toward the disaster.

Did the press really represent the public? I am afraid it did. Churchmen and statesmen took much the same tone. The effect on me was one of profound disgust—almost national dishonour. Am I mad? Possibly. At all events that is how I felt and how I feel about it.

The Conan Doyle-Shaw Debate

Sir A. Conan Doyle after a none too careful reading of Mr. Shaw's letter, replied to it with much heat, saying that he had never found so much that was false written within an equal compass. To be sure there were ten men to two women in one boat, but how about the others? Mr. Shaw knew as well as everybody else that in the very next boat sixty-five out of the seventy occupants were women. As to Captain Smith, Sir Arthur declared he would gladly present the Fabian Society with £100, if Mr. Shaw would show him the work of any responsible journalist in which Captain Smith is described in the terms of Nelson. To insinuate as Mr. Shaw did that the officers had not done their duty was a "poisonous suggestion." To say that the wreck was hailed as a triumph of British navigation was proof merely that Mr. Shaw valued a sensational phrase more than the truth. Sir Arthur expresses the highest admiration for the officer who told Mr. Ismay, the managing-director, to "go to hell," when the latter seemed to be interfering with the life-saving work. But Mr. Shaw, he says, quotes this remark as if it were a crime. Finally

As to the general accusation that the occasion had been used for the glorification of British qualities, we should indeed be a lost people if we did not honour courage and dis-

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cipline when we see it in the highest form. That our sympathies extend beyond ourselves is shown by the fact that the conduct of the American male passengers, and very particularly of the much-abused millionaires, has been as warmly eulogised as any strange feature of the whole wonderful epic. But surely it is a pitiful sight to see a man of undoubted genius using his gifts in order to decry his own people, regardless of the fact that his words must add to the grief of those who have already had more than enough to bear.

This letter by ignoring the essential fact that the Shaw diatribes were directed against, the journalistic misuse of the early and incomplete reports, brought forth a thumping rejoinder. The newspapers, said Mr. Shaw, wrote columns of gushing eulogy on the strength of information that indicated anything but heroic conduct.

My case is that our journalists wrote without the slightest regards to the facts; that they were actually more enthusiastic in their praise of the *Titanic* heroes on the day when the only evidence to hand was evidence of conduct for which a soldier would be shot and a navy sailor hanged, than when later news came in of those officers and crews who did their best, and that it must be evident to every reasonable man that if there had not been a redeeming feature in the whole case, exactly the same hogwash, as Mr. Cunninghame Graham calls it in his righteous disgust, would have been lavished on the veriest dastards as upon a crew of Grace Darlings.

The captain positively lost popularity when the deliberate and calumnious lie that he shot himself was dropped. . . .

Sir Arthur accuses me of lying, and I must say he gives me no great encouragement to tell the truth; but he proceeds to tell against himself what I take to be the most thundering lie ever sent to a printer by a human author. He first says that I quoted, as if it were a crime, the words used by the officer who told Mr. Ismay to "go to hell." I did not. I said the outburst was very natural, though not in my opinion admirable or heroic. . . .

"But," Sir Arthur goes on to say, "I could not imagine a finer example." . . . Yes, you could, Sir Arthur, and many a page of heroic romance from your hand attests that you often have imagined much finer examples. Heroism has not quite come to that yet, nor has your imagination contracted or your brain softened to the pathos of seeing sublimity in a worried officer telling even a managing-director (God-like being) to "go to hell."

Joseph Conrad's Reflections

Another eminent British writer to free his mind on the subject with remarkable promptness was Mr. Joseph Conrad, whose "Reflections" on the disaster appeared in the May number of the *English Review* before the Mersey Commission had begun its inquiry. A large part of his commentary is necessarily unintelligible to an American, and probably could not be understood anywhere outside the British Isles. He begins by condemning very bitterly the American Senatorial inquiry. "What are they after? What is there for them to find out?" It seems to him to have been the grossest impertinence for Americans to ask any questions at all. We Americans, he argues, kill a great many people on our railroads in a single year. Therefore the news of the *Titanic* disaster should have been followed not by an inquiry into the causes of this shipwreck, but by an inquiry into

From London "Punch"

TOLL OF THE SEA

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the causes of railway wrecks. The more excited we became over the details of the *Titanic* catastrophe, the more preoccupied we should have been with last year's railway collisions. Moreover, no officer in the British merchant service was under the slightest obligation to answer the questions of the representatives of any foreign power. "The only authority he is bound to answer is the Board of Trade."

Thus far the point of view though insular is comparatively easy to grasp. but what follows is altogether beyond the reach of the poor outlander's straining intellect. For Mr. Conrad proceeds to show how idiotically the British Board of Trade always behaves and how futile its inquiry was certain to be. The Board of Trade is he says, "a ghost—less than that; as yet a mere memory."

An office with adequate and no doubt comfortable furniture. A lot of perfectly irresponsible gentlemen, who exist packed in its equable atmosphere softly, as if in a lot of cotton-wool, and with no care in the world; for there can be no care without personal responsibility.

So the Americans were indecent in asking any questions and ought to have waited for the only authority competent to ask questions, which was the British Board of Trade; but the Board of Trade instead of being fit to ask questions was a ghost or, rather, a mere lot of office furniture. Nevertheless the conduct of the Americans in asking questions instead of waiting for the "office furniture" to explain remains in this writer's mind, so strangely hospitable to mutually destructive propositions, not only indecent but black hearted and vile.

And there are too many ugly developments about this tragedy. The rush of the Senatorial inquiry before the poor wretches escaped from the jaws of death had time to draw breath; the vituperative abuse of a man no more guilty than others in this matter, and the more than the suspicion of it being a political move to get home on the M. T. Company, into which, in common parlance, the United States Government has got its knife, I don't pretend to understand why, though with the rest of the world I am aware of the fact. Maybe there may be an excellent reason for it; but I venture to suggest that to take advantage of it on the strength of so many pitiful corpses is not pretty. No, I am not afraid to say that it is not pretty. And the exploiting of the mere sensation on the other side is not pretty in its wealth of heartless inventions. Neither is the welter of Marconi lies, which has not been sent vibrating without some reason, for which it would be nauseous to inquire too closely.

As Mr. Conrad begins and ends his "Reflections" with this severe arraignment of American manners and morals one might think that the chief lesson of the disaster was, to his mind, the misbehaviour of American Senators and newspaper men when a large number of their fellow-countrymen are suddenly drowned. This, however, was probably intended merely to comfort the British reader whose feelings might be wounded by Mr. Conrad's account of the disaster itself and his criticism of the Board of Trade and the steamship companies which, after all, made up the chief part of the article. His own experience of the sea, extending over many years, give his comments on recent tendencies in ocean navigation a certain interest. He attributes the disaster to the mad rivalry among the companies in the matter of speed and size and to the blind faith in material and appliances.

But she sank, causing, apart from the loss of so many lives, a sort of surprising consternation that such a thing should have happened at all. Why? You build a 45,000-ton hotel of thin steel plates to secure the patronage of, say, a couple of thousand rich people (for if it had been for the emigrant trade alone there would have been no such exaggeration of mere size), you decorate it in the style of the Pharaohs, or in the Louis Quinze style—I don't know which—and to please the aforesaid fatuous handful of individuals who have more money than they know what to do with, and to the applause of two continents, you launch that mass with two thousand people on board at 21 knots across the sea—a perfect exhibition of the modern blind trust in mere material and appliances. And then this happens. General consternation. The blind trust in material and appliances has received a terrible shock.

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I will say nothing of the credulity which accepts any statement which specialists, technicians, are pleased to make, whether for purposes of gain or glory. You stand there astonished and hurt in your profoundest sensibilities. But what else under the circumstances could you expect?

Mr. Chesterton's Views

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's comments on the disaster have already been quoted in part in this magazine. Like Mr. Shaw he was chiefly concerned with its effect on public opinion as evidenced in the newspapers. He had little sympathy with the horror professed by many British writers at the unseemly haste of American Senators and newspaper men in prying into the affair. It is all very well, he said, to blame American journalism as "vulgar and vindictive" and for setting "the pack in full cry upon a particular man." The British critic might accuse Americans of wishing to hound Mr. Ismay, "as if he were the only man that was saved," just as they hounded poor Gorki "as if he were the only man not living with his wife." But might not the American critic retort that the British were in danger from precisely opposite vices? The British tendency is to hush things up, to "damp everything down." Americans might reasonably suspect that the British Mersey commission would shirk the facts—"ignore plain questions and suppress existing telegrams to save the face of some rich man." That was what happened when under the same Lord Mersey inquiry was made into the Jameson Raid. The Americans might say—

> We are not so careful of millionaires. We are hounding on the pack, and we think a pack of dogs, even if it is a pack of mongrels, is not so bad a thing in dealing with wolves—or foxes.

As the Mersey commission went on he waxed bitterly sarcastic over some of its rulings and published a little skit holding it up to ridicule as carefully excluding from its investigation the essential things it was appointed to investigate.

Mr. Wells's Moral

The moral which Mr. H. G. Wells drew from the disaster could have been guessed by any careful reader of the *New Machiavelli*. His comment on it was merely incidental and appeared in one of his articles in the *Daily Mail* on "The Labour Unrest." It typifies perfectly to his mind the muddle of the present social situation and illustrates the incompetence of the upper class in modern society.

> It was one of those accidents which happen with a precision of time and circumstance that outdoes art; not an incident in it all that was not supremely typical. It was the penetrating comment of chance upon our entire social system. Beneath a surface of magnificent efficiency was—slapdash. The ship was not even equipped to save its third-class passengers; they had placed themselves on board with an infinite confidence in the care that was to be taken of them, and most of their women and children went down with the cry of those who find themselves cheated out of life.

His remarks on Mr. Ismay's luckless notoriety are singularly just—

> In the unfolding record of behaviour it is the stewardesses and bandsmen and engineers—persons of the trade-union class—who shine as brightly as any. And by the supreme artistry of Chance it fell to the lot of that tragic and unhappy gentleman, Mr. Bruce Ismay, to be aboard and to be caught by the urgent vacancy in the boat and the snare of the moment. No untried man dare say that he would have behaved better in his place. But for capitalism and for our existing social system his escape—with five and fifty third-class children waiting below to drown—was the abandonment of every noble pretension. It is not the man I would criticise, but the manifest absence of any such sense of the supreme dignity of his position as would have sustained him in that crisis. He was a rich man and a ruling man, but in the test he was not a proud man. In the common man's realisation that such is indeed the case with most of those who dominate the world lies the true cause and danger of our social indiscipline. And the remedy in the first place lies not in social legislation, and so forth, but in the consciences of the wealthy. Heroism and a general devotion to the common good are the only effective answer to distrust.

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CHARLES LEE

CHRONICLES OF CORNWALL

Philosophy and Humour

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

"WITH a cigar between my teeth I can think of anything," said a friend of the writer's who had been ordered to give up smoking. "Without it, I can think of nothing but a cigar."

This philosophy is nearly akin to that of some of Charles Lee's Cornish friends who defended tobacco smoking as at least soothing to the mind. Pipes are the topic of the debate that threatens to disrupt the social club which met nightly in Porthjulyan. James was no believer in pipes. Nine times out of ten, said he, if a man went into the dark smoking a pipe, and if the darkness were such that he couldn't see the smoke issuing from his mouth, then nine times

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out of ten that man wouldn't know whether his pipe were alight or no. Nine times out of ten, mind. James was a chapel-member, and wouldn't venture further than that. If he couldn't see the smoke or glow from the bowl, nine times out of ten he wouldn't know what he was smoking—'bacca, tea or hay—or whether he was smoking at all.

That, said James, proved smoking to be no good thing. Very well. Now suppose James to be smoking and let Tom come and take James's pipe out of his mouth and say he shouldn't smoke. Now consider the pipeless James in two hours' time. What would he be doing? For a wager he would be thinking upon his pipe. And in four hours' time? Still his mind would be on his pipe. And in six? And what about next day? It was manifest that nothing short of his pipe would soothe James's mind in the case propounded. Therefore smoking was of some good. It soothed the mind. Moreover, Tom would confidently add, it settled a man's stomach. Take from a man his mind and his stomach, and where would that man be?

Porthjulyan had many debates of this calibre with Penticost, the village shoemaker, as judge and Mr. Lee as recorder. Nothing that had gone on in Porthjulyan for the last forty years had escaped Penticost. The old shoemaker knew everything about everybody and a good deal more too.

"Who's that, Penticost?" says somebody. Says Penticost, hammering away:

Can't mind his name for the minute. But he's own brother to Josiah Johns that married our Nancy's Geraldine. Lives up to Poltriggan. Helps the photographer there, carr'ing parcels and oiling the machine and making faces at the babies, to keep them quiet while they'm being took. Wears a pipe and a drum hat Sundays, and he's courting the second parlour maid up to Squire Vivian's. I see he've got a kind of a flat parcel in his hand. Seeming to me that'll be the pickshers Nancy had took last week of her youngest maid, the one that's been put out to sarvice up to St. Kenna. Stopped to Poltriggan 'pon the way, they did, and had her took in three divisions. Seven shillings for the dozen, so I'm towld; and who's going to pay for 'em I don't know. Nancy's owing two pound for rent this very day, beside I don't know how much over to the shop for flour and sugar. She takes fower lumps, Nancy do. But that's who the man is and he's subjeck to fits beside. When you see one coming on, ask him the time o' day, sharp, and you'll put him off.

Porthjulyan has been lucky to enlist Mr. Lee as recorder. In *Our Little Town** he sketches all that is worth while and does it with love. He knows every man, woman, child and dog in the place and has something to say of each. He has collected the gossip of the village with admirable tact and a fine appreciation of its humour. Even its legends yield him good material. His account of St. Lidgy and the giant is, unfortunately, too long to quote. St. Lidgy's sympathy for all creation, extending even to a badger, a harmless beast of exemplary character but not in odour of sanctity, that insisted upon sharing St. Lidgy's cell, might make a tract for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Our Little Town is by far the best of Mr. Lee's Cornish sketches, but there are three others that will appeal to any one with a taste for quaint humour. *Paul Carah* is the story of a young man who returns from America to find his native village smaller than he thought it was and after a trial of life there departed, disappointed, to seek his fortune in the greater world outside. The two other books are in lighter vein. *The Widow Woman* is a little comedy with a portly widow, in love with a man twenty years her junior, the central figure. *Dorinda's Birthday* is a delightful idyll concerning a pretty girl who on her seventeenth birthday puts up her hair for the first time, using thirty-five hairpins, and goes to the Midsummer Day fair at St. Hender. The havoc she created was proof of her charm. Mr. Lee needs pages to describe Dorinda. It is a description too long to quote, but she was worth it. She peeped into the belfry while the men of St. Hender were ringing the chimes in a bell-ringing contest, and by so doing upset the team's

*Our Little Town. Paul Carah. The Widow Woman. Dorinda's Birthday. By Charles Lee. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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crack bell-ringer; he tugged at his rope without rhyme or reason, and so lost first prize for St. Hender. The episode is one of the best to Mr. Lee's credit and one of which he may be proud.

Dorinda's admirers like the way in which she has put up her hair. To each one she confides the secret of the thirty-five hairpins, and each one is allowed to push in some one of the thirty-five that refuses to do its duty. By accident or otherwise Dorinda's hairpins are always coming out. She is a desperate little flirt and makes them useful. But when she returns home, tired but happy, to the invalid lady who rejoiced in three new fatal symptoms since morning and was ready to die happy if she only knew which symptom was to carry her off, Dorinda was betrothed to the young bell-ringer. Through her being where she had no business to be, to wit, in the belfry, he had lost the town prize, but he had won Dorinda.

EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

R. R. Bowker's "Copyright"*

Mr. Bowker's *Copyright* is based upon a thorough knowledge of the history and evolution of copyright law, and contains a judiciously selected series of reports of typical copyright cases; it is, however, prepared not so much for the legal profession (although for the lawyers the tables, brought down to the close of 1911, of the status of law in different countries, and of the noteworthy cases through which a system of copyright has been formulated, should prove of very great service) as for use as a practical guide for the producers of copyrighted property,—authors, artists, and composers, and of the assigns or business representatives of these producers, the publishers. For these authors and publishers, this volume is unquestionably the most valuable treatise thus far brought into print.

The record of the long contest which had for its purpose to bring the United States into copyright relations with Europe is, of course, written with first hand information. It is defective only in not giving due credit to the importance of the continued service rendered by Mr. Bowker himself in the later stages of the fight during the years after 1886. The author has apparently taken the ground that in a treatise presented as a record of history and an analysis of law and of practice, there is no requirement or no proper place for individual views. He has in any case thought best to include with his statements in regard to the shaping of the copyright law but few expressions of opinion concerning the wisdom of the methods of our law makers or the equity and effectiveness of the results secured by their work.

The first division of the volume presents a conspectus, with data brought down to January, 1912, of the status of copyright, domestic and international, in the different countries of the world. It may be noted that the United States, Holland, Hungary, and Russia are practically the only literature-producing and literature-consuming countries that remain outside of the Convention of Berne; while the lists of states that have accepted the obligations and privileges of this convention include Japan, Tunis, Liberia, and Hayti. In the acceptance of the comity of civilised states, the United States lags behind not only the new Empire of the Pacific, but three African states. The obstacle that has prevented the United States from accepting the regulations of Berne is, of course, the manufacturing requirement of our statute. Other states which have adopted as their national policy a system of protection, have decided that the legitimate requirements of the manufacturing interests are to be cared for under the provisions of a customs law, and must be referred to the committees on the tariff. It is not admitted by the scientific law makers of France, Germany,

*Copyright: Its History and Its Law. By R. R. Bowker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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Italy, and Spain that tariff requirements are germane to the provisions of a law for the recognition and protection of literary property.

Mr. Bowker's chapter on "Nature, Origin and Early History" gives a well proportioned sketch of the evolution and the conception of property in rights (as distinguished from property in material things) from ancient times through the period of special privileges, and of the recognition, under the principles of the common law, of the rights of producers, down to the earlier of the copyright statutes. The references to the beginnings of authorship rights cover the well-known correspondence of Martial and Cicero with their publishers, the story of the famous issue in 567 between Finnian and Colomba (the first recorded copyright case), and an account of the regulations controlling from the beginning of the thirteenth century the work of the *Stationarii* in the older universities such as Paris, Bologna, and Prague.

The system of privileges which came into force soon after the invention by Gutenberg in 1450 of the art of printing from movable type, begins with the certificate given in 1475 by the Bishop of Ratisbon to a printer in Esslingen for a reissue of the *Tractate* of Peter Nigrus. It may be noted that the purpose of this particular certificate was, however, not to give protection to the printers, but to certify as to the correctness of his text. The form of the certificate was somewhat similar to that utilised later under the censorship system when the ecclesiastical examiners certified, usually in connection with the reprint of a classic, first, that the text was correct, and secondly, that it contained nothing that was in itself heretical or that was likely to prove detrimental to the teachings of the Holy Church.

The purpose of the earlier state privileges was not the protection of an author (the books of the earlier times were in fact almost exclusively the work of authors long dead), but the encouragement of printing. The first known privilege issued in Germany was given by the Aulic Council of the Empire in 1501 to a Society, the Rhenish Sodalites, for the right to control, for the term of fifteen years, a collection, edited by Celtes, of the dramas of the nun Hroswitha, who had been dead for nearly six hundred years.

The chapter on the ownership of copyright presents a summary of the conditions obtaining in the United States under the act of 1909. The office of register of copyright was created by the act which went into force in 1891. Under the capable and devoted administration of Mr. Thorwald Solberg, the register who was then appointed, the office has proved of distinctive service in many ways.

The statute of 1909 is more specific than its predecessors in defining the ownership relations in copyrightable material which is the result of the employment of an author for a specific undertaking. The old rule that copyright can be assigned only by a written instrument continues to hold good, but the contract of employment for the performance of specific literary work, this work to form part of a composite publication, may now be accepted as the "written instrument" conveying such assignment of the rights of the producer.

Many of the cases arising as to ownership are issues outside of the copyright law. Such an instance occurred in 1883 in the case of Clemens *v.* Belford, decided in the United States Circuit Court in Illinois. Mr. Clemens was defeated in his attempt to restrain the use of his pen name, "Mark Twain," in connection with the reprinting of a collection of uncopyrighted papers. The court held that if the right to publish the work existed or had been secured, this must include the right to publish the authorship. A further attempt was made by Mr. Clemens in 1908 to prevent the use by others of his pseudonym "Mark Twain" by incorporating a company with this name. He hoped under this device to secure a continuing trade-mark. The question of maintaining such control by an incorporated company has probably never been passed upon by the courts. In the case of Lando *v.* Greenberg, argued in 1908, it was decided that the pen name of an author with which a series of productions had been associated, could be protected independent of copyright or trade-mark. This principle has been passed upon in a more general way in a number of de-

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cisions protecting what may be called cumulative good-will and preventing what the courts have come to term "unfair competition." There is, under the present act, no copyright in a title nor could such copyright be secured under the preceding statutes; but it has been held in a number of instances that an author or his assign could be protected in the exclusive use of a distinctive title that had been associated for a sufficiently long time with a literary production to possess commercial value in the market. The attempt to secure some of the commercial value attaching to such title by its use for a production by another person is characterised as "unfair competition" and has been repeatedly enjoined by the courts. It may be said here that there has, during the past fifteen years, been a considerable development and widening of the protection that the courts are ready to secure for published material against "unfair competition." In 1879, a judge sitting in a United States court in Philadelphia, characterised as "an unwarranted interference with a legitimate American industry" the attempt of the British publishers of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and of their American representatives, to prevent the use of the name of the Encyclopædia connected with a work produced by another publisher comprising different material. During the twenty years succeeding 1879, in which the courts have passed upon the successive attempts to protect the producers and the owners of this famous cyclopædia not only in the control of their material but in the control of a name which for a century or more had been associated with such material, the courts advanced by successive steps to a final recognition of a property right that irrespective of the provisions of a copyright statute, had been built up by long association of a name with a production possessing intrinsic and commercial value.

In the statute of 1891, the term of copyright was fixed at twenty-eight years with right of renewal for fourteen years. This renewal could be secured by the author, the author's widow or the author's children. The law followed in these respects the provisions of the preceding statutes. Under the act of 1909, the second term was increased to twenty-eight years, making a total term of fifty-six years; and the right of renewal, in place of being limited to author, widow or children, was extended to a widower, or if neither widow, widower nor children might be living, to the author's next of kin or executors. This provision is interpreted as meaning that there can be no renewal by an assignee proprietor (such as the publisher) and that in the absence of natural heirs of an individual author, no renewal can be secured by anybody. The desire was very general at the time of the framing of the act of 1909 (the work in the shaping of which went on for nearly two years) that living authors should secure a fuller term of protection. It was pointed out that in not a few instances, American authors had outlived the copyright term protecting their earlier productions and had incurred both personal annoyance and business disadvantage when these productions had been reprinted in unauthorised issues. Such reprinting could, of course, include, and had as a matter of fact included, productions of an immature character which the author had not thought desirable to include in any final issue of his works. Longfellow, Donald G. Mitchell and Edward Everett Hale were among the representative American authors who had suffered in this fashion from a lack of adequate, that is to say, from insufficiently extended, protection. At the time the statute was under consideration in the committee-rooms, Mr. Hale, then chaplain of the House of Representatives, made a pathetic appeal to be permitted to secure for his children some property right in his earlier productions, some of which, like *The Man without a Country,* still possessed commercial value. In the desire to meet this very natural and just claim on the part of veteran authors, some of whom, like Hale and Clemens, were working in the copyright committees in behalf of the improvement of the statute, the framers of the act of 1909 provided for the extension of the term of copyright without taking into due consideration important existing property rights, the rights belonging to the assigns of the authors, that is to say, to the publishers. It was pointed out in

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the discussions before the Congressional committees that publishers were called upon from time to time to make considerable investments in the production of individual books and in sets of volumes presenting the complete works of American authors.

As examples of investments of this character were specified sets published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company of the works of American authors accepted as classics, such as Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow and Whittier. Under the provision proposed (which finally became law) for the extension of copyright, any heir of the author inheriting his copyright is placed in a position, at the expiration of the first term of twenty-eight years, to secure, in connection with the extension of the term, a new and possibly more favourable arrangement with the publishers. If the terms demanded by the new owner of the copyright are not satisfactory to the publishers, are terms under which it is not practicable, in their judgment, for them to continue to make profitable and effective publication of the books, the copyright owner has the right in transfering the publication to some competing house, to compel the cancellation of the entire property value of the investment that has been made by the publishers, in the electrotype plates and illustrations. Such investment may in the case, for instance, of an educational work, cover, in addition to the outlay for "plant" (typesetting and illustrations), a large expenditure for bringing the text-book into introduction and in securing contracts for its continued use.

For the purpose of preventing the heir of an author (who in the majority of cases would never himself have had any direct personal relations with the original publishers) from being placed in a position to hold up such publishers and to compel the payment of a penalty price, it was proposed that the extension of the copyright for the second term of twenty-eight years should be granted only on the joint application of the author (or his heir) and the publisher. The two parties would be practically in the same position in which they had been at the time the work was first entered for copyright. The publisher would have the same business interest in securing the full publishing control of the book and, irrespective of any obligation to the author, could better afford to pay a continuing, or even an increasing, royalty than to allow the book to fall into public domain, and thereafter to be exposed to the competition of unauthorised editions. This proposal for the protection of the publishers against the risk of the cancellation of the value of investments that had been made in accordance with the existing law, was negatived by the committees.

The chapter on the manufacturing provisions of the American statute makes clear their purpose and their history. The American statute, which represents the results of efforts that had been going on since 1847, secures for foreign authors a copyright control for the United States (and, reciprocally, a recognition in the states of Europe for the property rights of American authors), but only on condition that the books of these foreign authors shall be manufactured in the United States and from type set within the territory of the United States. The United States is, with the exception of Holland, the only country in the world that has made manufacturing a condition of copyright. During the five years in which the statute of 1891 was under discussion, the representatives of the business interests having to do with the manufacturing of books insisted that they had a right to take part in the framing of the law, and their contention was accepted as valid by the Congressional Committees having charge of copyright. It was, of course, pointed out at that time, and has been emphasised since, that other states which, like the United States, were committed to the policy of protection, had not thought it necessary, or in order, to mix up with a copyright law requirements for the protection of American industry. In Germany, in France, and in Italy, all protectionist countries, the representatives of the book-manufacturing industries have never been permitted to take part in the framing of copyright laws. They have been referred to the committees in charge of the tariff for such protection as under the national policy they were entitled to secure. The acceptance

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by the United States of a manufacturing condition as a requirement for the concession of copyright not only to foreign, but to American authors, made it, of course, impracticable for the United States to become a party to the Convention of Berne. It is a first condition of membership in the Berne Convention that the conditions and the regulations of copyright shall be substantially identical throughout the entire territory controlled by the Convention.

The manufacturing requirements of the statute of 1891 covered the typesetting and the printing of a book, and covered also the manufacturing work in the illustrations included in the book. The requirements in regard to the American manufacture of illustrations were made to apply also to works of art. An exception to the prohibition of importation was permitted for illustrations or for works of art reproduced by photogravure.

The statute of 1909 added in certain respects to the manufacturing requirements. It prohibited the use of foreign binding for books which were to secure the protection of American copyright. As Mr. Bowker points out, the inclusion of binding in the manufacturing requirement met with opposition on the ground that binding is not an integral part of, but an incidental addition to, a completed book. The fact that the copyright law includes manufacturing provisions makes it necessary to interpret the law in connection with the tariff act that may at the time be in force.

The copyright act of 1909 provides that illustrations other than photogravures must be manufactured in the United States, excepting in the case in which the subject represented is located in a foreign country and reproduces a work of art or has been prepared to illustrate a scientific text. This reservation was secured with no little difficulty after a discussion that extended over the greater part of two years. The American lithographers and photo-engravers insisted that American workmen were competent to reproduce any works of art that could be reproduced by workmen in Europe. A leading authority pointed out the difficulty in the case of lithographs, reproducing works of art, of having the colour scheme worked up at a distance of thousands of miles from the original; or in the case of the reproduction of some scientific drawings, such as lithographic views of surgical or clinical cases, of having the work done at no distance from the hospital where the subject and the scientist were stationed. As a result of this contention, the Congressional Committee finally agreed to the clause as worded, but the protests on the part of the representatives of the lithographers against this clause have been persistent, and attempts are being made from time to time to make the prohibition absolute and to cause the forfeiture of the copyright of any text which itself has been put into type in this country but with which may be connected an illustration prepared on the other side.

The producers of works or art are, under the statute of 1909, placed in a better position in regard to the protection of their property than has been the case with preceding American statutes. Under the act of 1901, it had proved difficult to prevent the unauthorised reproduction, in one form or another, of pictures originating abroad. It was held that copyright could not be secured in the United States for a work of art, any more than for a book, after publication abroad. It was claimed that public exhibition of a picture, certainly in the cases in which a fee was demanded, and possibly even when no fee was required, constituted "publication." This point was finally decided, in the famous Werkmeister case, in favour of the artist, or rather of the representatives of the artist. There was also difficulty in connection with the form of the record, to be placed upon the work of art, of the entry of copyright. In the statute of 1909, this detail has been modified in accord with the requirements of the artists. The copyright notice can, if desired, be reduced so as to constitute simply the letter "c" enclosed within a circle, and this notification that the article is protected by copyright needs to be placed only on "some accessible portion of the works." It was pointed out in the discussion in regard to this notification of copyright that an artist could even utilise for the purpose the "tail of a mermaid twisted into the form of the

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letter." There is no present requirement for the connection with the notice of copyright of the date of entry. The responsibility rests upon the would-be appropriator to ascertain by inquiry at the copyright office whether the work is still protected.

The manufacturing provisions are made to apply to works of art, so that the artists are not permitted to send their works abroad for the purpose of having reproductions made. Since the enactment of the law of 1909, questions have arisen in regard to the right of the moving-picture dealers to reproduce, without compensation, art designs for use in such pictures. The moving-picture dealers also claimed the right to utilise the text of books, more particularly, of course, the characters presented in books. It was decided, in a suit brought against certain moving-picture dealers by the Harpers, that the text of Du Maurier's *Trilby* could not be so utilised. Since that decision, several bills have been introduced in Congress and are now pending, under which the moving-picture people are to be left practically free to appropriate musical compositions, art compositions, or literary compositions, without arrangement and without compensation. In case suit is brought by the owner of the copyright, the maximum penalty for the appropriator is fixed at one hundred dollars if he is willing to certify that he did not have knoweldge that the composition had been protected by copyright. It may fairly be assumed that any person willing to appropriate the property of another would not hesitate to go a step further and to swear that he had no knowledge that any property rights existed.

The act of 1909 confirms and extends the privileges given under the act of 1891 for the importation of books that have secured American copyright; privileges which, as often pointed out, are absolutely inconsistent with the principles of copyright and which find place in the statutes of no other country. One of the earliest provisions in the act, a provision which is identical with that of our preceding copyright statutes, leaves with the producer the monopoly or full control of an article copyrighted. The term "monopoly" means, of course, simply the exclusive right to the control of the sale in the market specified. The statutes of Great Britain, France, Germany, and other states are at one in maintaining for the producer, or for his assign the publisher, the property rights under such monopoly. There are, of course, certain disadvantages that come upon the community as a result of such legalised monopoly. An author may be a crank and may decide either to withhold his work from circulation, or, as in the case of Ruskin, to place a price upon it which is beyond the reach of the larger number of readers. This occasional disadvantage is considered a small matter as compared with the advantage of furthering the production and the distribution of works of literature, art, and so forth. The American legislators have, however, under the pressure of certain groups interested, decided to concede to favoured institutions and to individuals "freedom of action" in regard to the importation of copyrighted books.

An English publisher who makes an investment in the purchase of a copyright secures, under assignment from the author, the exclusive control of the market of Great Britain and of the British Empire, and also the territory covered by the Berne Convention. The American publisher who may make an equal or greater investment in the purchase of the American copyright of the same work, secures under his purchase only the right to compete in the American market with the British edition of the same book. The statute permits any association, incorporated or unincorporated, to import copies of the transatlantic edition of the copyrighted book. The institutions which are incorporated secure further the privilege of importing free of duty. The privilege of importing copyrighted books is extended also to individuals who will state that they are purchasing "for use and not for sale."

Such a provision, particularly in the case of works of larger compass planned to meet the requirements of libraries, undermines, of necessity, and very seriously, the value of the American market. The disadvantage may in fact be sufficiently material to take away the margin

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of possible profit, and to render undesirable as a business undertaking the production of any American edition of a work planned for library sale. As an example of a work of this character may be cited *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, which is to be completed in fourteen volumes. The production of the American edition calls for an investment of some thirty thousand dollars. The work is one which is better suited for the public library than for the private collection. The American edition is printed in more open and somewhat more attractive form than that selected for the English issue, and is also more solidly bound. It is sold at a trifle over the equivalent of the English price, and a large number of the libraries (and it is only the larger libraries which place orders for such a set) have arranged to secure their copies through their purchasing agents in London. The librarians pointed out that they have standing instructions with these agents to send copies of all books of a certain character, and that it would be an inconvenience to direct these agents to omit a book because it happens to be issued also in an American edition. The American publisher, who is supposed to control the copyright of the book for the American market, is himself prohibited from meeting the preference of any customers who may prefer the English edition. Under the provisions of the statute preceding that of 1891, importations of transatlantic editions of copyright books were permitted if made through the agency of the owner of the copyright, or of his assign, the publisher. Under the law of to-day, the publisher, who is nominally the owner of the copyright, is himself prohibited from obtaining copies of the transatlantic edition in case these should be "imported for sale." This is a curious provision to find place in the statute of a protectionist country; because its necessary result is to give a premium to a foreign dealer as against the American copyright owner (who is also the manufacturer) in the business of supplying certain material required for his American customers.

A necessary result of such an inequitable provision of law is to discourage the production of American editions of important transatlantic work. The natural tendency of publishing undertakings of what may be called the first class is to become international in character. If the cost of authorship and of illustrations can be divided between two or three or more markets, and if, as in the case of a work originating in England, the cost of typesetting can be divided between two markets, the saving in the cost of production can be made of advantage to the author, to the consumer, and to the several publishers concerned. The manufacturing requirement of our law prevents the possibility of saving the cost of typesetting in any book securing American copyright. This outlay, which is usually the largest item of expense in book production, must be doubled up for the two markets. The right of unrestricted importation must, in a large number of instances, render unprofitable the operations of the American publisher taking part in the publication of an international series, a series the contributions to which come from authors all over the world. He has no adequate inducement to contribute his proportion of the general investment required for such a series when he is prevented, under the law, from controlling the market that he could otherwise secure under contract with the other publishers concerned. This absurd provision in regard to importation was brought about under the pressure of the librarians of the country aided by certain individuals who succeeded in impressing the members of the Congressional Committees with the idea that if the publishers were permitted to control copyright as a "monopoly," they might utilise such control against the interest of the book-buying public. The legislators were confused by the use of the term "monopoly" as applied to copyright, and were too ready to believe that it might stand for the same kind of combination for increase of prices as they were contending against in the case of the steel men, the woollen men, and certain other groups of manufacturers.

The Congressional Committees were prepared to accept the contention of the librarians that as editions printed in

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America were occasionally dearer than those produced abroad, it was for the interest of the community that libraries should not only secure their imported books free of duty, but that these importations should be free from any restrictions on the ground of copyright. It was explained to the members of the Committees that in so far as these American editions were higher in price than those issued in England (and this was the case only in the smaller number of instances) such increased cost was chiefly due to the burdens of the tariff on book materials. Emphasis was laid on the peculiar injustice on the part of a Congress that was maintaining the abominations of the McKinley-Dingley tariff system, in making the increased cost of books a ground, or a pretext, for taking away from American publishers a substantial portion of the copyright market that properly belonged to them. These publishers are, of course, themselves manufacturers, but they were not asking for any manufacturing privileges or manufacturing protection. They claimed simply the recognition under law of the property in their copyrights, such recognition as is given, without question, in all other civilised states; but their claim was denied. Librarians and legislators alike failed to realise that the discouragement of publishing investments in the production of American editions of transatlantic works, particularly those possessing an international character and importance, defeats the avowed purpose of copyright law, and can result only in serious disadvantage to the literary and educational interests of the country.

Mr. Bowker gives an accurate account of the importation provision, which is inadequate only that it fails to specify and to criticise the influences under which the legislators permitted American copyright to be thus garbled and undermined. *George Haven Putnam.*

II

FRANK A. HEDGCOCK'S "DAVID GARRICK AND HIS FRENCH FRIENDS"*

Biography is a varied and fascinating art; it offers the author so much leeway: his personality and interpretation may be such that he rather than his subject becomes the more engrossing; he may analyse the old facts of a life so that a new figure takes the place of an old conception; and he may dig out new facts or seek a new angle of approach which will add fresh interest to any much-studied life. A new volume on David Garrick is bound to excite interest for its own sake, as well as curiosity concerning the author's manner of handling it. Mr. Hedgcock's biography, originally prepared as a thesis for the *Doctorat ès lettres* at the University of Paris and here elaborated, as the title indicates, deals mainly with Garrick and his contacts with things and persons French. The eminent actor, as we all know, enjoyed a European reputation, though this aspect of his many-sided life has been little studied. Mrs. Parson's splendidly written *Garrick and His Circle* did not furnish much new information on this phase of the actor's career, though it served to popularise his manhood and his achievement. The essay of Joseph Knight, as well as the biographies by Davies and Murphy, are more especially designed to show him strutting in the glare of his footlights. While acknowledging, too, the comprehension and novelty of Percy Fitzgerald's classic life of the famous Thespian, which contained so many letters in Foster's collection, Mr. Hedgcock feels, on the whole, it is prejudiced and disfigured, and, in French matters especially, full of gaps and errors. Further, the fact that Fitzgerald has made no use of Garrick's French correspondence and does not refer to many of his friends on the other side of the Channel, has stimulated the author in attempting a specialised study of Garrick from this particular point of view. If it needed further justification it might be found in the final chapter, in which is disclosed what France brought to Garrick; for, no doubt, his visits gave him greater distinction and grace in his own acting and taught him the value of artistic scenery and mounting. It seems difficult, however, in spite of Garrick's undoubted popularity, to follow the author when he says that Garrick did "most to dissipate the clouds of prejudice

*David Garrick and His French Friends. By Frank A. Hedgcock. New York: Duffield and Company.

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which hid France from England and to bring about a parallelism of views between Paris and London." Realising, since Garrick spent only a few months in Paris, that a collection of episodes and incidents would merely make a "scrappy" volume, the author has summed up briefly the well-known facts of Garrick's life, with critical comment on his capacities as writer and actor, and added especial aspects of his career and character as they appealed to his many French friends. Mr. Hedgcock apologises unnecessarily for supplying digressions concerning the social life of France and England, as well as some vivid description of the *Mode Parisienne* in England up to 1760; and yet these give more substantial background to a very readable volume which is of value to any student of the actor's life through picturing the environment in which he lived and the conditions under which his genius found expression.

Garrick was Gallic and Gaelic. In spite of the statements of his noble birth he was the son of middle class parents. He gained his first sense of the stage through contact with some strolling players, but, in view of the social prejudice as well as his mother's abhorrence of the profession, he did not appear upon the stage under his own name until after her death. Mr. Hedgcock supplies here many corrections in his boyish letters misquoted by Fitzgerald from the Foster collection and he prints for the first time some letters, from the same collection, touching on the little known period while Garrick was temporising as a wine merchant. Garrick knew few of the struggles of the average actor; he achieved success almost at once and became the idol of London shortly after his first appearance. As Mr. Hedgcock suggests, this success was due no doubt to his marvellous versatility, his pantomime and mobility which found full expression in his remarkable face and figure. In fact, so varying was his countenance that no painter could catch it at rest. He lived his characters and did not declaim then: characterisation was more than changing his make-up. It is concerning Garrick's natural and unaffected acting (which some critics, however, felt was prone to exaggeration in comedy) that draws forth from Mr. Hedgcock this distinction between the French and English drama as it necessarily affected the acting of the day:

> The French pieces appeal specially to the reason; the poet sets forth everything in words, and the audience might well listen to his verses with closed eyes. On the English stage action plays an important part, and one may say, without exaggeration, that the spoken word often forms the accompaniment and commentary of that action. French tragedy, essentially a literary and aristocratic production, bound by the laws and traditions of antiquity, translates action into verse, and, to avoid the brutal fact shown nakedly on the stage, freely employs confidants, soliloquies by principal actors, and narrations of events by subordinates. English tragedy, presenting its rich picture of life to a general public, ungloved and unperfumed, mitigates nothing of the cruelty of existence, but shows the terrible effects of all the passions—the blow that killed, the corpse that called forth tears and indignation, the madness wrought by folly, and the punishment of vice and inhumanity.

Garrick, establishing a precedent to which many lesser actors of the present still adhere, rewrote most of the pieces of his *répertoire*. Mr. Hedgcock severely criticises him for this and exposes the eclectic quality of Garrick's verse, which proves he relied on his memory for his inspiration. The dramas, too, which bear his name were mainly adaptations from the French, and his acting versions of Shakespeare the grossest presumptions.

Then follows more specifically the French phases of Garrick's life. Mr. Hedgcock marshals names which have long since lost their meaning. Perhaps Jean George Noverre, the choreographist, is one of the best known, since he was the creator of the *Ballet pantomime*, in which dancers were first used to tell a story through gesture and movement. It was Garrick's production of Noverre's ballet, too, which caused the Drury Lane riots, as expression against French innovations.

Much new material is brought to view in Mr. Hedgcock's researches into the relations of Garrick and Jean Monnet, the forerunner of the cosmopolitan managers of to-day. Monnet's life in itself

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was fascinating, and it throws light on the relation between the theatres of France and England in the eighteenth century. In passing one can only note that in Garrick's day French actors in England were not a novelty,—they having first appeared in 1629. But Monnet seemed to be the innovator in his little theatre in the Haymarket, and certainly deserved better treatment than was his lot to receive. Through Monnet, Patou, a French barrister, Noverre and others, Garrick's reputation preceded him to Paris. The author tells an amusing incident on his arrival there:

> The actors of *la Comédie Française,* having learned on what day Garrick was to reach Paris, awaited him at the inn nearest to the gate. There, thanks to the postillion's carelessness—he had been well paid for this service—his carriage broke down. Garrick was obliged to stop at the inn, where, as it happened, a wedding-breakfast was taking place. The married couple and their relatives begged him to take a seat at their table; they poured him out some wine, of which he was very fond. Soon he forgot his anger against the postillion, and appeared to fall in so frankly with the circumstances that the actors (for it was they) thought him entirely deceived by the comedy they were playing. They were no little surprised when Garrick, waking up from his pretended intoxication, hailed each of them by his name. The praises or the criticisms in the public prints had long furnished him with the qualities and defects of them all.

The six months that Garrick spent in the French capitol brought him into intimate contact with all the well-known actors, like Préville, Le Kain, Mlle. Clairon, playwrights and men of letters like Diderot and Fenouillot. Many pages are devoted, for example, to Garrick's friendship with Mlle. Clairon, and his quixotic assistance to her when she "struck" against the dictates of *la Comédie Française*. Playwrights, also, sought him, since they wished him to make adaptations of their plays; many even went begging him for productions in English, because of the difficulty they were having in trying to strike out from classical domination in their own theatres. They felt Garrick stood for a different art, and his opportune arrival in Paris, at the time when the literary groups were divided for and against the warm, full-blooded dramas of Shakespeare, gave his reputation as an actor and scholar unexpected impetus. His own readings in the *salons* of the more vivid scenes in the great English tragedies afforded, too, a far different idea of Shakespeare's power than could be obtained from Voltaire's feeble translations and analyses. It was nearly a hundred years after Shakespeare's death that he began to be mentioned or acted, and it is due to Garrick, as much as anybody, that fresh interest in him was aroused. Mr. Hedgcock contributes many letters to and from the eminent English actor which indicate this influence. In fact, it seems as though Garrick's life and interests are best unfolded in these absorbing letters, written in a time when no newspapers or telephones had intruded upon and destroyed that art. Perhaps, of all those who kept in touch with him after he had left French soil, Madame Riccoboni and Monnet were the most faithful. The latter never ceased to remember the man who had befriended him and he proved himself of use in many ways. Madame Riccoboni, a novelist who numbered David Hume and Adam Smith among her friends, besides translating some of his plays into French, wrote Garrick the most lively letters, full of all the gossip and comment which makes the French supreme in that form of expression. His answers, too, reveal all that was best and most charming in the man. Indeed, Mr. Hedgcock has succeeded admirably in presenting a lovable but human figure in these pages; and when one remembers the actor "sculpture in snow," it speaks much for his character that Garrick should make a tradition in stage history and still, because of his own peculiar qualities, fascinate and interest another generation. There is always a pathos in the fact when one realises all that can remain of an actor's interpretation is what others may write about it. Mr. Hedgcock has contributed an interesting volume which will help keep alive the memory of a great figure in theatrical annals.

George Middleton.

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III

A. F. Davidson's "Victor Hugo"*

It sometimes happens that the originator of a great literary movement long survives its eclipse and lives on honoured and perhaps apotheosised, into a time which has wholly different ideals from his, and regards as a mere extravagance, when thinking of it at all, the cause with which his name was once associated. Victor Hugo is a case in point. In his old age he was universally recognised as the father, the uncrowned king, of French letters. As his last birthdays came round, as some fresh edition of his works was issued, all the schools paid common tribute to the patriarch's fame, and bowed the knee before a giant of genius and a champion of freedom, who in both aspects could be deemed typically French. The mere passage of years had made it possible for the violences of his art, the inconsistencies in his opinions and behaviour to be forgotten, and he had sufficiently retired from active politics for a legend, and not an untrue legend, to connect itself with his career. His interventions in public affairs became so rare, and were so nicely calculated, that more and more could he be considered a representative democrat and the mouthpiece of the young Republic, as well as the best of the world's poets. And so in this final phase, enthusiasm, which stopped little short of idolatry, marked the attitude alike of his fellow-craftsmen and of his compatriots toward the author who had gone into exile on a matter of principle, and had denounced despotism with all the fervour of his unequalled rhetoric. Victor Hugo sat as it were in triumph, removed from the range of criticism and exalted to the dignity of a demi-god. But, in point of fact, his was to some extent a false position, and the homage he received was accorded less to the talents and achievements on which he prided himself than to the age and general reputation of the veteran. In one respect no mistake could be made; Hugo was the premier poet of France—nay, of Europe. But in other ways he was the exemplar of an outworn tradition. Long before his own death that burst of romanticism with which his first blaze of popularity synchronised, was exhausted beyond the hope of revival, a Rostand or so notwithstanding. Drama, poetry, fiction had travelled miles away from his aims and conventions, and it is difficult to believe that his most respectful colleagues knew much or could esteem much of his work apart from his lyrics. *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas* might be reproduced during this or that hour of Hugo-worship, but they were already virtually on the shelf as stage-classics, their rhetorical exuberance, their sentimentality, their melodrama making little appeal to a public among which the problem-play was in vogue. *Les Misérables* and companion stories might claim their tens of thousands of readers, but the naturalistic novel was even then winning its brief spell of favour, and though a reaction was bound to follow its excesses, that reaction was not to take as its motto any such cry as "Back to Hugo." No, romance as he understood it is dead, and we need not regret that Victor Hugo left no real school behind him. For, entertaining as *Hernani* still is as a piece of literature, by reason of its gusto and its note of youthful defiance, magical as is the fantastic atmosphere of *Notre Dame de Paris,* there is no denying that this style of art lends itself to insincerity, exaggeration and the striving after effect, vices only too easily developed. The one side of Hugo's invention which is immune from criticism is just the one which could not be imitated, the side which reveals itself in his exquisite lyrics. Fortunately all through his career he poured these out with inexhaustible profusion. Posterity may ignore some of his romances, it may cease to read his dramas, it may turn away from that section of his verse in which he is inclined to pose and be pontifical, but this Hugo at least, Hugo the *lyrical poet,* will never be allowed to die.

One of the fairest estimates of Hugo, the author, ever published in this country is to be found in a biography which the late Mr. A. F. Davidson just completed, but was not allowed to correct in proof. Fate prevented him from seeing

*Victor Hugo: His Life and Work. By A. F. Davidson. London: Everleigh Nash.

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the reward of his labours, but he has left behind him a worthy example of English scholarship. The sound judgment displayed again and again in this appreciation is its most notable feature. If Mr. Davidson had no illusions as to the extravagance of the French romantic movement he is whole-hearted in his esteem of the fecundity of Hugo's imagination, his mastery of the grotesque and the fantastic, his generous humanity and the richness of his more emotional poetry. And while the biographer preserves the balance scrupulously in weighing the merits of the artist he is no less just in his study of the man. He does not make too much of the foibles of the poet's character, but he refuses to ignore them. Especially does he draw attention to the unreliability of the poet in matters of autobiographical detail. Not only did he romance about his birth, creating for himself an aristocratic pedigree, and then subsequently apologising for the ancestors he had invented; his trick of inexactitude was carried to much further lengths. It became habitual with him to credit himself with such behaviour and opinions in a crisis as he might have exhibited had he always had the courage of his views or always been consistent. Thus, he belittles his monarchist phase and antedates the growth of his republican sentiments; he attributes to himself heroic attitudes on occasions such as the time of the Commune, and again of the Coup d'Etat, when he was very far from acting the hero. Comparing Hugo's own statements with extant documents, Mr. Davidson is able to convict him frequently of making assertions that are untrue, of manufacturing fine poses for himself, and of covering up his blunders by forgetting them altogether. The poet's career was not all of a piece, nor was his disposition quite so generous and large-hearted as he wished the world to imagine. There was a large element of egoism in him, and he could be petty and envious. As Mr. Davidson points out, he quarrelled with Dumas *père,* merely because the latter was more successful in the theatre than he, and he found it hard as the years went on to mix socially with literary rivals. In the days of *Hernani* his friends were his colleagues, but gradually his circle narrowed down into a little coterie of satellites who listened while the Master talked and read his own works. Of Hugo's friendships and of his relations with women Mr. Davidson writes tactfully, and with due restraint. He makes no more of Sainte-Beuve's siege of Mme. Hugo and his repulse than he should make, and he mentions, as it were incidentally, the prolonged *liaison* which existed between the author and the actress, Juliette Drouet. But all these matters—the posturings, the little vanities, the self-absorption and the philanderings of Hugo—his biographer sees in their right perspective, and he never fails to insist that the poet's love of freedom was sincere, his humanitarianism very genuine, his devotion to children absolutely natural, and that even his egoism had the excuse of his preoccupation with noble and disinterested thoughts.

F. G. Bettany.

IV

Recollections of Guy de Maupassant*

Major Arthur Pendennis's man-servant Morgan, growing dissatisfied with his profession after many years of service, takes leave of his master in some heat, and seriously considers whether he shall go in for literature or politics. Had he chosen the former career, and become the historian of the grim old warrior whom he knew so well, the result might have been a book much in the vein of the book by the valet of Guy de Maupassant. For to François his master was above all a dandy and an accomplished man of the world. It was very fine, no doubt, to have written *Bel-Ami,* and *Notre Coeur,* and *Fort Comme la Mort.* François is willing to applaud these achievements with the rest of the world. But what really stirs his pride is the master's position as a distinguished boulevardier, his friendships with aristocratic names, his successes with women. Albeit there is one mysterious woman whom François holds responsible for

*Recollections of Guy de Maupassant. By His Valet François. New York: John Lane Company.

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much of his master's misfortunes. In a word the very limitations of the volume stamp it as absolutely genuine. Were François an impostor, he could say much more.

François entered the service of M. de Maupassant in 1883 and remained in it for ten years, or practically till the end. The first six or seven of those were the years of achievement and adventure. The long, arduous apprenticeship to Flaubert was at an end, and De Maupassant had become a celebrity, with an income from his writings that left him free from petty worries and enabled him to live where he pleased and pretty much as he pleased. At first his fancy turned to Etretat, on the Norman coast, where was his house "La Guillette," and the curious structure, made from an overturned fishing boat, which served as François's headquarters.

> I went to bed, but I could not sleep. I heard a noise which seemed afar off, then it would come quite near me. It was the roaring of the waves coming across the land, rocking the sides of my poor boat, hoisted upon its brick walls, and lifting it up by their roll, just as when it was on the sea.
>
> She had sailed for a good forty years, tossed about by the waves, and now continued, groaning each time they hit her. After having carried turbots by hundreds of tons, mackerel by hundreds of thousands, herrings and sardines by the million, after having glided peacefully along on the beautiful sunny days, and also suffered under awful blasts, she was now stranded at La Guillette, housing the servant of a great writer.

"La Guillette" was associated with the years of Maupassant's greatest production; the Riviera with his decline. Normandy was his own land, the land so wonderfully depicted in his tales and novels. All about Etretat were the scenes of *Une Vie;* seventeen or eighteen miles away was Havre, the background of *Pierre et Jean,* and across the Seine from Havre, Trouville and Deauville. In the other direction a few miles from Etretat was Fécamp, where Maupassant placed *La Maison Tellier.* A certain English nobleman won the friendship of Maupassant, who invited him to Etretat. He spent ten days there in the summer, with his valet; they lived in a large villa belonging to the novelist's mother, much more comfortable than "La Guillette." One day Maupassant drove out with the Englishman, and to the surprise of François, they were not accompanied by ladies. Maupassant afterward explained.

"I went to see the Monastery of Benedictines at Fécamp with Lord ——. He wished also to see the *Maison Tellier,* which is situated in reality at Rouen, but I had my reasons for transporting the story to Fécamp. I showed Lord —— a house at Fécamp, and he recognised it by the description in my tale . . . it was very funny. . . ."

From time to time Maupassant would discuss his work with great freedom. He anticipated the reception of *Le Horla.* To François he said one evening:

> "To-day I forwarded to Paris the manuscript of *Le Horla;* before a week elapses all the papers will publish the fact that I am mad. It is just as they please, but I am perfectly sane, and knew very well what I was doing when writing that tale. It is a work of imagination that will startle the reader and send a few shudders down his back, for it is a strange tale. I must tell you that we do not understand many of the things around us. When, later on, we discover them, we are quite astonished not to have perceived them sooner. Then our apathy makes us fancy everything is impossible, improbable. For instance, when my book *Une Vie* appeared, the critics, those chatterboxes, who often try to crush a masterpiece because they don't understand it, could not coin terms harsh enough in which to state that my novel was untrue, and that the facts were impossible. Well, those same facts described in my book have just taken place at Fontainebleau; the printed account of them now lies in my bureau. I can only regret having written my book too soon, for the reality is much better defined and more complete than my novel. That would have enabled me to defeat the most ferocious of my critics!"

The psychology of the duel Maupassant has recorded in a certain extraordinary chapter of *Bel-Ami* and in the short story "A Coward." The novelist had had personal experience. François records that one evening as he was dress-

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ing for dinner he informed his servant that he was to fight a duel the next day. "He seemed as cool as usual, but showed his firm intention of chastising an impudent fellow who had alluded to a lady in a newspaper article.

"They may say what they like," he declared, "about my writings, but don't let them dare allude to my private life, for I shall take it up. As I am the offended party, I insist on a duel with pistols at twenty paces, to continue till one of the adversaries be disabled. And, I can assure you, that with a good pistol I shall soon have stroked my opponent's skin! I went this afternon to Gastine Renette's shooting-gallery. I shot seventeen times, and sixteen of the bullets caught the dummy in the chest. The attendant then said to me: 'Sir, you are evidently practising because you are about to fight, but really it is not necessary. If, with your skill, you have a good pistol, well! I pity the man who will stand up against you.'"

The publication of *Fort Comme la Mort* in March, 1889, was a triumph for De Maupassant; but brought him such a large number of visits from young writers that he began to complain.

"But they tire me to death! I want the mornings for my work, and really they are becoming too numerous! Henceforth I will only receive them by appointment. Of course I like to be of use to them; but very often what I tell them does no good. Now, that young fellow who has just left me; it is a waste of time to give him good advice: he is so dissipated. He never thinks about his work, and yet imagines he will become a novel-writer! It is impossible, impossible! You understand, in order to write a novel, you must think of it constantly, all the characters must be in their proper places, everything must be settled before you begin writing the first pages, otherwise you must begin every day all over again. Then there is a muddle, from which you can never come out successfully. It is not the work of one day, even for a practised writer, let alone for a beginner."

François himself had some opinions on literary matters. One day master and man started from Paris for an excursion. It led them in the direction of Zola's house at Médan, and Maupassant, speaking of Zola as "a first-class writer," asked François if he had read any of his books. François confessed to a knowledge of the "Rougon-Macquart" series, adding:

"Yes, sir; and since you really wish to know what I think of those books, I will tell you. M. Zola exaggerates terribly when talking about servants; he puts all sorts of horrors in the mouths of the maids; in *Pot-Bouille* he makes them scream the nastiest expressions out of the courtyard windows. I repeat, sir, all this is exaggerated. Twenty-five years have I been a servant, and I have never heard speeches bordering in any way on those M. Zola puts into the mouths of his characters. Then that fellow Trublot, I dare say such people exist, but they are exceedingly rare—I don't say maids and cooks have not their feelings, like other women. . . . No, but to state they are all of them ready to hide Trublots in their kitchens, while awaiting the instant when they can lead them up to their garrets, no, sir, no!

"M. Zola sought his docuemnts on the very lowest rung of the ladder; I wonder where he got them. It is not fair to attack defenceless beings, who are often very interesting. How many times during the day does a poor maid-servant trample on her own self-respect so as to keep her place and remain an honest girl! And that, so as at the end of the month she may pocket thirty francs, out of which she buys what she cannot do without, sending the rest to her old father and mother, who still are obliged to support young children and are often helpless on account of their infirmities!

"I should have thought it more praiseworthy if M. Zola had set forth the honesty, the devotion of servants, the trials they have to go through; for in most of the houses where they go to service they must possess no individuality, they must efface themselves; if humiliated, they must not show it. We often work very hard, without consolation or encouragement, for we are separated from our relations; these and many other details might have been a better subject for the studies of M. Zola, and would have been more truthful than the disgusting events he tells about, and which he has certainly invented, since he never could have seen what he describes. It does not exist, and I am not alone in thinking a man's thoughts must be evil and unwhole-

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some when his brain creates those loathesome things which, I repeat, have never existed."

During the years 1888 and 1889 there were premonitions of approaching disaster. After these years the debâcle grew monthly more imminent. Maupassant sought relief from the shadows by sea voyages in his yacht the *Bel-Ami*. His once magnificent health was giving way on account of loss of sleep. He tried the baths, but his nervous system could not stand the sulphurous smells. One hot day while riding a tricycle in Switzerland, he turned giddy, fell from the machine and hurt two of his ribs. By the autumn of 1891 his physicians were studying him with serious concern. He was complaining of pains everywhere. New Year's Day, 1892, brought the first manifest signs of madness. That night François heard a noise and found his master standing with his throat bleeding. "See, François," he said, "what I have done. I have cut my throat. This is absolute madness." He was put to bed and the wound hastily bandaged. Later he expressed contrition for the attempt and asked his valet's forgiveness. The next day there were more signs of insanity. Maupassant was under the delusion that war had been declared between Germany and France, and was feverishly eager to go to the front. He made François swear to follow him; they were to go to defend the eastern frontier. Then came the journey to Dr. Blanche's *maison-de-santé* at Passy, where François remained taking care of his master. The novelist's health was good, and his mental faculties also seemed in better condition, but there were occasional hallucinations. Once he turned on François, reproaching him with having taken his place on the *Figaro*, and slandered him in Heaven. "I beg you to leave me," he said. "I refuse to see you any longer." The next day he welcomed François the same as usual. So on through the dreary year that was the last. One evening François left his master with a heavy heart. Maupassant gave him his hand. He seemed even sadder than usual. It was the end.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

V

EDMUND GOSSE'S "TWO VISITS TO DENMARK"*

Besides the author himself, there are two classes of readers to whom any volume of exploration into comparatively unknown territory will appeal. These are the readers who have been over the same territory themselves; and the astonishing small class of those who like to hear about something new, whose power of enjoyment is not bounded by the limits of the familiar. To these two classes Mr. Gosse's book will come with a strong appeal. There are many reasons why it should reach a wider circle—but the tendency of humanity generally to follow safely along behind the bandwagon, guided in its timid steps by the friendly Sunday Supplement, may mitigate against a popular success even for so attractive a book. For Mr. Gosse leads us on an exploring expedition into literary Bohemia in Denmark, into the atmosphere of intellectual and ecclesiastic social life in Copenhagen. And Copenhagen has not yet been discovered by the Sunday Supplement or by the devotees of literary fashion in America.

Mr. Gosse feels keenly the audacity of his experiment, and hopes that the portraits he paints may prove of interest in giving the reader new friends to think about rather than merely new details concerning old friends. But as Ibsen, and —in a lesser degree—Björnson, have been discovered some time ago by the English-reading public, Mr. Gosse's excellently outlined portrait of the Scandinavian national culture, out of which these two matadores of literature grew, should need no apology to prove its justification.

A French critic, speaking of the artistic measurement of the three Scandinavian countries, said once that in art as in political history, Sweden typifies the Past, Denmark the Present and Norway the Future. This was most surely true of the days of which Mr. Gosse writes, the years 1872 and 1874. Norway was but just beginning to loom up on the ar-

*Two Visits to Denmark. By Edmund Gosse. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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tistic horizon, Sweden was fading into the background, and Denmark was seething with an intellectual creative activity, which recent national reverses tended to make insular and therefore unknown beyond its borders. It was the life of the ant-hill, or the bee-hive, tremendous busyness in small compass. It was an intellectual and artistic activity of which the rest of the world knew little, but in which every class of society in Denmark itself took part. The same is true of Denmark to-day, as an excellent school system and national pride make all the people equal inheritors in the national artistic achievement. But now—thanks to the efforts of Mr. Gosse and a few others like him—some news of this achievement is penetrating to the outer world. French and English critics,—the Germans discovered Scandinavia long ago,—are slowly beginning to realise that it is necessary to know something of Scandinavia's artistic efforts when summing up the world's standards of achievement.

But it was an unknown country into which the ambitious young Englishman ventured in 1872. His sojourn in the home of a prominent ecclesiastic, Dean Fog, in Copenhagen, gave him a rare opportunity of studying the more serious intellectual life of the country, without which his insight into and judgment of the literary activity might have been less complete. Also did he thus obtain delightful glimpses of Danish family and social life, of which he chats in charmingly intimate reminiscensing.

Mr. Gosse was of the literary profession, vitally interested in literary achievement. This leads him to neglect, or possibly merely to overlook, certain other elements in Danish life, which are an important integral part of the national culture it is his aim to portray. But, apart from this, he has done his work so well, and his book has such a vivid personal charm that the reading of it is a joy indeed to those who have been over the ground, and should attract any reader of sufficient enterprise to choose his literary friends for himself.

The book is full of quotable sentences and offers a gallery of portraits and group scenes that linger long in the memory. A delightful anecdote of William Morris ranks with good stories about Ibsen and Björnson. Two gracious portraits of women; the pen-drawing of the bird-like Miss Aline Fog, Gosse's gentle little hostess, and an unforgettable picture of Georg Brandes's remarkable mother, lend the charm of femininity to a book which concerns itself mainly with men.

Among all other figures stands out the sketch of a friend made in the second visit in 1874. A young ardent student of life and literature, meeting, in picturesque surroundings, the most dashing romantic personality of Scandinavian literature, could not fail to inspire his portrayal of that personality with a glow that lives, with pulsing fires of enthusiasm. And just as Gosse saw and portrayed him, just so must we remember Holger Drachmann, Scandinavia's greatest lyric poet, who lived his poetry as he wrote it. Drachmann is no stranger to BOOKMAN readers, and those who were privileged to meet him personally in his several visits to America will linger long over Mr. Gosse's description of the man and his work. They will echo these closing words, which for completeness of portrayal have seldom been excelled:

> To those who knew and loved Drachmann he will remain a memory of magnificent overemphasis and excess indeed, but also of a lyric life spent in the fearless old fashion, all for love and song and liberty, by a huge, heroic man who pulsed with life to his finger-tips.
>
> *Grace Isabel Colbron.*

VI

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S "MOODS, SONGS AND DOGGERELS"*

It is not easy to criticise the poems of Mr. John Galsworthy. One remembers the tragic intensity of feeling, the emotional force, the easy power and fine spirit of poetry that glow and live in his dramas and stories, and so cuts the leaves of *Moods, Songs and Doggerels* in the expectation of finding that same spirit singing here in golden cages of metre and

*Moods, Songs and Doggerels. By John Galsworthy. London: Heinemann.

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rhyme. But though the same spirit is here it does not sing in that captivity so magically as it does in the bracing, free atmosphere of Mr. Galsworthy's prose. Which is, after all, nothing strange or unusual. No great novelist has ever been also a great poet—only one has been even an approximately great poet, and that one is Mr. Thomas Hardy. You cannot serve the Muses adequately in your playtime; unless you devote yourself wholly to them they will not give themselves wholly to you. The great poets rarely had much to say in prose; they put all their thoughts and imaginings into poetic form until that became the natural speech of their minds. Mr. Galsworthy chose the other way of utterance, and when he writes in verse does so with a certain constraint, as one speaks a foreign language; he is a little self-conscious, cannot forget he is writing poetry, and therefore is apt to be a little formal, a little artificial, and unable to let himself go in any rush of careless rapture. His songs do not sing themselves; and though, hammering them into shape, he now and then strikes out a strong and splendid phrase, a noble thought, a glittering fancy, he too often spends his energy in giving commonplace utterance to some ordinary idea, or mars some profound reflection or original image with a prosy line that he would never have allowed to pass in his prose writings.

The longest poem is "A Dream," in which God appears to the dreamer and beckons him to where a lonely tree "with ropes of yew-dark bough was bent," and there commands him:

O man! Confess thy faith!
The word thou speakest saves or bars,
For here are gallows of thy death.

The dreamer knows he must make a true confession, or

God would not spare but hang me dead
Within that twine of yew-dark rope.

The perfume and grace of the earth touch him as he stands; he remembers past happiness, and the woman he loves; and in one picturesque, subtly imaginative verse he recalls the beauty of the world as he has known it:

I marked the pageantry of noon
Once more with gold and music pass;
I saw the silvery, cold moon
Spill her last glamour on the grass;
I hung once more above that stream,
Whose twining waters draw me down
And down from gazing, till I seem
Myself to be that water brown.

Thus passionately in love with life, he nevertheless resolves to confess his unorthodox creed bravely and die:

And faint I spoke: "I know my faith
But shadows that required of man;
Yet, O thou God! if only wraith
Of creed I hold, 'tis all I can.
For well I know that he is base
Who hides in grey hypocrisy,
And glib pretends, to save his face,
And says: 'I see,' who does not see."

With how much more grandeur and dignity Mr. Galsworthy would have clothed that passage in prose, omitting the jarring "to save his face" into which the exigencies of rhyme betrayed him. Then in the setting forth of his creed, the thought is high and spacious enough, but moves in words that are not winged but walk with feet that are fettered, as thus:

All forms upswelling have within
Their hearts a static decadence;
In utter stillness does the thin
Reverberation lose its sense;
To ash the spark of spirit dies,
Each revolution of each sphere,
Each swoop of every bird that flies
To its own stilly death draws near.

In the end, having spoken out of his heart boldly, the dreamer finds he has nothing to fear; the sinister shadows that threatened him vanish, the night clears, and all is well.

This courage to speak out honestly at all costs, to face the dark facts of life unafraid, is a characteristic note of these poems, and that mingling of large ideas with inadequate expression, and the sudden, intermittent rise into beauty or ringing harmony of phrase are also characteristic of them. Nothing could be more spontaneous, more alive with passionate sincerity than "Errantry," with its

Come! Let us lay a crazy lance in rest,
And tilt at windmills under a wild sky!

there is music, too, a delicate fancifulness and a deep underflow of suggestion in "The Seeds of Light," and spon-

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taneity again and a right living lyrical joyance in the "Cuckoo Song," where the cuckoo sings on the moor and the bells ring for church in the valley, but

> I'll go worshipping the sun
> While the sun will let me.

If some of the poems in the "Doggerels" section are the least satisfactory in the volume, two of them are among the best. "The Devon Sage" is admirable both for its terse, homely philosophy and its cunning use of dialect; and "Rhyme After Rain" is a charmingly fresh and pagan song round the wistful sense of mortality that inspired Herrick's "Gather ye Rosebuds."

I think if Mr. Galsworthy had been more severe with himself and had left out some dozen or more of very slight bits of verse that have no virtue of thought or treatment to recommend them, the total effect of his volume might have been greater, more impressive; as it is, its finer parts are obscured by the intrusion of so many waifs and strays and by the presence of such poems as "Deflowered," with its melodramatic presentment of a world-old tragedy; "The Moon at Dawn," with its strained daring in making the morning moon smile like a harlot; "Hetaira," with its rather cheaply sentimental telling of the woman who gave all her heart to a man, served him, lived for him only:

> Her care was fairy tale that never ends.
> And when she died? Ah, would
> They praise her? Never!
> You see, she was not married to him, Friends!

You might have made a little sketch of that and got a point or so in prose, without having to finish up with the word "Friends"; but to make points like that is not the way to make poetry.

It is a hateful thing to write anything but praise of Mr. Galsworthy, and I only do so because I have a real admiration of his rare creative power and great gifts as dramatist and novelist, and because, rightly or wrongly, I do feel that in publishing this book he does himself less than justice. But though I do not want the whole of it, there are things in it I am glad to possess, and not least among these is one of his shortest poems, "The Prayer":

> If on a spring night I went by
> And God were standing there,
> What is the prayer that I would cry
> To Him? This is the prayer:
> "O Lord of courage grave,
> O Master of this night of spring!
> Make firm in me a heart too brave
> To ask Thee anything!"

Compared with nine-tenths of the new poetry that is issued nowadays, *Moods, Songs and Doggerels* stands out loftily by reason of its individual note, its originality of style, its moments of insight, the authentic feeling and fancy and imagination that are here, but struggle cramped and hampered in strait-jackets of verse; it suffers chiefly by comparison with Mr. Galsworthy's own work in other kinds, for he writes his best poetry when he is supposed to be writing prose.

A. St. John Adcock.

VII

Douglas Goldring's "The Permanent Uncle"*

In the light fiction of the season it is a safe surmise that when a young married couple start out with a quarrel to find themselves they generally end by discovering each other. It is not hard to see in *The Permanent Uncle*, for example, that Mary and Tim will in the last chapter personify the title of a certain Shakespearean comedy seldom acted; and, further, when the author has style and a quiet cynical humour it only matters by what by-ways he reaches his end. There is nothing especially new about the topography of this novel, though we are cheerfully invited to accompany rather an interesting set of friends and relatives in a romantic expedition with a guide who adds zest and piquancy to his side comments. It is refreshing, also, to meet such an open air girl as Johanna, since she never happens along in life at just the time when any Tim needs her; for it is Johanna with her "permanent uncle" who supplies the main interest in this unreal series of episodes. By way of plot it may be recorded not too ponderously, that Tim, after having accidentally kissed Norma,

*The Permanent Uncle. By Douglas Goldring. New York. E. P. Dutton and Company.

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an old sweetheart, in his wife's presence with the unwonted indiscretion of a fictional hero, sets out to achieve contentment and quite unexpectedly finds it in a railroad compartment. Mr. Barnstable, who might have descended from Dickens if he hadn't from Locke, is a gentle purveyor of patent medicines which he sells really to see the country. He and Tim quite spontaneously rescue Johanna, an orphan, from a couple of cruel relatives, and before they themselves realise it have eloped with her to France, where it is quite proper they should remain. It isn't exactly the sort of elopement that is done in the best families, but it ultimately serves further to arouse Mary, the wife of Tim, who again in an inn detects him donating a single good-night kiss—this time to Johanna. Not being able to register the temperature of the kiss seen at a distance, Mary is quite perplexed at his versatility, as she was quite sure from the initial kiss that Norma, naturally, was the only cause of her unhappiness; for, as we suspected, Tim's wife really loves her own husband. As Mary has already begun her suit for divorce she is somewhat embarrassed, as it is quite human to be charitable toward a man when there are numbers and not just one. Curiously enough her lawyer, Martin, whom she has sent to serve Tim with the notice of her intentions, has, in turn, been an object of suspicion by Tim in the direction of his own wife. But when Martin falls in love with Johanna, and Norma, the other lady in the situation, who only needed sympathy, admits of an exotic marriage as a *fait accompli*, there is nothing left for Tim and Mary to do but to do it. Meantime "the permanent uncle," as Johanna has dubbed Mr. Barnstable, is conveniently near to supply the proper mistakes and charming rectifications when needed.

If this novel reminds one at times of others, it is no reflections on the author's undoubted capacities. After all, there is a certain kinship in all literary unrealities, and Mr. Goldring has not entirely escaped the family likeness. But it is not given every new pen to have such a bouyant and whimsical turn of style; in fact, there is such a commendable rush of free open air in this story that it blows with unusual frankness into the dialogue. This is pungent to a degree. Though seen through a harmless cynicism and expressed with quaint exaggerations, there are, too, some very attractive reflections of France and England. The author reveals such a gift for satire and pleasant unrealities, with a keen sense for the amusing antics of humans, that his novel will, no doubt, afford much satisfaction to those who have not lost their capacities to enjoy the romantic nonsense. *Griffin Mace*

VIII

A. E. W. Mason's "The Turnstile"*

Mr. Mason had a certain standing in the present-day world of letters, and the structural and technical cleverness responsible for this standing is not lacking from *The Turnstile*. But as Mr. Mason causes his own hero, Harry Rames, to say when reviewing a brilliant political career: "Cleverness is twelve for a penny nowadays." It is the very cleverness of the author that renders *The Turnstile* a failure even as summer reading. Possibly one should say particularly as summer reading.

When a book begins with an account of an earthquake which incidentally obliterates the South American city of Valparaiso and especially kills the wife of a rather amusing scoundrel, leaving him in sole charge of his three-year-old daughter; when he compasses an arduous pilgrimage to Buenos Ayres, using along the way the appeal of this helpless scrap of childhood as a means of gaining food, shelter, and money; and when, having exhausted her remunerative possibilities, he ties a bootlace about her arm and thrusts her through the turnstile of an orphan asylum, one has a right to look forward to romance, vivid and of swift development. When the foundling reappears as Miss Cynthia Daventry—adopted daughter of wealthy English colonists and inevitably "ravishing"—to send on her seventeenth birthday a telegram of good wishes to Harry Rames, an Antarctic explorer, accounts of whose exploits have fired her admiration, one still anticipates rapid romance. By that token one does

*The Turnstile. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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not demur when Mr. Mason cavalierly kills off in swift succession James Challoner, Cynthia's father, and both Mr. and Mrs. Daventry, her benefactress, and, leaving her the possessor of a considerable fortune, marries her to Harry Rames, returned from southern seas and launched now upon a career in the House of Commons. Thus far the tale has all the familiarity of an old friend who has long since proved his worth and all is strictly in accordance with the rules of the game—and the season.

But when at this point Mr. Mason suddenly shifts the perspective he undoes all that has proceeded. Harry Rames is a man dominated by avidity for personal success. He marries Cynthia solely because her fortune and her "cleverness" will further his political aims. Cynthia understands this. She retains no illusions about Harry Rames. She knows him undividedly. Cynthia's development between the ages of seventeen and nineteen is almost uncanny. She, realising that she loves Rames no more than does he her, marries him for the sake of the protection a husband will afford her and in the hope that through participation in his Parliamentary life she may bring "colour" into her own existence. One would suppose that with a fright she cannot live down, occasioned by an attempt of her father's to reclaim her, with the knowledge that her grandfather is alive, a friend of her husband's and likely to identify her at any moment through an amazing resemblance she bears to an old family portrait, together with the rapid deaths of three persons whose lives were intimately linked into her own, and with the spending of a fortune newly acquired for a pastime—one would suppose that all this was colour enough for any young woman; but Mr. Mason is insistent upon the point that Cynthia is a very unusual young woman.

The psychological possibilities raised by such a union as was that of Cynthia and Rames are considerable. The author appreciates them and rushes breathlessly forth to meet them. His mistake is that he alters in no way his manner. In the sort of romantic story he began to unfold events are the supreme things; they govern characters very largely and supply altogether the interest of the narrative. When, however, events become important only as they influence certain characters, as is the case here after Cynthia's marriage, it is necessary that the characters be accurately analysed and the changes in their various attitudes indicated by more than the bald statement that they have taken place. Mr. Mason busily—and very adroitly, if at times somewhat artificially—assembling situation after situation has, however, no time for such details.

So it happens that the people revolving about *The Turnstile* do not impress one with their reality and, so soon as their several individualities become of primary importance, the story loses. Rames, to be sure, lives, but he does it spasmodically and never wholly succeeds in dissipating the notion that it is rather an effort for him. Cynthia herself may be as clever as the author would have one believe, but the impression prevails that she has been trifling with Mr. Mason's trusting disposition. None of the characters talk to reveal themselves; their conversation is injected to explain or foreshadow events or to expound certain theories which the author evidently takes very seriously and in support of which he produces an opportune parade of assorted personages, all afflicted with a passion for personal reminiscence.

The story touches lightly four or five themes, any one of which might be made significant; but none is adequately developed, although Mr. Mason does dwell lovingly upon the facts that the hand of the past manipulates the puppets of the present and future, that governments are ungrateful, and the House of Commons no place for an earnest, self-respecting individual. If these grave affairs had not so swayed him he might have produced an entertaining tale of romance and adventure; or if any one of them, or of the subsidiary themes suggested, had swayed him in a different direction he might have written a "purpose novel" of some significance. As it is *The Turnstile* forms an unfortunate compromise, altogether too superficial for those who delight in problems, wanting too conspicuously in that swift abandon, that carelessness of mere process, which the devotees of true romance demand.

Thomas Elbee.

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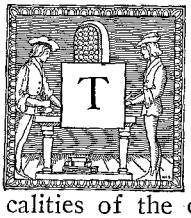
THE TEST OF MEMORY AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



HERE is a certain class of readers who, while possessed of a good deal of discrimination, a sort of instinct for the finer type of fiction, have never learned the technicalities of the craft and are apt to become rather bored, if not wholly out of their depth, when the discussion turns to close construction, economy of means, and similar stock phrases of the literary shop. Yet there is one very simple test lying within the reach of everybody, regardless of critical training,—the test of memory. Read a novel, lay it aside for a day, a week, a month, and then ask yourself how much of it you remember and what particular features stand out most clearly. There is nothing new about this method; it is simply an application to the individual of the procedure that, on a bigger scale, is all the time rapidly eliminating the ephemeral books, and more slowly effecting readjustments in the world's estimates of volumes of recognised importance. Every year there are at least a few novels that loom up rather big, above the dead level of mediocrity; a wave of contagious enthusiasm exalts them into newly discovered masterpieces; then a reaction comes and a few more seasons find them gathering dust in a forgotten corner of the library shelf. What has happened is simply this: the composite mind of the reading public has found nothing in these books which it is able to remember; it has not needed to reach a deliberate critical judgment on dogmatic lines, any more than the child who forgets to refill her canary's seed-cup means to kill it,—but the books are dead, just the same.

Now precisely this same natural process of elimination is all the time taking place in the mind of each one of us in regard to every book that we read. Of course the results are not identical in the case of any two people, because the personal equation must always enter in. Sometimes a comparatively worthless book refuses to be forgotten, because it happened to be read at an impressionable age, or during some period of storm and stress, or because some element in the story coincided curiously with the reader's own personal experience. The present writer has before him to-day the entire fabric of an utterly negligible story standing out clearly, after thirty years, solely because the details of a painful illness in the story coincided with an actual tragedy in the immediate family circle. Then again there is the class of novels which by their very nature have only a limited appeal; they may be a perennial joy to the special public for which they are intended, and year after year the records of the public libraries will show a limited but unflagging demand. And the fact that here and there a reader, for whom a certain book was not intended, happened to get hold of a copy, yawned his way through it, and then promptly consigned it to oblivion, cannot have any bearing on the world's ultimate verdict.

But in the great number of cases, a reader of average, normal intelligence may safely trust to his memory. He does not need to know why one book is well constructed and another not; why one set of characters seem to live and another set are palpably wooden puppets; why one story has a big, vital idea behind it, and another fails to say anything of real importance. Ask the untrained, uncritical mind as to the value of a volume, the final page of which has just been closed, and the probabilities are that you will receive a highly coloured report, extravagant both in praise and blame, and in any case assuredly attaching to the book an unmerited degree of importance. It is an attempt to wield an unfamiliar weapon, and the result is awkwardness and probably some damage. But memory works automatically and

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without bias. You may think that the book you just closed is quite literally the finest story in the world,—for the thing nearest at hand is apt to take on magnified proportions; but if your judgment is mistaken and the book is only a mediocrity, your thinking it great will not in the least prevent it from gradually fading from your mind, like details from an unfixed photograph. If you doubt the practical working of this theory, go back for a moment over your own personal experience; recall, if you can, some of the books that, five years ago, aroused your enthusiasm, and see how much you remember of them now. Or try another, equally simple test: recall your impressions when you first read Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Jane Austen. It may be that you did not discriminate very wisely between the separate volumes; that you liked all of Dickens, because he was Dickens, that you either accepted or rejected Thackeray as a whole, and so on with all the others. Or, perhaps, if you had a way of thinking for yourself, you found that you did not agree with the public verdict that has singled out just a few novels as the masterpieces of their respective authors. In any case, if today you are quite frank with yourself, you will find that memory has assisted you to discriminate, and that the secondary works, even of the masters of English fiction, have begun to be seen through a haze. The present writer remembers his own youthful enthusiasm over *The Adventures of Philip,* the ardour with which it was repeatedly reread, and the partisanship that led to long arguments to prove its subtle excellences, its superiority to *Pendennis* or *The Newcomes*. Well, beneficent memory has long since corrected this early aberration. A certain gratitude survives for the pleasure that *The Adventures of Philip* once gave; but it is the one volume of Thackeray the details of which are today recalled through a fog.

It is not enough, however, to say in way of broad generalisation that a story is a good story in proportion to the clearness and permanence of the mental picture it leaves. The importance of memory as a test consists in using it at the critical time when the picture has begun to fade, and in noting what portions of it have faded first. You never can quite make out the system of growth of a tree, the forking of branches and of twigs, until winter has stripped away the leaves; you never get a clear idea of the ground plan of a city, the intersection of its streets, until you get a bird's-eye view from some tower high enough to dwarf the houses to negligible proportions. In the same way, the structure of a novel can never be seen as a whole, with the simplicity and symmetry of a single, well-rounded idea, until a large part of the detail of description and dialogue and minor episode has faded out,—and if, as only too often happens, the plot structure fades faster than the dialogue or the salient scenes, you can never see it at all. And that is as it should be, because the fact that it fades proves that it lacked that vital something which makes a plot worth while.

This brings us to a very simple line of suggestion for getting the best results out of our test of memory. Put your book aside for a time,—the best length of time varies with the individual,—and when you find that your impressions have narrowed down to just a few definite ideas seen through a haze of minor detail, ask yourself first, what stands out most sharply: is it the plot, a logical sequence of clear-cut incidents, leading inexorably toward a foreshadowed crisis? Is it, not so much the specific story of a few human beings, but rather some big principle which their lives illustrate, so that while it would puzzle you exceedingly to tell in detail what happened to the several characters, you retain a powerful, never-to-be-forgotten sense of the tremendous importance of some canon of faith, some ringing battle-cry for the advance of humanity? Or has memory narrowed down the picture to just one or two portraits, snatches of vivid character study that persist, while all the rest is blurred? In such a case, it does not mean necessarily that the book deserves to be forgotten; it means simply that it is good as a character study, and not good as anything else. *David Harum* is a case in point. The whimsical central figure, with his secret charities and his unscrupulousness in horse-trading,

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lives because it deserves to; the plot is a mere handful of chaff.

It is interesting to apply the test of memory to a few of the novels of the month, and see how the theory works out in practice. First of all, we have one more posthumous volume by the late David Graham Phillips, entitled *The Price She Paid.* The average perfunctory book notice would tell you that it is a story about a beautiful young American girl who, after being reared in luxury and left penniless at her father's death, makes the initial mistake of a loveless marriage and later wins fame and fortune as an opera singer. The novice in the art of reviewing, if he should jot down his impressions while they are still fresh, would be likely to spend much space on Mildred Gower's social environment, on her shallow, ineffectual mother and hypocritical brother, who kept for himself the lion's share of their scanty patrimony. He would certainly linger over Mildred's futile economies, the pitiful helplessness of the girl bred only to be ornamental, the swift ebbing away of their last dollars, and her consent to bargain herself in marriage to a vindictive old vulgarian, with the soul of a miser and the instincts of a Turk. Undeniably all this is graphically pictured, for Mr. Phillips always had the faculty of making us see. But it is not especially edifying nor especially new. A young woman marries an old man, not wholly unaware of the nature of her compact, but simply mistaking her own ability to live up to its terms. When she finds that she cannot, she leaves him under circumstances that are rather unique, comes to New York, runs across a former admirer who, merely on the chance of some future reward, undertakes to pay for her singing lessons, and settles down upon his bounty, blind to the fact that the woman who accepts, not intending to pay, is guilty of the meanest kind of dishonesty. Now, the help that memory gives us is just this: it allows most of the earlier portion of the story to fade out altogether; the Gowers' country home, their circle of friends, Mildred's difficulty in dispensing with a maid and doing her own hair, these and similar details memory refuses to be burdened with. Similarly, of her brief and odious experiment in marriage, there survives only a loathsome impression of a parchment-like old face, with cruel eyes and an evil leer; and a desperate, hunted, shrinking girl, slipping stealthily from her gilded prison into the unknown dangers of Paris streets, and eventually making her way, friendless and with scant means, back to America. Here begins the significant part of the story: not the story of the girl's struggles to learn her profession, —that would be mere commonplace, an old, familiar tale not worth the telling,— but the story of her stubborn refusal to perform the necessary drudgery, to pay the price. All the rest, says memory, is of secondary importance, the story of a specific human life, the hardship to be faced by the untrained woman, the vivid pictures of queer, bohemian environments, the theatrical boarding-house, the whole life of the musical artist seen from the inside. What does count, and refuses to be forgotten, is the central idea, —that nine out of ten of the world's great singers have sprung from the people; that it is no use to have a voice unless one also has a good digestion, firm, strong muscles, under a firm skin. Mildred Gower, in spite of her pampered girlhood, can still make herself physically fit for her task, but she can do it only at the expense of will-power that savours of the miraculous; and the one haunting aspect of the book, the element that will prevent it from being hastily forgotten, is this heroic fight of a frail, sickly woman against her indolence and love of ease; her frequent relapses, her futile recourse to tonics and throat-sprays; and her final conquest, won only by subordinating everything that makes life pleasant to the one fixed idea of work, unremitting, ceaseless work,—work that looks forward to no other goal than the same unending round of laborious days.

"The Price She Paid"

Another book which the test of memory helps to weigh in the balance is *A Candidate for Truth,* in which Mr. J. D. Beresford gives a further instalment of the lives and experiences of the people whose acquaintance we previously made in *Jacob Stahl.* The net impression left by this

"A Candidate for Truth"

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second volume simply confirms our vaguer memory of the first. Whatever importance there may be in what the author has to tell us rests, not in what his people do, so much as in what they are. Mr. Beresford belongs to the old, leisurely school of novelists. He has slight gifts for construction of plot; his story seems to build itself, as it goes along, out of the innumerable little details of daily comings and goings. His sense of character, his observation of the significant and vital little things in life are often almost miraculous in their subtle and amazing understanding,—and it is these little things which the reader remembers, after the bigger aspects of the story have begun to fade. Strictly speaking, *A Candidate for Truth* is not a novel; it is only a fragment of life, like the torso of a broken statue. It is a chapter out of the life history of a man who has failed to find his way, and who is groping rather blindly for some anchor, a creed, a profession, a lasting affection. At the close of the volume, he has apparently found his anchor in the person of Betty Gale, who with Mrs. Parmenter, runs the modest boarding-house to which Jacob has drifted. Because of the wife who has left Jacob and refuses to return to him, but also refuses to divorce him, legal marriage with Betty Gale is impossible. But, at the moment when we take leave of them, the two have decided that this is a matter which concerns no one but themselves,—and the result of their experiment is promised as the theme of still another volume in the series. It is a pity that space does not permit of a detailed analysis of the character of Betty Gale. Although the author has dealt with her rather briefly, giving scant descriptions and letting us hear her speak but seldom, he has none the less made us feel the restfulness of her presence, the unobtrusive yet pervading charm of her womanliness.

"The Street Called Straight"

The author of *The Inner Shrine* has taken a long step forward in the newly published volume, *The Street Called Straight*, and the best proof of this fact is that, so far as the impression left has begun to fade, it has faded evenly, the characters no more than the plot or the environment. Briefly, the salient facts are these: Henry Guion, after a long and honourable career, finds himself facing, not merely bankruptcy but criminal charges, for his peculations through a long period leave many a widow and orphan destitute. His young and socially ambitious daughter, Olivia, is on the point of marrying Rupert Ashley, a colonel in the English army, with a stainless record crowned with the Victoria Cross. Ashley has come to America to claim his bride and the invitations have been issued, when Guion's affairs reach a crisis that can no longer be averted. Now there is a young American, Peter Hallett, who, although reared in an alms-house, has no stain upon his birth. He is something of a rolling-stone and soldier of fortune; and the reason for this is that, some ten years ago, he proposed for the hand of Olivia, and was repulsed with a definiteness that carried insult with it. Since then he has not even seen Olivia until the night when fate wills it that he shall sit next to her at dinner, learn of her approaching marriage to the colonel, and also learn of the imminent family disgrace that will make it impossible for any girl with a sense of honour to hold an English officer to his word. Hallett does a quixotic thing: he takes a generous revenge for his old-time discomfiture by advancing to Olivia's father the half million dollars which will save him from prosecution and enable Olivia to wed the colonel if she still wishes to do so. But a great deal happens quite rapidly within a few days, and chief among these happenings is a readjustment of Olivia's mental attitude toward her rejected suitor. Together with an intolerable sense of her obligation to him is an illogical feeling of gladness that she is thus bound, as well as a vague hope that the colonel, when he learns the truth about her father, will release her. But Ashley, conventionally narrow to a superlative degree, has his own standard of duty; the dishonesty of Olivia's father, which will inevitably leak out, makes further advancement impossible; and the fact that his future wife owes her family honour to money advanced by a former suitor makes it necessary for

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him to resign his commission and sacrifice practically all estates, in order to pay it back. Such is the dilemma which Olivia finds herself facing: the man she has suddenly grown to love, refusing to offer himself, knowing that she is bound; and the man whom she has ceased to care for unconsciously holding her against her will and preparing to strip himself of all that would have made marriage with him endurable. The sudden and unexpected turn due to the intervention of Olivia's eccentric aunt, Madame de Melcourt, is a stroke of genius, and the whole episode must, in fairness, be left for the reader to discover for himself. It is a thousand pities that Madame de Melcourt, instead of coming in at the eleventh hour, had not permeated the story from first to last. Had she done so, *The Street Called Straight*, instead of being a novel of some distinction, would have been one of the books that deserve to live.

"Queen of the Guarded Mounts"

Queen of the Guarded Mounts, by John Oxenham, deserves at least this word of praise: that while it contains little or nothing that will irritate the reader who has scant patience with the historical novel, it also has enough life and excitement to please the reader who enjoys this type of fiction. The period is the close of the eighteenth century; the setting alternately Brittany and Penzance. There are twin mountains, one on the French, the other on the English coast. Each mountain is crowned with a castle known by the name of St. Michael or its French equivalent; and the two castles are respectively owned by two distant cousins, by the name of St. Aubin. At the opening of the tale, the French marquis of that name, escaping from the Reign of Terror, flees to Penzance, with his son and daughter, Michel René and Renée Michelle, and finds asylum with his English cousin. Certain Cornwall types stand out rather strongly, especially the characters of Dick Basset and John Bastian, whose devotion to Renée Michelle results in some dramatic rescues when, later in the story, the uprising of the Chuans fails through "the great betrayal," and the devoted leaders of the cause are in a fair way of dying miserably in the cellars of the French twin castle. A readable tale, but one whose memory will not outlast the year.

"The Devil's Wind"

It is hard to live up to the expectations aroused, when an author first comes into prominence as winner of a widely advertised competition. In the case of Patricia Wentworth, however, her earlier fame has not prevented *The Devil's Wind* from being an achievement of some magnitude, and that, too, in the face of the fact that a good many other successful novels have been woven out of material furnished by the Sepoy Mutiny. Judged by strict standards, *The Devil's Wind* is a flimsy piece of construction; the author did not know just where to begin nor where to end; yet it undeniably holds the reader. And the reason for this lies in the extraordinary vividness of the pictures of native life; the reality of the atmosphere, surcharged with physical heat and secret race hatred; the scenes that shift and move with the swiftness of a moving picture, changing the somnolent tranquillity of over-trusting British army posts into a shambles of carnage and agony. It is not often that fiction mirrors back so poignantly the horrors of barbarous warfare, the slow anguish of sensitive women and little children subjected to heat and thirst and haunting fear, and forced to witness scenes that lead to madness. The specific story of the hero and heroine is unimportant. Hundreds of stories have been woven on the same set of facts: an impulsive man, caught by surface beauty of a shallow, jealous, incompetent little woman, and passing by her quieter, finer, more womanly cousin; and then, under stress of danger and hardships, coming gradually to the knowledge that the other was the woman whom he ought to have married. And quite a number of these hundreds of stories have killed off the wife, in order to make room for the cousin, and pave the way for a happy ending. The present story prolongs the agony by having the wife disappear during the mutiny; and then when her death has been taken for granted and the husband has happily remarried, the wife is

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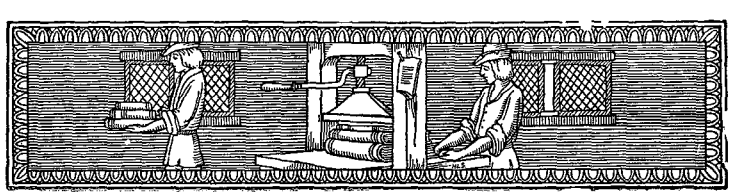
resurrected, to add just a chapter or two of trouble, before she permanently closes her eyes. All of which is a blot on an otherwise strong piece of work.

"The Snake"

The Snake, by F. Inglis Powell, needs only a passing word. It is a fantastic tale about a passionate and ill-disciplined English girl, whose Hindoo nurse dedicates her to the worship of a "hamadryad," or gigantic cobra. The chief priest of this cobra and of the culte it represents has a grudge against Ashton Kaye, the father of Diana, the girl in question; and he malevolently satisfies it by getting the girl into his power, making her lose her own strength of will and little by little merge her identity in that of the snake, so that a time comes when, in spite of herself, she falls again and again into a trance, her soul passes into the body of the snake, and while in that form commits hideous deeds,—among others, the murder of her own father and mother. Now, the only merit which a story of this type can have is, for the time being, to hold us under the spell of a sort of unhealthy horror. This the present tale fails to do, because it is preposterous in substance and clumsy in the manner of telling. It seems almost an injustice to Oliver Wendell Holmes to mention him in this connection, even though it be for the purpose of calling to mind what a real artist once did with this theme, in the shape of *Elsie Venner.*

"The Guests of Hercules"

The Guests of Hercules, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, lends itself better than most of the stories by this indefatigable pair of collaborators to a brief epitome. And, aside from the artificial and hackneyed device of making a coincidence of names the fulcrum on which the plot balances, it is a pretty good story of its kind. It takes a girl still in her first youth, yet knowing nothing of the world, and flings her unchaperoned and unbefriended into that paradise of gamblers, Monte Carlo. Mary Gaunt has known no home outside the convent where her father placed her, a mere child, after her mother's notorious elopement, and where she continued to live after her father gambled and drank himself to a notorious end in India. She intends to become a nun, but before taking her final vows, changes her mind, and, being of age and trammelled with no near relatives, she betakes herself and her ample income to the continent; and, although intending to make Florence her goal, obeys some impulse, inherited perhaps from her born gambler of a father, and breaks her journey at Monaco. As a study of the craze for gaming in its incipient stages, and the spectacular excitement of a beginner's luck, this book is a piece of good craftsmanship; and there is more than one scene that belongs to the class which are not easily forgotten. But, as already implied, the turning-point of the story, or at least what the authors evidently regard as the turning-point, concerns the attachment which springs up between the heroine, Mary Gaunt, and a proud young Roman Count, Vanno della Robbia. It is difficult for the Italian to understand how a girl can be beyond reproach and yet travel alone and frequent the gaming tables, winning and losing fortunes imperturbably. What brings the crisis is the meeting of Mary with her lover's married brother and his wife, when Mary recognises in the wife an old-time convent friend, Marie Gaunt, whose expulsion from the convent and subsequent life of degradation have long been one of the unspoken scandals of the convent. The way in which Mary takes upon her own shoulders the sins of her namesake is not only melodrama, but hackneyed melodrama, which is worse. It seems a pity that a book otherwise original should have been cheapened by so unworthy an epilogue.



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ALLAN'S MOTHER

BY RICHARD BURTON

"O to be twenty-five again," she cried;
And he mistook her meaning, straight replied:
"Nay, you are fair yet, why upbraid the years
That leave you comely; not for you the fears
That are to beauty as the blight to flowers;
Behold you, now at best of all your powers,
Body and brain alike. You are as young
As youth, and Time sets music to your tongue,
Sweet wisdom on your brow doth aptly blend
With charm of eye and mouth,—believe me, friend."

Like one bemused and in a wistful dream,
She answered, looking toward the sunset gleam:

"How little can he know a mother's love,
Brooding deep thoughts man may not reckon of.
I would not, as I could not, set them back,
The years since then; Time's beckoning, backward track
I know is treacherous; but I am fain
For his, my baby's sake, to be again
In semblance what I was before he slept.

* * * * *

When it was over, and I had not wept,
But dry-eyed faced the future, one thought crept
Into my mind to haunt me, and it still
Clings close and stings, and works its awful will:

"When I am come to heaven at last and seek
My little five-year-old, my darling meek
(So meek, so white, he went his lonely way!)
I sure shall find him, since perpetual day
Shines there, and all unchanged will be his face,
His pretty helplessness, his heedless grace,
Heaven on the instant home-like, when I see
My Allan all alone and wanting me—
O God, O God, what if he did not know
His mother, whom the years have altered so?
What if, as my two arms went round him there,
Crushed to my breast, and dazed, his unaware
Great eyes gave back no memory of earth,
And I the stranger and the child whose birth
Made me a living soul, were not made one?

"God knew what means a mother and her son;
He would, it seems, have whispered to my dear:
'Lo, it is she, herself, yea, she is here.'
And yet, and yet, forever in my mind
The picture stays, it lurks and looks behind
All worldly seemings,—till I needs must go
Back, back again into the Long Ago

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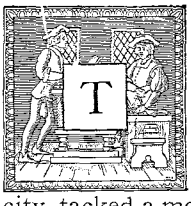
when I was young and he, my very breath,
Owed everything to me—before his death.
How shall I meet him, when, with asking eyes,
My darling looks at me in Paradise?"

She shook with sobs; the man stood mute, distressed,
But laid a hand upon her shoulder, lest
She deem herself deserted in the breach;
Knowing a loving touch is more than speech.

"JIM" RILEY

(An Appreciation)

BY CHARLES VIRGIL TEVIS



HERE was once a certain young man who felt that he possessed the soul and talent of a painter and who had the courage of this consciousness. He rented a studio in a large city, tacked a modest tin plate on the door and began his initial sacrifices.

Early in this period he met another young man of courage, a minister. There was a mutual attraction. One day the cleric visited the studio. He examined all the sketches and canvases on the walls and in the corners; he watched the artist at his work; finally he asked: "Gruelle, where did you come from?"

"Nowhere," was the quick reply.

"I, too, and it's a good place to leave," said the minister. The men shook hands.

A few days later the newly found friend came again to the studio and brought with him a third young man of purpose, another in that city who had come from "Nowhere." This one was a poet, a singer of beautiful, homely songs. What the minister and the artist had seen in each other he saw in them and they in him—a profound, worshipful love of nature, beauty and truth. The three became at once more than friends and the studio more than an occasional meeting place.

The influence of the work of one soon began to be seen in the work of another. Many sermons were preached which had their inception in a colour scheme. A beautiful metaphor found illustration in the shadow play of a landscape. A word of experience from the adviser of men, and a new song would be sung. They discussed quantities, real and otherwise. What was in the heart of one became unconsciously a burden or a joy of the others. The soul of naturalness and sincerity was in common among the compatriots from "Nowhere."

The circle was broken when Reed, the minister, answered a call to a distant pastorate. It seemed, however, that his departure drew the poet and the artist more closely together. Hours in the studio, hours in the writer's home, planning and playing, dreaming and doing, a high, inspiring comradeship of ideals—such state was theirs. And thus thirty long years passed. In this time the poet found a place in the hearts of his countrymen and the artist came into his own.

The work of the singer is finished now, he says—that of the painter but in the fulness of its early promise. The one still dwells on Lockerbie Street in the old Nickum mansion, which is so full of the ghosts of happy children. A thousand miles away in a picturesque Connecticut mill on Silver Mine—a distant cousin of the Indiana Brandywine—is a new studio, and there, suspended above the cataract, the artist mixes his colours. Recently he headed an exploration of the lower stream. Resting, at length, on a huge boulder below a little rocky island, where

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the waters ran quietly, he was led to speak of the poet, *the* Riley who is cherished in so many hearts.

* * * * *

Jim never grew up, in some respects. That is one reason why he attracted and held me always. When Reed brought him into my studio that first day I seemed to see at once that he was still a boy at heart. And he has never lost this wonderful, unspoiled naturalness of youth.

You know, when he was a lad he lived in plays and brave purposes the works he followed later in life. He aspired to be a painter and began his career with charcoal and brick dust daubs on the neighbourhood fences—to follow really the art commercially when he had grown up. He dreamed of a life as a showman and got up circuses and plays with the other boys and alone. Once he gave a performance to empty soap boxes in his backyard, from beginning to end, even though his pen and ink bills had failed to attract any spectators. He finally became a star on the lecture platform. And he used to make up little jingles and scribble them on the walls at home—rhymes about the things great in childhood and close to the heart. It was a beautiful development of ideals, wasn't it?

Often and often he would talk to me about his boyish dreams and deeds with as much enthusiasm as if they had been achievements. He always personified the creatures of his imagination. Why, he knew "Little Orphant Annie" in just the same way as the child who spent a whole morning gathering daisies for a bouquet which she asked her mamma to send to the "poor girl who could make up such fine stories 'bout goblins and things." He knew perfectly well that the tree toad was happy and why, and what it said when it sang. There *were* fairies in the flowers and giants in the deep, dark woods to him, for he did more than write about them. He believed in them. Way down in his big heart he had a place for every superstition dear to the little folk.

Jim has never changed from this state of heart simplicity, which I recognised and admired and found so much pleasure and good in back in '79. He was just in the beginning of his great career then, was for the first time able to get along without, for instance, taking advantage of an extra price offered by an editor. Yes, such a thing really happened. It was like this:

You probably remember his "Ode to Summer." There is a line in it, "the shuttle of summer, etcetra," as nearly as I can remember, and that expression caused all sorts of trouble. One editor after another had rejected the verse simply on account of "the shuttle of summer." They said it was without meaning, inelegant, cheaply illiterative, and goodness knows what else. Finally, however, there was an editor who accepted the poem, and he wrote that the particular part of it which had touched him was that beautiful bit of imagery in the line about the shuttle. In this letter he enclosed a cheque with the word that if it wasn't enough more would be forthcoming at once. This complication made a deep impression on Riley. He came to the studio to show me the letter and, after I had read it, he said:

"Gruelle, poetry, music, painting,—a song, a sunset or a symphony"—I remember his exact words—"is nothing but the expression of one heart, one soul. In this expression there may be reflected a great, universal note—but it remains primarily the voice of some ego. And who shall judge your soul or mine, except when its expression finds an affinitive chord?"

The assistance which Longfellow had given him was about that time beginning to be seen in Riley's work. Following all the attention and comment occasioned by "Leonainie," his imitation of Edgar Allan Poe, which had appeared in the *Kokomo Dispatch*, Jim had felt that he must have advice that was worth while. You know such critics as Bryant and Stedman had declared the poem to be unquestionably the work of Poe, and this authority had given widespread circulation to the story of the joke when it became known. But Riley wasn't proud of it even then. I believe that he has often regretted it. At any rate, he bundled up a collection of his verses and sent them to Longfellow with the request that the poet inform him whether or not they had any merit or were mere trash.

There began then an intimate corre-

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spondence and friendship between Jim and the New England writer which was beautiful to see. The verses were returned and the Indianian advised to do two things—one, keep on writing; the other, get in touch with and consult whenever in doubt some man who had enjoyed a superior literary education. Jim followed both, a certain Indianapolis lawyer acting for many years in this advisory capacity. It was a long time before the two poets met, but they did, of course. It wasn't in the nature of things that they shouldn't. Jim used to tell me over and over again about the "grey-haired, sweet, old man who was so kind to him." He was never tired of quoting "Amalfi," which was his favourite of all poetry.

At this stage, as well as later, all of Riley's work was inspirational in inception if not in plan. He'd sit far into the night under the spell of some idea and ofttimes then for days would toil over its perfection. He was ever a thorough, painstaking workman. He used to meet me on the street, or come to the studio, or call me out to Nickum's, or over to the Denison, when he lived there, to discuss this or that new thought which had come to him. Maybe we would talk this over on a dozen different occasions. Sometimes I would almost forget the idea, it would take him so long to evolve it completely and satisfactorily. Then, some day, like a boy with the first boat he had whittled out, he would hunt me up and read me some lines, *the* lines.

In spite of his conclusions regarding a song, a sunset or a symphony, he would always court the fullest expression of opinion of his work from his few intimates. Otherwise he was jealous of favourable judgment, hyper-sensitive in many respects. This temperamentality was evident in many ways—even to the matter of dress. Why, he even blackened the feet of his sister's white stockings which he had to wear to his first party so that a tiny break in his shoes would not show. And several times when he was connected with the *Journal* in Indianapolis he was seen to be secretly applying ink to a glossy coat sleeve. Did you ever hear about the "Balm of a thousand flowers?"

I met Jim early one morning on Market Street. He was chuckling to himself as he asked me if John, my son, was "touchy" about his freckles. I replied that I didn't think he was unreasonably so, and then Jim told me why he had put the question.

"I used to have a terrible time with my freckles," he said. "It seemed to me then and it does now that I had more than any other boy who ever lived. The fellows and the girls used to joke about them, and what they said hurt. Yes, it did. You can't know how much it hurts to have folks make sport of such a fearful infirmity unless you've been afflicted.

"Well, one day at the drug store on the corner I saw advertised 'The Balm of a thousand flowers,' a sure cure for freckles, blackheads, rough skin, tan and everything else imaginable, and my heart gave a great thump. If I could only get a bottle. But the price was fifty cents—prohibitive!

"One morning I was sent to the chemist's on an errand before school—I was attending a small private institution then. Since my discovery there I had almost haunted the shop, a sort of self-appointed guardian of that magical balm, hoping all the time that some good fairy would come along and provide me with a bottle. Do you know what I found there that morning? A hole in the showcase right where the Balm was placed. Yes, I got a bottle when the clerk's back was turned, and as soon as I could hurry away I made for our barn and gave my face a good washing with the lotion. Then I went to school, but I didn't stay there very long. As soon as I entered the room the pupils began to laugh and the teacher called me to her. 'James,' she said, 'go straight home and don't come back until you have washed your face.' I couldn't imagine what it was all about, but I went home and looked in the mirror. My face was as red as a beet. Then I rushed out to the barn and read the directions on the bottle of Balm. They said to use a teaspoonful to a pint of water!

"Some time ago I wrote a little story about my experience with the wonderful freckle cure, and it was published in a children's magazine. Now I've just gotten this letter."

Jim read me the note. It was from a

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little boy somewhere down in Texas. He had read the story of the Balm in the magazine and was writing the author to know where he "could get some of it, for he had awful freckles and would be careful to mix it right and would give anything he had to get rid of them." Of course, Riley sent him a bottle at once, or if he wasn't able to get the Balm he sent something equally as bad. And he framed that letter.

On account of this sensitiveness and the almost inordinate pride which it sometimes induced, Jim was led to do a lot of things a bit unusual. As far as the matter of travelling is concerned Riley is very peculiar. He seemed to be unable to get on a train and go straight to another town. He would invariably get off at the first station and take the next train, thinking it was the one he had been on. When he found himself again in Indianapolis he would wonder greatly how that had happened.

Two other noticeable traits were these: He never wished himself called a poet in manuscript in which he had any part of the making. Rhymster, singer, writer of jingles, and the like, he seemed to prefer. The world might call him what it willed, but to himself he preferred to be known as a singer of songs. The other trait has always been his willingness to assist in any way young writers, no matter how much trouble he had to take. Several Indiana men and women owe him a great debt. There was not an ounce of professional jealousy in his makeup.

Some people called these eccentricities —for example his fulfilment of a hopeless lecture engagement in a certain Indiana city. Bundy, the Richmond artist, was the prime cause of it, but not of the disaster which it met. He had thought to do Jim, his friend, a favour, and so arranged for him to read some of his verses in the largest church in this place. Jim was only too glad, and set about at once painting some bills, which in due time Bundy had displayed prominently about town.

But Jim had used too much red paint on his paper. The place wasn't any more than billed before the officers of the church met and decided that there must be something very sensational about the entertainment of that fellow Riley, and so refused the use of the church. Bundy became very busy at once, but the best arrangement he could finally make was that Jim could lecture in the church, but would not be allowed to charge any admission. If he wanted to he might take up a collection at the end of the performance, after those present had had opportunity to judge of his morals as an entertainer.

This was the situation when Riley arrived in town from Greenfield. His pride was piqued. Under no circumstances would he have foregone appearing on that platform, even though he had barely enough money for his railroad fare. So he came to the church that evening, and by the time he was ready to begin the house was packed with people. He read well, as he always did, and from the amount and enthusiasm of applause he had reason to believe that he had made a hit. Then the basket was passed—and a fine collection of vest buttons, pins, wads of paper, pencil stubs and matches was harvested. There was not one cent in all of this rubbish. Jim's overcoat—the lining turned out, as it was the best part of the garment—paid for his hack fare to the station. Do you think for a minute he would walk and confess any discomfort? No, siree!

In this connection there are many stories which might be told of Riley as a so-called eccentric. The fact that one night he was taken for the villain in a play showing at English's and that when several nervous women spied him on Meridian Street under an electric light and made a movement to capture him and show their displeasure in a strenuous way, he used his legs and went away from there with some speed—that wouldn't make him peculiar from his fellow-men, would it? One night he and Reed were on an old Pennsylvania Street mule car when the motive power ran away. It wasn't unusual that they took charge of the expedition and finally stopped the team, and in doing so had a lot of fun—as they said—was it? And other adventures—and mishaps, sometimes: it was his ebullience of youth and his simplicity—mistaken for the misnamed complexity of genius—which ac-

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RILEY'S GREENFIELD HOME

tuated Riley. I tell you he never grew up inside of him.

Nye and Riley were a good deal alike in this respect. That was the prime reason they made such a success of their lecturing tours and from first to last were the closest of friends. Nye probably had more real business instinct than Jim, but this to the contrary, he was ever an irrepressible boy. Poor Bill, his time came right in the height of his career. Almost until the very end, from the beginning of his long illness, he and Jim kept closely in touch by correspondence. Some of Bill's letters were masterpieces, and I know Jim's must have been.

After this team separated, Jim made a number of tours alone and was very successful. He won a great following all over the United States. You know, Sir Henry Irving once declared that Jim would have made the greatest actor in the history of the American stage had he followed the stage seriously as a life work. He hasn't been out for the last nine years, but those who have heard him read will never forget his inimitable work. He not only acted the part he read, that of a little tad, or a big, bully boy, or grandma, or the old man who looks back to the old swimmin' hole—he made the part, he was the part. It was not Jim Riley who held the audiences spellbound—it was the little tad, the bully, the old woman, or the man homesick for the scenes of his childhood.

This work became too strenuous finally for Jim. He suffered severely at times with rheumatism, and it seemed that this would become more violent whenever he took to the road. Say, do you know what that expression, "took to the road," reminds me of? A young man carrying a kit of paint brushes, walking along a country road, whistling, stopping every now and then to watch a squirrel play, or examine a bird nest, resting by the side of some brook, sitting on an old

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stile to talk with a hired man, making friends with the lazy boy who was returning a cup of borrowed sugar. Can't you see him in those early vagabond days? Their call never grew faint in his heart.

The picture of Jim's growth from the time when he seriously ventured out into the world is a variegated one. The "Hoosier Poet" was designed really for the law by his father, who was a prosperous lawyer in the little town of Greenfield, Indiana, where Jim was born in 1854. For a time, a very short time, the young man really did study with a view to reaching the Bar. But he soon discovered that political economy and Blackstone did not rhyme, and one summer afternoon, when all outdoors seemed to call imperiously, he slipped out of the office in which he had been engaged, shook the last premise from his head and was away.

Literally, indeed, it was a runaway, for there is no telling what would have happened had Riley, Sr., seen the "Highly Entertaining and Instructive Musical and Specialty Aggregation" with which his son had "signed on." In more expressive terms, it was only a medicine show, as picturesquely threadbare and gypsyesque as any of the almost forgotten wandering bands of coloured sugar and water venders which were then plentiful in the Central West.

Riley made his début on the "Concert Wagon," officiating over the big drum. Hungry sometimes, wet and shelterless sometimes, soon as threadbare as the rest, but it is not on record that he ever abated his enthusiastic treatment of the drum or complained to the manager because the ghost failed to walk with any degree of regularity. He stuck it out for a whole season. Then, somehow or other, he managed to get possession of an overcoat and a little silver to jingle in his pocket, and homeward he made his way.

While busy thinking out another congenial sphere of action he assisted the village painter. For a considerable length of time he applied himself to this trade, with unvarying success as to workmanship, but with rather doubtful pecuniary advantage. There was no question but that he could and did paint good signs. He seemed to know instinctively how, and he was always most painstaking in his execution. In later life all of his manuscripts were prepared for the printer with pen and ink, and they had the appearance of copperplate. Slowly, and with infinite care, he printed his rhymes, even as he had decorated a wayside stone, or barn, or show window.

Those were carefree, and they must have been more or less enjoyable, days. At least they were interesting. The peripatetic painter followed more than the course of the Brandywine. Wherever work offered he went. Along sweet-smelling roadsides to sunny farm lands and busy settlements he blazed his leisurely way, stopping when he pleased, pressing on when the spirit moved him.

Then there began a real experience with "the paper man." For a time young Riley worked on several short-lived weekly newspapers in various capacities, and it was in some of them that his first verses were printed. These, like so many more earliest attempts, caused little, if any, commotion even in the local world of letters. But the author was conscious of power and imagined he could not get a hearing chiefly because of his obscurity. He therefore made a number of public appearances in a very small way, reading his own work with more or less success. In the course of time he became attached to the *Indianapolis Journal*, in the columns of which most of his earlier poetical work appeared.

Well, the days of rushing to make trains, living in draughty, inhospitable hotels, having to put up with all manner of inconveniences, perforce, had to come to an end. Since 1903 Jim has refused all manner of inducements to lecture again. He has remained close at home, in the only home he has known since his kid days in Greenfield. Old man Nickum, the baker, was always his good friend. There seemed to be ever a close tie between the young poet and the maker of bread. When the latter died Jim continued his residence with the family, Major and Mrs. Holstein, who had been Miss Nickum. She has been a dear sister to him for many, many years now.

His frequent illnesses and the importunities of different people and societies

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have seemed to make Jim irascible at times. But he was never that; folks somehow failed to understand him. That's all. There was a society in Indianapolis once which desired to buy one of my pictures, and as it did not have the money, several of the ladies planned to get up an entertainment and raise the price that way. The first person they went to see was Riley. He very promptly refused to take any part whatever. Barkley Walker then took charge of the affair and began to arrange a concert.

A few days later Riley came up to the studio and said to me: "Say, tell those women that *you* have persuaded me to give three numbers on their programme. But don't let them get the impression that I am doing it for them, for I'm not. That picture must be sold."

I am reminded of something else he said to me one day, something which I treasure. You won't think me vain, I know. He had been wandering about among my rubbish for possibly a half hour without saying a word, when suddenly he faced me. "Gruelle," he said, "do you know why I've always thought so much of you and wondered at you and admired you? It's because you sit here and paint and paint and paint and always smile and have a kind word for some poor devil and—blank it—I know you haven't a cent and are hungry and won't acknowledge it!"

We used to have some great discussions and many delightful hours of quiet meditation in his dear, old Lockerbie Street home. We held these on an average of once a week for many years. Religion? Of course, for that was inevitable when our subject was either art or poetry. Jim had a sceptical maggot in his head—that's exactly the way he expressed it. He possessed really the most profound faith in the ultimate, but he was always questioning and questioning. At times he would crave to know the why with a depth of feeling that pained. Again he would rise to heights in the joy of a full and complete acceptance of the surety and justice and loving kindness of the Divinity.

I had a very unusual experience once in connection with Jim. Neither of us has ever spoken of it before. I was at home, sitting with my wife, resting after supper in the early evening. I remember feeling drowsy and then I must have dreamed. For I had a vision, plain and unmistakable.

I seemed to make my way along well-known streets of the city to the Denison Hotel, where Riley was then living, and on reaching it, go directly to his room. He was there, sitting at a table which was littered with writing paper. He was at work when I entered, but looked up and said to me: "I'm glad to see you, Gruelle. If you are not afraid of what you may see, sit down and I shall continue my work." I did as he had bidden.

Soon, very soon, there seemed to appear from nowhere in particular a troupe of misty figures, women, men, children—enwreathed in flowers, laughing, dancing, gambolling in the air about the head of the poet, whose pen was racing over the paper. There was a faint sound of singing. . . . I don't know how long I remained in the room, but, without disturbing the writer, I remember, I finally slipped out and made my way home.

Several days later I met Jim, and he told me he had been very busy for a week working on a new book. He looked worn. Then I narrated my vision and had hardly finished when he exclaimed:

"It was all true. At the hour you say I, too, had a vision, just as I began my 'Flying Islands of the Night,' my new work. And I saw what you saw and heard what you heard, and more. I shall never dare to publish all that I got that night from the unseen. I must work it over, tone it down—else people will think I am crazy. They could never understand it."

Read "The Flying Islands of the Night" again and think of that evening in the Denison.

Like Lew Wallace, Jim had little use for creeds or dogmas of any sort. A good many people had the shock of their lives the time Wallace led an Indiana party to Chicago to nominate Gresham. They had doubtless pictured the writer of that beautiful tale of the Christ as some kind of angelic individual. His fluent line of expressive language, however, rather dispelled this impression. It may also cause surprise for me to say that

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"WE USED TO HAVE SOME GREAT DISCUSSIONS AND MANY DELIGHTFUL HOURS OF MEDITATION IN HIS DEAR OLD LOCKERBIE STREET HOME"

when Riley and I were walking one day on Massachuetts Avenue and passed a bookstore, in the window of which was displayed a collection of Bibles, Jim exclaimed:

"Gruelle, I never took any stock in that book. I don't know why—but look at that budding tree. Isn't that enough?"

And yet, as I have said, I never knew a man who had a more beautiful faith in the ultimate, who worshipped God and His handiwork more reverently. This wasn't eccentricity. It was the heart of youth that pulsed when the tree toad sang.

I gave a little talk on Riley once before the "Now" Club in Indianapolis. In the course of it I said that those blue eyes of the poet saw everything. After the meeting a prominent literary woman of the city came up to me and banteringly remarked that I was wrong about the eyes.

"Why," said she, "Riley was so near-sighted when he was a youth that he couldn't even see across the road until they managed at last to get a special pair of glasses for him."

Then I explained to her what I had meant, by telling what Jim had said to me after his trip to England.

"All my life," he had declared, "I have longed to see Tennyson's lark and hear him sing, and that was one of my real reasons for taking this trip. I didn't see the lark and I didn't hear him sing, but, Gruelle, I *have* seen the lark and I *have* heard him sing."

Jim once said, "Success in life comes to him who follows the paths of his better inclination. He reaches and occupies his place. He fits. There are no rough corners to his occupancy. He has no apologies to make for wants, for there are no wants. In the great beautiful law of nature things do not make places for themselves; they invariably find places which fit them, where they thrive and crown their existence with happiness—and success, for the one is the other.

"A butcher in a modest side street may be a greater success than a banker in his marble vaults—and the world not know it. The quiet teacher may be far more a success of nature than the nation's idol of statesmanship—and the world not know it. It is a matter of peace of mind and heart, a matter of having no rough or unfilled corners. The world differentiates happiness and success with cold sophistry. But they are inseparable. The former must exist before the latter can be born.

"A man's steps may lead him long distances and to many places before he find his own. But let him follow his better inclination, and follow, and follow. Let him not be dismayed at the years which pass. Let him be true to himself—and happiness will be his. He will find his place. And whether the world then re-

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gard him as great or lowly, as success or failure, it matters nothing. He will know and feel and be rich far beyond the world's standards of measure."

There are those who know Riley through his works and who judge him—whether qualified in the least or called upon to do so—solely upon his artistic attainments. It is they who are most just, according to worldly standards. They picture a man highly attuned to nature and deeply in love with humanity—a student of homely characters, a godfather to all children, a confidant of the seasons. A wonderful picture, this, and not overdrawn. He is all that—but more.

There are those who weigh the man only as so much physical matter. They find a weakness here, maybe one there. Being very much of the earth earthy, they cannot imagine a soul other than of the same mould as its casement. He may be weak here and there, but he is more than his weaknesses.

I also know Jim as the artist and as the purely physical machine, which may have been at times frail. But I know him further—as a composite of several characters. He has always been a spiritually precocious boy, a child of moods, seldom of an even tone. He has lived singularly alone, despite his beautiful friendships. In some ways he has seemed, and I know he has felt like, a mere spectator of the game of life.

I would paint his picture with a wide brush—many brilliant colours and many deep shadows. Do you understand what I wish to convey?

Let me add just this. A long time ago, when our friendship was young, Jim confessed something to me. He told me that his ambition in life, the pinnacle of happiness for him, was to give joy to the little children. If he could only do that, he declared, he believed he would not have lived in vain.

Doesn't that explain something?

SOME ASPECTS OF BIRD CENTRE

BY LOUIS BAURY

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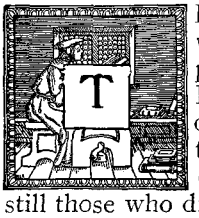

THE age of discovery would seem to have passed and the quest of Eldorado given over as quite too frivolously fantastic for this work-a-day world. Yet there are still those who dream of surprising Eldorado just around the corner, while very recently both the Poles have been attained, Mr. Arnold Bennett has found the Five Towns and graciously turned over the fruits of his explorations to the world, and—among a few other like accomplishments—Mr. John T. McCutcheon has discovered Bird Centre.

It was one Fourth of July when he first came upon this little Eldorado of his. All Bird Centre was gathered on the lawn of the town's most imposing home for Independence Day festivities, and the atmosphere was decidedly "gala." The trees were festooned with Chinese lanterns, against the evening; there was a side-table with its proper burden of cake and lemonade which a "lady of the village" dispensed with just the proper amount of parsimony; there was a speaker's table with the stars and stripes looped up around it, bearing the goblet and pitcher of iced water; and behind the table, to render the properties complete, was the speaker himself—Judge Horatio S. Warden, a somewhat portly and dignified gentleman with grey hair and glasses and a formidable manuscript. At his side sat a plump woman wearing that expression of mingled satisfaction and anxiety which belongs to a hostess. That was Mrs. Riley Withersby—Mrs. Riley Withersby, the "rich woman" and social leader of the place—Mrs. Riley Withersby, who never in the course of her fifty odd years had an original thought and, indeed, would not have been nearly so nice had such a disturbing element

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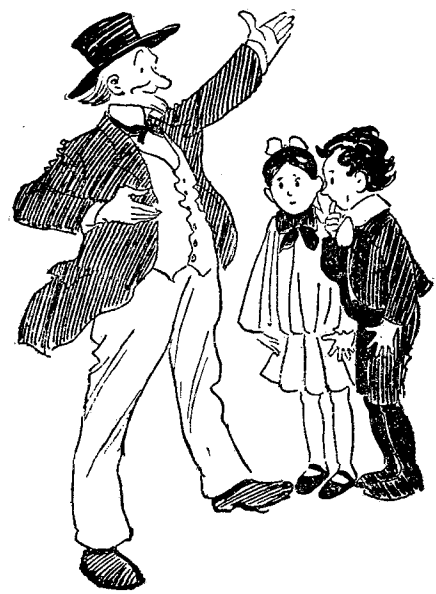
CYRUS HORNBECK

been possible to her—Mrs. Riley Withersby, plump, amiable, benevolent, and as beloved as one of the joy-dispensing characters of Dickens.

Looking over the account of Mrs. Riley Withersby's guests, Mr. McCutcheon made the acquaintance of those other persons whom he was to render famous. He beheld the local minister, the Rev. Walpole, a benevolent, chinless cleric with the look which O. Henry has described as a "where-is-Mary expression," his wife, a tired, frail little woman, holding the youngest of the "eight rollicking little Walpoles" in her arms and striving to keep tabs on the other seven, by his side. On his other hand sat Cyrus Hornbeck, president of the local bank, a sour, hard-faced man, terrible in his attitude toward all the world, with the one exception of Mrs. Riley Withersby, about whom he was always hovering with leering, ingratiating attentiveness. And in the background was Captain Roscoe Fry, a hale old G. A. R. veteran, wildly gesticulating; and Kate, the sweet-looking daughter of Judge Warden, conversing with a startled-visaged, long-nosed youth who quite obviously meant well, while pensively there gazed at her, his chin resting on his hand, a rather intellectual appearing young man whom Mr. McCutcheon felt sure could not be a native of the town. And he was right, for enquiry proved him to be Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle, of Philadelphia, who had met Miss Warden the previous winter when the Princeton Glee Club, on which he had been serving his last year, gave a performance at Bryn Mawr. He was now come West in search of investments—or so he said, though J. Oscar Fisher questioned the accuracy of this claim in the local paper with the delicate paragraph: "A little bird tells us that Mr. W—— K—— B——, of P——, Pa., is in our midst for a tenderer purpose than a business investment. Here's our hand, W——!"

Mr. McCutcheon was also interested in the soft-eyed man with the timid imperial and the figure of a string bean, sitting so erectly on the edge of his chair. This, he was told, was J. Milton Brown, "the well-known artist of the tin-type studios," whose entire life and character he later epitomised in the masterfully comprehensive phrase, "He has no enemies." There were several others, too, of whom he would like to have learned, but there was no time for details. Back in Chicago a petulant art editor was emitting loud shouts for his Fourth-of-July cartoon. So Mr. McCutcheon heaved a long sigh, rolled his shirt-sleeves a notch higher, removed his eyes from the ceiling, and simply recorded what he had seen without elaboration or explanation.

Thus it was that Bird Centre came into the prominence its energy so justly merited.



CAPTAIN FRY

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II

Mr. McCutcheon has always solemnly maintained that there is no such town; but, of course, this is mere pleasantry on his part. Naturally Bird Centre exists; it is situated something like an hour and a half's ride from every metropolis in the country. Realising this, Mr. McCutcheon's following demanded that they be shown more of it. And, because Mr. McCutcheon is most amiable and obliging of all cartoonists, they forthwith were.

As the Fourth-of-July celebration was followed by a reception to the Hon. Ephraim Pumphrey in the Knights of Pythias Hall and by the Church Bazaar and the "grand opening of the new Country Club" on land graciously donated by Mrs. Riley Withersby, they were shown the machinations of what "ye editor" Fisher would have called "the tender passion" as, pleadingly, anxiously, Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle, of Philadelphia, Pa., trailed everywhere in the wake of Miss Kate Warden, while Miss Warden was at elaborate pains to leave him despairing in corners where he could observe her lavishing her sweetest smiles upon Elmer Pratt—the startled-visaged, long-nosed youth who "wore a pompadour and was always willing to carry water at the picnics." They saw also "the tender passion" in less complicated manifestation through the love of J. Milton Brown, of the Bird Centre tintype studios. For, of course, Mr. Brown was in love, deeply so.

J. MILTON BROWN

Miss Lucile Ramona Fry, daughter of the gallant Captain, a lady who "did" water-colours, talked art, and "stood for the elevation of her sex," was the object of Mr. Brown's affection. As the recognised artistic leaders of the town, these two had always been linked by bonds of sympathy, wherefore was it small surprise when, at a picnic in the grove back of Captain Fry's house—a most memorable picnic to which all the ladies of the village brought "elegant viands" and where "Mrs. Smiley Greene, wife of the popular undertaker, won many friends with her luscious Saratoga chips"—their engagement was finally announced and the wedding set for August, "soon after pension day."

Now, normally an approaching wedding would constitute sufficient excitement for any small town, but that Bird Centre was the very apogee of excitement in the small-town way was speedily demonstrated by the advent of a Mysterious Stranger. He came mounted on a roan steed. Nobody remembered ever to have seen him before—nobody had the remotest idea of his identity. There was no clue as to whence he hailed or what his intent might be. He simply appeared. Just as surely as the good people of Bird Centre would come together, so surely would the Mysterious Stranger ride up and survey the proceedings from afar.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

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THE LITTLE ROOMERS IN CAPTAIN FRY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

Front row, seated, beginning at left—Irving K. Pond, Miss Edith Wyatt, Melville E. Stone, Jr., Miss Isabel McDougall, George Barr McCutcheon, Hugh Garden; Howard Van Doran Shaw is standing at the right. Second row, seated, beginning at left—Mrs. Eve Summers, Roswell Field, Mrs. Coonley-Ward, Miss Anna Morgan, Miss Lucy Monroe (with album on her lap), Mrs. Elia W. Peattie; Miss Clara Laughlin and John T. McCutcheon are standing in the third row, holding hands. Seated in the centre, immediately behind the second row, beginning at the left, are Miss Harriet Monroe, Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, and Miss Holden; Miss Ottilie Lillienkranz is standing immediately behind Miss Monroe and Mr. Field. Standing at the rear, beginning at the extreme left, are Ralph Clarkson, Allen C. Pond. Franklin H. Head (with the white side whiskers and moustache), Henry M. Hyde, Allen Spencer, Karlton Hacket (with mandolin); seated next is Will Payne. Standing next to Mr. Payne, with light in front of his face, is I. K. Friedman, and next to Mr. Friedman are Arthur Huehn and William Morton Payne.

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If any one made a move toward him, away he would gallop. The "whole town became agog over the mystery." He was a tall, bony creature, garbed in deep black, with a sweeping black hat rakishly balanced over one eye, and a heavy, drooping black moustache, and always he smoked a long, odorous, black cigar—altogether a fearsome and sinister spectacle, a sort of attenuated Simon Legree. Bird Centre did its best to intercept him and demand explanations for such extraordinary behaviour, but to no avail. Even J. Oscar Fisher was unequal to the task of buttonholing the Mysterious Stranger, and for long the only thing known positively about him was that his horse answered to the name of Frank. Which certainly could not be construed as a recommendation: Frank is not an exalted name. Even for a equine.

To make the general situation still more befogged another mystery had presented itself soon after the Mysterious Stranger's first appearance. Cyrus Hornbeck—he of the assiduous attentions to Mrs. Withersby—served notice that he would foreclose the mortgage he held on Captain Fry's house if certain overdue payments were not immediately made. Captain Fry, quite unable at the time to meet such a peremptory demand—as Mr. Hornbeck very well knew—was thrown into the wildest consternation. Miss Lucile Ramona Fry, being a most dutiful daughter, decided that the only course for *her* was to remain with her father to console him in his hour of tribulation. She accordingly postponed her "approaching nuptials" indefinitely. The deepest gloom prevailed throughout Bird Centre, for the worthy captain was a most "beloved fellow-citizen." Then suddenly word came from Banker Hornbeck that the amount due had been paid in full that morning by a friend who desired to remain nameless! And this charity—astonishing as it was—was not the end. For, while the excitement and speculation to which it had given rise was at its height, an unknown horse, entered in Captain Fry's name—a horse that no one in Bird Centre, not even Captain Fry himself, had ever seen before, mind you—captured the coveted Mrs. Riley Withersby Sweepstakes at the County Fair—actually won them from Gypsy Queen, Cyrus Hornbeck's speedy mare, which had always passed for the best trotter in the county. At that Bird Centre gave up. It was all too amazing—too inexplicable!

Without waiting for any explanations Miss Lucile Ramona Fry and J. Milton Brown took advantage of all this good fortune to rush pell-mell to the altar. An incidental reason for their unusual precipitation was that Mr. Brown wished "to take advantage of the excursion rates to Niagara Falls." Their marriage was, in the sublime words of J. Oscar Fisher, "one of the most beautiful of the summer, everything combining to make the nuptial scene one long to be remembered," and an "enthusiastic throng" accompanied them even to the train. Among the diversified collection of wedding gifts with which they were "showered" one in particular deserves to go down in history: It was a clock from young Elmer Pratt, with the hands pointing to the hour of 1, "indicating that the happy recipients were now one."

Probably the now almost unvaryingly sentimental trend of Elmer's thought was responsible for this sweetly suggestive gift. Ever since Kate Warden had become so kind in her attitude toward him Elmer's dreams had revolved in wreaths of gleesome Cupids. He was assured that no one had ever been so violently and completely in love as he, and now—O, tortures!—he was beginning to learn a lover's heartaches. A certain Miss Elsie Burbank, of Morristown, New Jersey, came to visit Mrs. Withersby. She was not so pretty as Miss Warden, but one did not need to be that pretty to rank as an extremely attractive young lady, and an extremely attractive young lady Miss Elsie Burbank, of Morristown, New Jersey, certainly was. Everybody remarked the fact, and Mr. Winthrop Biddle remarked it very especially. He began to pay her "marked attentions," ceasing altogether to follow Miss Warden about in his pensive, despairing manner of yore. Then occurred the peculiar transformation in the latter which caused Elmer Pratt such agonising pangs. The ideal of his heart began to neglect him shamefully. She positively chased Mr.

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Biddle around, contriving all sorts of situations and chance meetings to bring them together. In return Mr. Biddle would smile slightly mocking, but quite polite, smiles—and redouble his attentions to Miss Elsie Burbank, of Morristown, New Jersey. Kate Warden became worried and preoccupied. Elmer exerted all his most dulcet charms to please her, but her replies were short and impatient. She constantly avoided him; his mere presence seemed to irritate and vex her—so much so that in time even Elmer came to perceive the fact. Things went on in this manner for so long that Miss Warden finally worried and fretted herself into a sick-room; and there she tarried for many weeks—utterly removed from Winthrop Biddle and his "marked attentions" to Miss Elsie Burbank, of Morristown, New Jersey.

While she was absent, Mrs. Walpole presented Bird Centre with the "ninth rollicking little Walpole." Armed with gifts and congratulations, every one at once went to do him honour—every one even down to Chris Newbower, the local inebriate and disgrace, who came with a few sprays of goldenrod, because they were all he could afford at the time—an act as sweetly touching, perhaps, as any in all the history of Bird Centre.

In return the entire village was summoned to a "baby-naming party"—a gay affair. "No expense was spared; olives and almonds remained on the table through the entire supper." Every conceivable name from Tennyson Keats to McClellan Sheridan, from Marmaduke to John, was suggested, but, although the matter was debated until long after ten-thirty, no agreement could be reached. So in the end the Rev. Walpole was forced to make the choice himself; and he decided upon Timothy Withersby—"Timothy after my old college president and Withersby after a lady whom all Bird Centre loves to honour." Which was a pretty good selection, really, for as soon as she was informed of it Mrs. Withersby deposited a thousand dollars to the credit of the ninth rollicking little Walpole at Cyrus Hornbeck's bank. And to show that all the world approved of this and all else connected with him, Master Timothy Withersby Walpole was awarded first prize at the Bird Centre Baby Show which was held soon after—that "function" at which Mrs. Riley Withersby made herself still more beloved through her declaration that every baby entered should have had first prize. There were a number of babies entered, too. Bird Centre was an altogether proper small town.

One afternoon in November when the Bird Centre football team was riotously vanquishing Americus, Illinois, to the tune of 76 to 42, Miss Kate Warden emerged from her retirement to greet Winthrop Biddle—who thereupon basely deserted Miss Elsie Burbank, of Morristown, New Jersey, in such manner as to drive Mr. Fisher's little bird nearly wild and utterly to bewilder Elmer Pratt.

All the while the Mysterious Stranger had been haunting the place like an erratic ghoul—poking his head in windows, peering through crevices in fences, skulking around corners. When there was nothing more exciting to do the populace still occupied itself with surmises as to their "sinister visitor" and gradually, after he had caught several evanescent glimpses of him, Captain Fry declared that he believed he had seen him somewhere at some remote time. He did his utmost to recall the circumstances, but failed. While he was still trying to marshal his delinquent memory the Mysterious Stranger took matters into his own hands. Winthrop Biddle was giving a little supper at Mort Peters's jovial hostelry when, in the person of this same Mysterious Stranger, "like lightning from a serene sky, the rude hand of Fate strode in and ruthlessly destroyed the *bon camaraderie* of the function." Approaching the veteran, this elongated unknown tapped him jauntily on the shoulder, remarking: "Captain Jacob Roscoe Fry, you are indeed most fortunate of men."

"That voice—that voice!" shrieked the Captain. "I remember—I remember!"

But before he could announce what it was that he remembered he gave way to the excitement of the occasion and fainted into the arms of the Rev. Walpole, while in the general confusion the Mysterious Stranger vanished. Captain Fry was removed to his home, where he kept to his

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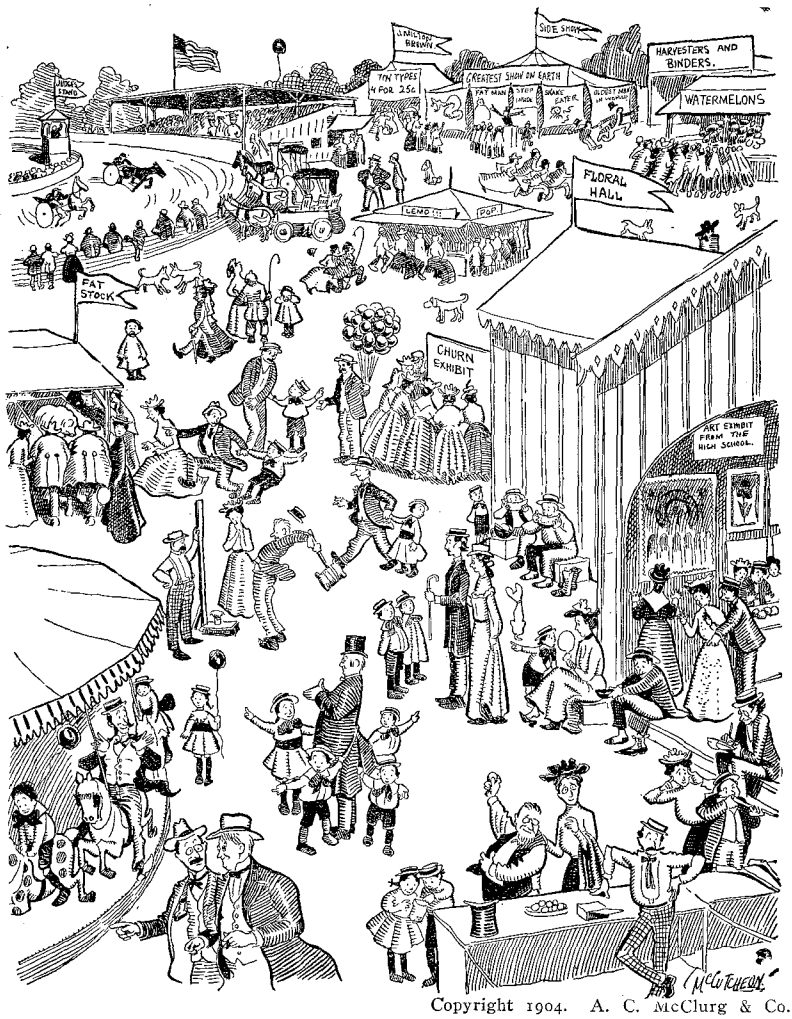

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BIRD CENTRE ATTENDS THE COUNTY FAIR

bed for several days. During those days "local circles were agog," for it was expected that the return of the Captain's memory would explain the anonymous friend who had paid off his mortgage for him, as well as the unknown horse which, in his name, had won the Mrs. Riley Withersby Sweepstakes. As soon as the Captain was in a condition to receive visitors, therefore, the whole town gathered at his bedside. Then—but it were profanation to attempt to portray that scene now. In the Bird Centre *Argosy* J. Oscar Fisher, eye witness, has chronicled it for all time; so here is his account, just as he set it down with his own immortal hand:

"My friends," began the Captain, "I will tell you who the stranger is." At that moment the curtains parted, and standing before the assembled guests was the mysterious personage himself.

"Stop!" he cried. "I will tell the story." The company was thunderstruck. "My name is Colonel Calhoun Peyton, of the Confederate States of America. I have never been reconstructed, so that to-day I am probably the only living secessionist. I was in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and was shot to pieces. A Yankee soldier stopped and gave me water and asked if I had any message to send home. 'Yes,' said I. 'You're a Yankee and I hate you, but you're a noble man just the same. Take this old sword and give it to my mother.

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It was my father's in the Mexican war and my grandfather's in the War of 1812. Tell her that it has honoured the name of Peyton to the last.' The Yankee took my name and told me his name was Roscoe Fry of the Eleventh Corps, under Meade. For nearly two months that Yankee soldier clung to that battered old blade and finally managed to get through the lines and reach the Peyton homestead in Virginia. The sword is still in our family, and the Peytons have honoured the name of that unknown Yankee soldier for over forty years. I swore that I should find him. I have searched the war records and have visited scores of Frys throughout the land. I found him in Bird Centre and, by the great Lord Harry, he shall soon know how substantial is the gratitude of a Virginia Peyton. I have found him in financial distress, but before the week is over he shall see that I also can help a man that is down. My address is Colonel 'Cannonball' Peyton, Virginia. A letter to that address will reach me. Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you good-night, and to Bird Centre, farewell forever." And before he could be stopped he had gone.

Bird Centre is agog over the event and further developments are awaited with interest.

The only development just then, however, was the departure of Captain Fry for Virginia, where he was to be the guest for a few weeks of the intrepid Peyton. Simultaneously Kate Warden went to Chicago—on a shopping trip!—while Winthrop Biddle, apparently having decided upon the investment he wished to make, left to interview his parents at Philadelphia. And how Mr. Fisher's little bird did twitter!

With all these things for conversational topics Bird Centre was really entitled to pause in its gay cycle of festivities and exercise the prerogative of a small town to talk it all over. And Bird Centre would have done just this had not Mr. Gus Figgey come. But Mr. Gus Figgey *did* come—from Chicago—and where Mr. Gus Figgey was no outlet remained for mere idle conversation, no opportunity to "loaf and invite the soul." Mr. Figgey was a "travelling man," the quintessence of his species, and intended to give every one he met the time of his life, even if it killed him in doing it. As Mr. Chris Newbower remarked in words which should become classic, "The more you see of Mr. Figgey socially, the more you admire him as a business man." Mr. Figgey gave a party. He began with a jocular request to the musicians to "Tear off a few yards of the dreamy." The musicians not proving assiduous enough for his taste, he augmented their efforts with a phonograph, Elmer Pratt at the helm. "Keep her going," admonished Mr. Figgey, "and don't mind anything it says. It doesn't belong to the union." He found a place for Mrs. Lucile Ramona Fry Brown at the piano, with two singers to assist her—Mr. Figgey was fond of music—and he led two other "fair daughters" of Bird Centre to a chafing-dish with a playful request to "fix up something like mother used to make." Then he was ready to start the party in earnest. He set couples to dancing in one corner, filled card tables and checker tables, organised a ping-pong contest in the centre of the room, and, when the excitement was at its height, with the assorted musical strains crashing together overhead in perfectly stunning discords, he had a flashlight photograph taken. That was Mr. Figgey; and an example of the fashion in which he kept Bird Centre on the jump until Christmas—when other things occurred to dispute the calcium with him.

Captain Fry returned from his Southern visit, bringing with him a $60,000 bequest from Colonel Peyton. The rejoicing which this gave rise to in Bird Centre was as universal as it was sincere—for where could be found a jollier, pleasanter, old veteran than the Captain? Cyrus Hornbeck at once became most friendly and solicitous, and kindly volunteered to manage the newly acquired property. But Captain Fry knew Banker Hornbeck by this time and would have none of him. He invested his money where there was no doubt but that it would be safe, and so, quite free from worry, settled down to pass his declining years in comfort in the midst of the village he had so largely helped to make glad. Mr. Hornbeck—who was reported to have lost largely of late in stock speculations—redoubled his attentions to Mrs. Riley Withersby; but even Mrs. Withersby was not so cordial as formerly.

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BIRD CENTRE'S GRAND SOCIAL FUNCTION

Not only was she beginning to distrust the wily banker, but she also found a great deal of her time now occupied by Congressman Pumphrey, who had come on from Washington for the holidays. Congressman Pumphrey was a distinguished personage, and he talked most delightfully and alluringly of life at the Capital. Mr. Fisher's little bird grew mildly insinuating about it, but for once people refused to take him seriously. Mrs. Withersby belonged to Bird Centre and nothing nor nobody else—nor ever could. So said the people, and it is fashionable nowadays to agree that the people must be right in all things.

Kate Warden came back from her shopping tour and Winthrop Biddle from his Philadelphia visit so that both were in time for the "Christmas tree function" at the Rev. Walpole's church—at which "all the children of the Sunday-school received numerous presents and were agog with merriment." All, that is, save little Celia Newbower, who was inadvertently overlooked because Chris had not brought her to the house of worship very often. The forlorn little creature

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seemed quite heart-broken. But even this came right in the end, for the very next day Mrs. Withersby sent her more presents than any other child had received; while Chris was so mortified by the whole affair that he signed the pledge on the spot. And that's how they manage things in Bird Centre!

At last at a "literary evening" at Judge Warden's the long awaited happened: The engagement of Miss Kate Warden to Mr. Winthrop Biddle, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was announced. And what jubilation and what congratulations and what wishes of joy there were, and how Mr. Fisher's little bird did spread his feathers and coo! It was quite too wonderful! Never was town as triumphantly, effervescently, completely happy as was Bird Centre during that winter! Then in the spring the first automobile made its appearance and, with the whole town in wide-eyed attendance, Mr. Biddle bore off Kate Warden—the Judge and Mrs. Withersby accompanying them on the rear seat. There was a panting and coughing of machinery, a waving swirl of golden dust as the car shot forward, a many-voiced shout of good-will, a great flourish of handkerchiefs and waving of hands, a wild barking of neighbourhood dogs, a jounce and a laugh as the motor swerved around a corner into open road—and so, quite merrily, Bird Centre slipped from view.

III

Such is the portion of that intense little town's history which John T. McCutcheon has recorded. Such, at least, is the substance of it. To comprehend to the full its essence, however, you will have to look carefully around the corners and into the by-ways of all these events—even after the fashion of the Mysterious Stranger. You will most certainly have to make the acquaintance of Smiley Greene, "the popular undertaker," who when not burying somebody—and who ever thinks of dying in Bird Centre?—is the "life of every function." Smiley Greene who gives a one-hundred-and-thirty pound impersonation of Santa Claus at the Christmas tree; whose "spanking team"—a funeral equipage—takes first prize at the Horse Show; who treats all the Bird Centre little folk to merry-go-round rides at the County Fair—and himself outrides them all; who "starts things off" at the Bohemian Evening by inviting the guests to take their coats off, "for this is to be a night of untrammelled revelry"; who is the happiest little caricature of a human being that ever existed, and asks nothing better than an opportunity for proving the fact! You should meet, too, young Mr. Riley Peters, son of Mort Peters, proprietor of the Bird Centre House, who perpetrates grotesque feats in the much-maligned name of humour—who always falls in love with feminine visitors to Bird Centre and announces on skating parties and sleigh-rides that "if any of the girls' hands got cold it wa'n't his fault." The village "lout" with his bovine "fun"—that pest to humanity who calls himself a "practical joker"—has never been much better portrayed than he is in the loud-laughed, entirely well-meaning Riley Peters.

You should know also—if you would understand Bird Centre—Orville Peters and Wilbur Fry, who "dispense sweet strains" on their mandolins upon the slightest provocation and are literally a never-ceasing joy to "music lovers and those who mutely admire the harmony of sound." Orville and Wilbur were, curiously enough, named and coupled long before the Wright brothers became known to the world at large. It would likewise be advisable for you to observe the genial Dr. Neibling and the inimitable Bird Centre babies and the universal Bird Centre dogs—particularly "ye editor's dog, Spot." And even then you probably would not appreciate Bird Centre until you had looked into some of the houses and seen their furnishings and ornaments and attended "Mrs. Riley Withersby's Grand Social Function," at which "real coloured waiters from Chicago served the collation," or been present at the Masquerade Ball to which Elmer Pratt went garbed as a cowboy and Gus Figgey as Napoleon and J. Milton Brown as Captain Kidd and Captain Fry as Don Quixote. Yes, certainly, you would want to have seen that—that and a dozen other functions of similar

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THE MASQUERADE BALL

character. Just a glance would suffice. Deep study is not requisite. Bird Centre is quite open—about as subtle as Thackeray's old Mr. Osborne, whose "idea of giving a butler a hint to leave his service was to kick him down-stairs." But still every time that spontaneous village congregates a dozen little things, irrelevant in themselves, take place which can ill afford to be lost.

When Mr. McCutcheon began running the cartoons he was violently assailed by country newspapers throughout the Middle West. They attacked him for, as they supposed, holding the small town up to ridicule, and were doubly bitter since they saw themselves lampooned in the effusions of J. Oscar Fisher. A country editor is supremely jealous of his literary reputation. But as more and

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more of the pictures appeared, and it became evident that the intent was not to satirise but sympathise with the small town, their ire gave place to such a hearty good will that when, a few years ago, Mr. McCutcheon travelled through the Middle West on a lecture tour he found innumerable places wherein local celebrities were habitually called by the names of their Bird Centre prototypes.

In the cities, where there was never any feeling of personal slight to interfere, the popularity of the series was uninterruptedly great. Mr. George Ade based a play on the cartoons, which was performed by the Little Room, a Chicago literary club, with much success. Later a somewhat more ambitious play was written by Glenn McDonough, but this failed after a brief run. In order to blaze in its full glory Bird Centre really needs Mr. McCutcheon's aid.

Of course, the whole thing is a more or less "slap-stick" order of humour and vulgar from beginning to end. But its redeeming feature is that it makes no pretensions of being anything else: It has the courage of its vulgarity and, though some urban folk may not agree with Mr. McCutcheon that here is Eldorado, no one can help liking this little village of his discovery. Bird Centre as he has set it down is not Art—its most ardent admirer could not claim so much for it—but nature it undeniably is—human nature exactly as it occurs something like an hour and a half's ride from every metropolis in the United States. And human nature, with all its vulgarity and all its spontaneity, is decidedly amusing—at that distance.

MR. GUS FIGGEY

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SALT WATER ROMANCES AND SOME OTHERS*

BY PAUL GRAY HERRIOTT

OR some unknown reason summer seems to be the season for books of mystery, or rather let us put it in the plural and make it mysteries, for in most of these stories that have puzzles in them one mystery dovetails into another until the reader gasps with dismay or admiration. Time was when one good dark mystery was enough to keep a story going for three hundred pages. The famous detective, amateur or professional, received a telegram from his partner telling him that some person, man or woman, had been found dead under inexplicable circumstances; or that somebody's diamonds, valued at millions, had disappeared. These things simply could not be explained; there were no clues; the sharpest detectives had given the cases up as hopeless. Then the genius and hero of the book proceeds to show how easy it is to unravel the tangle and bring the criminal to justice. But of late years the plots have been thickened to such an extent that it is with something of gratitude that one, if one has a taste for mystery, picks up such a book as *Mene Tekel,* in which Augusta Groner, who is an old hand at this sort of thing, makes Professor Clusius of Stockholm come to the rescue of his friend, Lord Richard Tannemore. The latter has denounced some Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum as forgeries, but does not know how to prove it, and wants help. A trip to the Far East is necessary and leads the explorers into dangers of which they had not dreamed. Forgers of antiquities are vindictive when thwarted and the interests involved are immense. When the villains seem to have the best of it the Professor brings hypnotism into play and wins the game. There is a bit of romance connected with a certain nice girl who wanders through the East doing things that no nice girl would think of doing, but it doesn't count for much. The Professor has enough tricks in his bag to make romance superfluous.

There is also mystery about *The White Waterfall,* in which story James Francis Dwyer takes his readers to the Pacific Islands for a trip among places held sacred and secret by the natives. The waterfall is a trap that means death to those who don't know its ways. A certain learned scientist is rash enough to take his two lovely daughters with him upon an exploring expedition among these unknown islands. The rascals he employs do their best to bring him to grief and would succeed but for the bravery of an honest young American who stumbles upon the secret of safety and finds his reward in the bright eyes of one of the learned man's daughters. We are not told the exact proportion of fact to fiction in the book, but it is fair to assume that much of the ceremonial pictured, such as the Dance of the Centipede, which is described with great spirit, may really be seen by lucky tourists.

Pen pictures of Cape Cod villages, where the air is always salt and cool and the scent of the ocean ever present, are welcome at any time. When the mercury sizzles in its tube in hot cities, they are doubly so to those who have to stay and

*Mene Tekel. By Augusta Groner. New York: Duffield and Company.

The White Waterfall. By James Francis Dwyer. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Postmaster. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Isle of Strife. By George C. Shedd. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Judgments of the Sea. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Sturgis and Walton Company.

My Demon Motor Boat. By George Fitch. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Fox Farm. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Cassell and Company.

The Sheriff of Badger. By George Pattullo. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Frontier. By Maurice Leblanc. New York: George H. Doran Company.

George Wendern Gave a Party. By John Inglis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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sizzle with it. Mr. Lincoln's *Postmaster* is another of his quaint Yankees who mingles philosophy with humour as dry and salt as his native air. Cap'n Zeb has given up his schooner, *Fair Breeze,* and stifling his regrets, has decided to settle ashore. He missed his ship but expected to get over it, "Same as the cat got over missin' the canary bird's singin'." He settled in Ostable and opened a shop where he sold the native ladies striped stockings "So loud that a sane person wouldn't dare wear 'em except when it thundered." Notwithstanding which, trade was not good. When the postmaster died Zeb recalled the story of the man who happened to see some petty officeholder drown and posted off at once to President Harrison to apply for the place. But a man who had seen the office holder fall in was ahead of him and got the job. Cap'n Zeb didn't want the post-office for himself, but for Mary, the dead postmaster's sister, who needed it. He worked like a Trojan for her and got all the townspeople to sign a petition in her favour. The opposition party also got up a petition for their candidate and all the townspeople—the same ones—signed that too. Both petitions went to Washington, and seem to have so thoroughly confounded the administration that Cap'n Zeb, whose fame as a chowdermaker was known to a certain Congressman, was appointed. He made Mary his deputy, and of course a romance developed. For those who love Cape Cod these simple records of a simple people, well told, as they are here, will be welcome.

The Isle of Strife is also a story of life near the sea, but with something more of a plot about it. An island off the Maine coast, inhabited by Canadian fishermen, is the place to which a young New Yorker back from a year's ranching goes in search of the girl who once refused him because he was too young. Accident has placed in his possession the map of some foreign fortress—whether French, German or Russian he does not know—which gets him into no end of hot water. French and German spies trail him to the island in search of his treasure, and in the complications that follow he almost loses his life. Fate and the author, Mr. George C. Shedd, help him out, however, and the girl revises her opinion as to his age.

Stories of the deep make up Ralph D. Paine's *The Judgments of the Sea.* Most of these sketches are reprinted from the magazines, and as a rule they are worth reprinting. The pathos in a sailor's life finds a prominent place. The captain who damages his ship on a reef and by a deed of heroism blots out his disgrace; the shipmaster on his last voyage, too busy in time of peril in looking after his passengers to remember the little hoard of gold that is to provide a home for his old wife and him; the religious enthusiast whose fondness for holding prayer meetings on board makes him scoffed at until his heroism in time of danger silences all criticism—these are some of the dozen sketches of the life of the sea, forcibly told and with picturesque detail.

More gasoline than water is to be found in George Fitch's *My Demon Motor Boat,* and most people would prefer the sizzling mercury to trips on this particular craft. Here is a book that will appeal to every one who has ever tried running a motor boat. Those who haven't may think that these sketches are full of farcical exaggeration. Let them try a cheap motor boat. If they don't—as Mr. Fitch's hero did—come home stern-first, blister their hands, strain their backs, and learn to swear, they will be the lucky exceptions. A motor boat that goes is a delight. One that will not go, and the best of them balk at times, and always when your best girl is aboard and there are plenty of people watching, there are no words to express the feelings of the amateur engineer for such a motor as this. Besides getting lots of fun out of the tribulations of his skipper, Mr. Fitch gives the reader the benefit of some dearly acquired experience, and any one who carefully follows his advice ought to be able to make his motor go—if it wants to.

It is worth while to leave the water even in July for such a book as Warwick Deeping's *Fox Farm,* a serious little story told with many a touch of pathos. The man is a farmer, a dreamer and something of a failure, linked to a hard, ambitious woman. Accident deprives him

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of sight. He is helpless, while his wife assumes the power and neglects him to dally with a man more to her taste. Life is made worth living to the unfortunate by the devotion of a poor girl, who risks all, including her good name, to serve him, and in the end she has her reward.

A story of life in the Far West, *The Sheriff of Badger,* by George Pattullo, is made up of familar material in which the good traits of the typical bad man are brought out with some force. Adventure in a different vein and another land fills *The Frontier,* by Maurice Leblanc, the author of *Arsène Lupin.* The undying feud between French and German is the theme, together with a romance, highly spiced as befits a story in which Frenchmen play the leading part. There is a lot of drama, fairly well done, and some unprofitable dreaming.

In quite another vein is John Inglis's *George Wendern Gave a Party.* Mr. Wendern was an honest Englishman who, having been inveigled into fraudulent stock operations, and having drawn in a good many innocent people with him, gives a party to his victims and returns them their money. This good deed would have beggared him but for the discovery of gold upon his hitherto worthless Australian desert; and of course there is a brave girl to share the gold with him. What would have happened had not that gold mine turned up at the right time is matter for speculation. It is vaguely hinted that the famous party might have ended in suicide. That is certainly the way in which Mr. Ibsen would have ended it. But he never could have written a good novel of London high life.

THE MUSE AND THE POET

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

The Muse said, "Let us sing a little song
Wherein no hint of wrong,
No echo of the great world need, or pain,
Shall mar the strain.
Lock fast the swinging portal of thy heart;
Keep sympathy apart.
Sing of the sunset, of the dawn, the sea;
Of any thing, or nothing, so there be
No purpose to thy art.
Yea, let us make, art for Art's sake.
And sing no more unto the hearts of men
But for the critic's pen.
With songs that are but words—sweet sounding words,
Like joyous jargon of the birds.
Tune now thy lyre, Oh poet, and sing on.
Sing of

THE DAWN

The Virgin Night, all langourous with dreams,
Of her beloved Darkness, rose in fear,
Feeling the presence of another near.
Outside her curtained casement, shone the gleams
Of burning orbs; and modestly she hid
Her brow and bosom with her dusky hair.
When lo; the bold intruder lurking there

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Leaped through the fragile lattice, all unbid,
And half unveiled her. Then the swooning Night
Fell pale and dead, while yet her soul was white
Before that lawless Ravisher, the Light.

The Muse said, "Poet, nay; thou hast not caught
My meaning. For there lurks a thought
Back of thy song.
In art, all thought is wrong.
Re-string thy lyre; and let the echoes bound
To nothing but sweet sound.
Strike now the cords
And sing of"

WORDS

One day sweet Ladye Language gave to me
A little golden key.
I sat me down beside her jewel box
And turned its locks.
And oh the wealth that lay there in my sight.
Great solitaires of words, so bright, so bright;
Words that no use can commonise; like God,
And truth, and Love; and words of sapphire blue;
And amber words; with sunshine dripping through;
And words of that strange hue
A pearl reveals upon a wanton's hand.

Again the Muse:
"Thou dost not understand;
A thought within thy song is lingering yet.
Sing but of words; all else forget, forget.
Nor let thy words convey one thought to men!
Try once again."

Down through the dusk and dew, there fell a word;
Down through the dew and dusk.
And all the garments of the air it stirred
Smelled sweet as musk,
And all the little waves of air is kissed,
Turned gold and amethyst.

There in the dew and dusk a heart it found;
There in the dusk and dew.
The sodden silence changed to fragrant sound;
And all the world seemed new.
Upon the path that little word had trod,
There shone the smile of God.

The Muse said "Drop thy lyre.
I tire, I tire."

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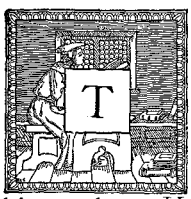
THE ANTAGONISTS

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Book I

Chapter XVII



HE next two weeks at the mill were days of the greatest suffering that Dicky had to bear. It was there, in the familiar places, that he found the true loss of his mother. Her chair had been taken away from the table when they sat down to meals. The arm-chair in which she used to sit in the evenings remained, but no one occupied it. Its very presence tortured Dicky's mind. At night there were no sounds of the piano. The house was still.

Mr. Furlong would read his books of wild flowers or sit with the pages of Carlyle before him in silence until they went to bed. In these days Dicky was working his apprenticeship at the Mill. The even monotony of the work was already jarring at his nerves. All his imagination was fettered in a chain of regular, undeviating hours. He was a slave—as we all are—but recognised his slavery. The realisation of it brought a bitterness to his soul. There were no moments of the day or evening when he could find release.

In the gentle duty of his heart Mr. Furlong had promised to be mother and father to them both. Never was a man more incapable of any but the paternal capacity. The memory of Christina sometimes rose in a flood of tears to his eyes, but only when her name was mentioned or some actual incident took place which vivified the knowledge of her absence. He did not miss her in the long silences of the day. God knows how much he may have missed her in those long silences of the night.

But with Dicky it was in the rushes of his imagination that he felt the want of her most of all. He grew thin and a pallid look came into his cheeks. He was fighting against greater odds than many a boy is ever called upon to oppose. Mr. Furlong one day remarked upon his health.

"I don't think you take enough exercise, Dicky," he said. "Go out for walks—go out for walks with Anne."

Anne slipped her arm into his and asked where they should go, but Dicky went alone. He began then to think about his health. He began to grow proud of the thought that he looked ill. Perhaps if he died, then they would know how ill at heart he had been.

Such a state of mind as this could not last. At the root of all things, in the inner being of his constitution, you could have found no healthier boy than Dicky. But sorrow had come to him as a master at that critical age when a boy is in the internal whirlpool of life. Some external influence was needed to save him from himself, and, seemingly, there was none.

It came at last to the breaking point. His work had been done badly at the Mill that day. With every sense of justice in his mind, Mr. Furlong had made reference to his failure at school. Dicky listened and listened till the last word was said.

"Is that all?" he asked.

Mr. Furlong had detected a note of rebellion in his voice.

"That is all," said he, "and I wish no impertinence from you."

Dicky turned away in silence. There was no doubt in his mind that no man can be a mother. "That's all," he kept saying to himself. "That's all." But he could not have said exactly what he meant by it. Had he remembered it that night he would have known.

He went to his room at nine o'clock. A sense of decision was working in his mind. He became conscious of it when he took the bottle of ether out of his pocket. The world was empty. He believed that in all earnestness. The world was empty. He could go to sleep and there would be no morning to wake to,

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no other day of toilsome monotony. He did not think of himself as dead, but as free. There were no romantic thoughts in his mind of meeting his mother in Heaven. He scarcely thought of her. He would be free—free of this terrible need of companionship.

With a steady hand he uncorked the bottle and poured the contents upon his pillow. The sweet pungency of it rose to his nostrils and reached his mind in a sense of relief. With the same clearness of brain he got into bed, extinguished his candle and lay down. The fumes soothed him. He felt the numbness of sleep creeping slowly up his body to his brain. He believed that he said aloud, "It'll soon get to my head, and then—" but he said nothing. He just lay in silence in the darkness and waited.

It was then, when the torpor of the anæsthetic had almost overcome him, that there stole through the house and to his room the sound of the piano. At first he thought it was a dream. It reached his stifled senses, and yet seemed far away. He asked himself if he were dreaming it. But some door must have been opened in the house below, for the sounds came clearer and more distinct. It was Anne—Anne playing the piano with that gentleness of touch which she had learned from Christina in the months when he had been away at school.

Then the world was not empty! There was Anne!

With the last energy he possessed he pushed the pillow to the floor and fell back upon his bed asleep.

Book II

Chapter I

It is as if with those who are in her charge that Destiny leads them blindfold to the very centre of the maze of life. Never do they guess in whose footsteps they are following; they scarcely know the end of that journey they pursue. All unconsciously they obey the voice—a voice, indeed, crying within their wilderness—until one day the journey ends, the bandage is loosened and drops from their eyes—the journey ends in the journey's beginning.

Then they are in the midst of the maze of life. Never completely does Destiny leave them; but here she steps aside. This is the moment when the boy becomes the leader of his own soul, the captain of his own salvation. All around him in that circle where he stands are the countless pathways leading through the thorns of failure to the flowers of success, through the soft avenues of pleasure to the dark forests of despair. No longer Destiny leads him by the hand. Here he must choose for himself. In that blindfold journey to the heart of the maze the sinews of his character have been made; now he must use them for himself in the journey homeward. Of himself he must choose the path he will take, and Destiny is that marble statue with impassive face which, in the centre of the maze, stands high above the hedges, watching the wanderers as they struggle toward their goal.

When his mother died Dicky had indeed reached the centre of the maze. The bandage had been dropped from his eyes. Before him, around him, on every side, he had seen the countless pathways, and in the first moment of bewildered loneliness, not knowing which way to choose, needing the hand of Destiny, which, with Christina's death, had loosed its grasp, he had courted failure at the very outset.

At such an age as his most boys are still pursuing their blindfold journey. The majority are men before they realise they are alone. The stress of circumstance had been great upon Dicky then. But no stress is more than a man can bear, and the greater it is the more is expected of him.

It was when Dicky cast the saturated pillow from his bed that he made his first choice; took of his own accord that first pathway between the high hedges, and set out upon his journey from the centre of the maze.

From that moment onward Dicky became the leader of his own soul. His

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first act in that leadership was to choose the companionship of Anne.

The man who would do anything in this world must first deposit his heart in the bank of some woman's keeping. In time doubtless he will transfer it, but in that time the interest she has bestowed upon it will have made it worth the more. The heart of a man cannot be too big so long as his brain keeps pace with it.

Dicky gave all his heart to Anne. When once the desolation of that winter had passed; when once the fairy fingers of the spring had dropped her jewelled buds upon the May trees and the meadows, then a great light of courage set its flame in Dicky's heart. He did his work in the mill, but now, instead of bowing his head beneath its monotony, contrived for every moment when he could be free.

Whenever he could effect his escape they would set out to the hills together, trembling as they left the house lest they should be called back.

Through all this time, so certain was Mr. Furlong that Dicky was destined for the mill, that in these lapses from duty he saw nothing but a gross capacity for idleness. Set with the best intentions in the world, moreover with a genuine love for Dicky, the poor man was confronted with a problem he could not understand.

On one occasion when Dicky should have been at work he discovered that his time had been spent in sketching.

"When are you going to drop this nonsense?" he asked in righteous anger. "Bring your sketch here and show it to me."

With a mind embittered by that word —nonsense—Dicky obediently brought his book. Mr. Furlong looked at the sketch he had done; looked at it first this way and then that.

"And you think it advisable," said he, "to waste valuable time upon such rubbish as this?"

"It's not rubbish," said Dicky.

"What is it, then?" demanded Mr. Furlong. "It's like nothing I've ever seen in nature. What do you call this grey part here?"

"That's a meadow."

"But meadows are green."

"Not when the mist's on them."

"But there's no definition in it," continued Mr. Furlong.

"It's the best thing I've done," said Dicky quietly.

"Well—I'm sorry for you if you can't get more definition than that. There's no shape in the thing at all."

"I didn't want to get shape," Dicky replied. "I wanted to get mist. Mist makes everything shapeless."

"Then you've missed it," said his father, and smiled at his little jest. It was no doubt a gentle attempt of his to avoid the argument in which he felt he was the loser. Had Dicky smiled with him perhaps all might have been well. But though he wanted to smile, Dicky kept it back. The matter was too serious for him. To have treated it lightly then would have been false to all his ambition.

With a stolid expression he looked back in his father's eyes, saying nothing.

The subconscious knowledge that his little attempt had failed, the conscious realisation that Dicky had chosen to make himself superior to his humour, irritated Mr. Furlong beyond control. With quivering fingers he tore up the book in front of Dicky's face.

"If I find you pursuing this ridiculous nonsense any longer," he said, and his voice quivered, "wasting your valuable time at the mill, and behaving generally like a young fool, I shall find some drastic means to put a stop to it."

In silence Dicky began to pick up the pieces from the floor.

"Leave those there, sir!" thundered Mr. Furlong.

"You often tell us not to be untidy," said Dicky.

"Leave those there!" repeated Mr. Furlong. "The untidiness I make, I am quite capable of seeing to myself."

That was the early morning of a Good Friday. By half-past ten Mr. Furlong had put on his black coat, his gloves and hat, and come down into the square hall with his prayer-book under his arm. Anne was there waiting. Now that her hair was put up there often seemed to be a look of Christina in her face. Mr. Furlong noticed it that morning. He put his hands on her shoulders and looked into her eyes.

"What is it?" she asked.

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"Nothing," said he. "Where's Dicky?"

Anne knew well enough, but hesitated to say. She had heard what had happened that morning, and all her sympathies were on Dicky's side. As Mr. Furlong went to the foot of the stairs and called, her heart beat a little quicker on Dicky's account. She knew well his frame of mind just then, and trembled for what might happen.

"Dicky!" called Mr. Furlong for the second time and in a louder voice.

After a moment Dicky appeared at the top of the stairs with an old, dilapidated hat in his hand.

"You can't go to church in that hat," said his father.

"I was not going to church," said he.

"Not going to church?"

"No, father."

"Why not?"

"I didn't feel I wanted to."

"But, my dear boy, this is Christ's day."

The face of Bertha Geddes sped across Dicky's mind.

"I'm sorry," he replied. "I know it's Good Friday, but I don't know how you can expect me to feel like going to church after what happened this morning. I'm boiling inside still."

For a moment surprise confused Mr. Furlong's mind. Can there ever be a moment, he asked himself, when a father loses command over his child? And if such a moment must come, then surely with his children it had not come so soon as this? In that moment of confusion he felt alone in the house. These two were against him. He could feel it in the expectant silence of Anne; he could see it in the glitter of Dicky's eye. This was a moment, he told himself, when the heaviness of his hand must be felt. Not the whole life force of the new generation would have made him give in then. Reason and logic he cast from him—for it is ever at a moment like this that a man chooses the wrong weapons—and, going to the foot of the stairs, he clutched the bannisters.

"Get your hat at once," he said. Even through the stillness of his voice Dicky could see there was no control.

"What for?" asked Dicky.

"You're to come to church," said Mr. Furlong.

"I don't see any good in going to church when I hate it."

"Then you'll go to church because you must obey me," thundered his father.

"Of course," said Dicky, "that's a different matter," and he went to get his hat.

All through the reading of the lessons that day—a duty both morning and evening which Mr. Furlong had fulfilled without a break every Sunday for six years—the poor man questioned himself, wondering in his calmer moments whether he had really retained the full power of his authority. In those moments Dicky was drawing faces on little scraps of paper and passing them down the pew to Anne.

That night at prayers Mr. Furlong chose to read a portion of Scripture which dealt with filial duty. His voice had tears in it as he read.

When she had gone to bed Anne heard a noise outside her room and saw a slip of paper thrust under her door. She picked it up. It was a caricature of Mr. Furlong whipping Dicky with the Bible.

Chapter II

Nearing the summit of Bredon Hill there stood in those days an oak tree with wide spreading boughs, with gnarled and knotted trunk, that had faced the winds of a hundred winters and more. For long years its upper branches had been caught by the north-west gales. From the valley below it looked like a Valkyrie woman's head, with loosened hair, combed out in the wind as she might ride to battle.

It was this tree which became a secret place to Dicky and Anne. By slow degrees, visiting it one day and another, they built there, in its branches, a house. None but the most curious traveller would ever have suspected their secret, and there were few but the shepherd who ever climbed the slopes of Bredon Hill.

From the topmost branches Dicky could see wide across the distant country, and on the platform below him, itself some twenty feet above the ground, Anne would sit by the hours together where even the sun could not pierce the dense roof of foliage above her head.

From one branch to another they slung a hammock, taking it in turns to lie there

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with a book through the late hot afternoons of summer. Here, in fact, Dicky first learned the love of reading, beginning that education of himself which he had never pursued at school. One by one he brought up the books from the bookshelves at the mill, returning them again when finished. Carlyle he read devouringly. At that age he found in the "Heroes" all that he needed for great incentive. While Anne sewed and it was his turn to lie in the hammock, he would read aloud to her his favourite passages —passages he had read to himself time and time again.

Dicky learned much in those days. From the topmost branches of the tree he drank in nature as the leaves around him drank the light. He watched the face of the sky until, like the face of a woman he might love, he came to know its every change of expression, to learn the passing meaning of the clouds. It was what he had done before when he lay in Christina's bed in Christina's room. But they told more than stories to him now, those clouds that raced across or lingered in the heavens. He came to know the meaning of them all—the cloud that bears for rain, the cloud that bears for wind, the cloud that a summer breeze had caught, like a sheep strayed far beyond its fold.

And then, at last, there came to Dicky the great incentive, the spirit of inspiration which first set light in him the overpowering desire to conquer all he knew.

It is in the nature of many artists to feel all and know little. They rush to expression then as a man to the pleasure of wine. To them expression is both stimulant and drug. To acquire it they will whip themselves into feeling—a flagellation of the spirit to excite their abnormal passion for Art.

But there are a few—men whom the world has chosen to be great—who not only feel, but know. To these, expression is the natural function of their spirit, the relief which Nature gives to everybody she controls. They, indeed, are fathers of the children of the mind. Their passion for Art is no unnatural one. Their highest aim is not to gratify themselves. Gratification they have indeed—for this is the compensatory balance which Nature has not denied to any man—but they suffer, too, the agony of spirit, such travail as all true women suffer in their great hour of deliverance. So long, then, as they are true to what they know, these men are the fathers of the mind, just as surely as all true women are the mothers of the race. Once let them be false, once let them seek expression for the gratification that it gives, as men seek the light woman for the pleasures she will spare, then you will see the beginning of the end—that end which is the libertinage of Art.

To acquire knowledge then, and to acquire it unceasingly, is the first duty of the artist. He will always feel, for he was born to feel; but knowledge is a prey, as elusive as the doe in flight. To keep it within view, a man must pursue it till the end.

In that Dicky had pursued the knowledge of nature from the first moment when his eyes were clear to see, he was on the way toward that greatness which the name of Richard Furlong carries to us now. Feeling he had had, too, but as yet the great need of expression had not found its full life in him. Both in body and in mind he was still a boy upon the very verge of manhood. It needed but the touch of a woman's hand, the glance of a woman's eye, to launch his spirit on to the waters, to set him forth upon that voyage of discovery from which no man can ever return to the days of his youth.

And ever it is that when the woman is needed, the woman is there. Fate, Destiny—call it what you will—has charge of the spirit that needs a mate. Whenever a boy is at the gates of manhood, Providence finds some woman to lead him through. It is women who make the souls of men, as it is women who give them birth.

One afternoon, late in summer, when he was free from his duties at the mill, Dicky set out for the oak tree where Anne had gone but an hour before him. The roads were dusty, the hedges white. He kept to the fields, walking in the shadows as they fell from the hedgerows.

In his pocket lay a copy of Darwin which, in direct disobedience to his father's commands, he had purchased in Pershore, and was reading day by day in

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his seat in the oak tree. That preface to the *Origin of Species* had brought a lump to his throat as he read. The modest simplicity of so great a man, offering so great a work to the world, in words so unvarnished and so plain, had brought close to him the sense of his own littleness. He felt it to be a just reproof, raising the tears almost to his eyes.

He had been reading it aloud to Anne. Anne sewed and thought she listened; but she heard no more than if the wind had been stirring through the oak leaves. Darwin meant nothing to Anne. Darwin means nothing to any woman; for within her very essence lie revealed all the secrets that he found, lie hidden all the secrets that no man will ever know.

Again and again as he walked Dicky's hand would wander to his pocket to see that the book was safely there. The country all around him had too close a hold upon his thoughts to let him remember for long that it was secure. His eyes were ever watching for effects of light, his mind ever comparing near with distant tones. In those days his eagerness to see, his insensate desire to know, mastered him in everything he did.

It was as he climbed up the hillside, nearing the oak tree, that he heard voices and stood still. Some one was talking to Anne. He could hear her voice in answer. Then some one had discovered their secret—the sacred privacy of that place was gone. He would never be able to bring up his books again and read in the hammock without fear of discovery or interruption. Here was another joy of life broken by a single blow.

"Damn!" said Dicky within himself, then added an apology, but to whom he did not know. It was the first time in his life he had sworn.

After a moment he crept quietly up to a point where he could see the platform in the branches without being seen himself. Anne, as usual, was seated there, as usual sewing, but in the hammock, swinging backwards and forwards in easy enjoyment, was Dorothy Leggatt.

After a moment's hesitation he gave the call to Anne—that whistling of the first bar of the refrain of the British Grenadiers, the very tune with which Dicky enters into this biography. At the end of it he called her name. Even in the sound of his voice, Anne knew her guilt.

"He's awfully angry," she whispered to Dorothy as she swiftly put aside her sewing and commenced to climb to the ground. Dorothy checked the swinging of the hammock, waiting with stilled breath for the verdict upon her presence in the oak tree. She could hear their voices in subdued altercation, but could follow no word that was said.

As soon as Anne had reached the ground, Dicky beckoned to her.

"I don't want her to hear," he said when she had reached his side. "Why on earth did you let her come up? It's all spoiled now. She knows. She'll tell every one."

"She's promised on her dying solemn oath she won't," said Anne. "I made her say it."

"Yes—but why did you let her come?"

"I didn't let her—I couldn't help it. I was up there when she came along, and I sat as quiet as ever I possibly could. But she came right underneath the tree, and then she saw. I told her you wouldn't like it."

"She didn't seem to care much," said Dicky, "swinging about in the hammock. Well—of course it's spoiled it all now. Can't you tell her to go?"

As though she had anticipated the issue of their conversation, Dorothy had descended, and now appeared at the foot of the tree.

"It's all right—I'm going, Anne," said she, and with one short, reproachful glance into Dicky's eyes she had started off down the hillside.

Dicky looked after her, surprise mingling with indecision in his face.

"When did she put her hair up?" he asked presently.

"'Bout a week ago," said Anne. "It makes her look awfully pretty."

"It makes her much older," said Dicky; "she looks quite grown up," and he climbed up slowly into the oak tree.

Chapter III

Dorothy walked back to Eckington a different girl than when she had set out. In that quick instant she had seen the new regard of her in Dicky's eyes,

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had seen it perhaps the more readily since she had anticipated its coming.

There are a thousand signs by which a girl knows that she is approaching womanhood; not one of these, facetious though it may sound, brings such complete realisation as when she lengthens her frock and first puts up her hair. These are the outward and visible signs which herald her entry into that arena where is fought out the everlasting antagonism between men and women.

The nearer you approach barbarism the more formal and ceremonious is this moment made. A dance is given, a party is held. She is shown to the world as a woman. In a barbarous state of things, doubtless she feels it less. But with a girl in such station of life as Dorothy, the moment is one of tremulous and exhilarating excitement.

The concern she had shown at its inception had been ostensibly on account of her appearance. Mrs. Leggatt had done her hair for her, first this way and then that. Considerably more than an hour was spent before both were satisfied. But beneath this outward concern there was the deeper knowledge that now from that moment she was a different being.

When her mother had left her, bidding her good-night, she sat long before the mirror regarding her reflection. From a child she had thought of Dicky, as of a playmate who would not play with her. Now, seeing herself a woman, she thought of Dicky as a man. Would he still pass her by; still look at her with unconcern? The reflection in the mirror could not answer. It looked at her with a faint lifting of the eyebrows, a faint shadow of doubt within the eyes.

Yet this, it seemed, were a more serious matter than the other had been. A new pride she had not dreamed of was involved within her now. She thought of his disregarding her as of old and a hot flush burned in the cheeks of that face she saw reflected in the glass.

Wasn't she pretty? She did not know. In every attitude, at every angle, she looked at her face. It was impossible to think she was ugly. Far away beyond conceit she believed that she looked well; that men would consider her with favour. But would Dicky look at her?

She had stood the looking glass upon her bed, advancing and retreating before it that she might see every effect. Would Dicky look at her? With sudden fingers she undid the blouse about her neck, dragged it from the shoulders, arranging it about her breast as once she had seen her mother dressed on a night when Mr. Allen, the organist, had given a concert in Pershore.

Now would Dicky look at her? As she gazed at herself she felt her heart beat quicker. She saw her lips parted as the breath came hastily between them. In a sudden sense of shame she pushed the mirror back upon the bed and, with trembling fingers, began pulling out the hairpins till her warm brown hair was hanging down once more. For the moment she was a girl again.

The next day she had dressed it once more upon her head, but in a calmer frame of mind; yet in the days that followed, the thought of Dicky returned continuously. At last she had determined to walk past the mill in the hope that she might see him. The mill was working, but Dicky was nowhere to be seen. Continuing her way then to Bredon Hill, she had discovered Anne in the oak tree. Then Dicky had come, and Dicky had looked at her.

Now she was returning to Eckington, a different girl than when she had set out. It hurt her, indeed, that he had been annoyed at finding her there, that he had not wished her to stay. But she had come down from the oak tree of her own accord. By reason of this new pride which she had found, she had determined that no persuasion would ever induce her to stay, and all this decision of action had arisen out of the knowledge that she was a different being. With that dramatic sense which is the gift of every woman, she chose to descend from the oak tree then; to go while they were still talking of her. Dicky had never seen her with her hair done up; wherefore, when she reached the ground, she had anticipated that look in his eyes. The whole way home the remembrance of it thrilled her. Often as she walked along, a smile half parted her lips. When

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any one passed her on the road, instinctively her hand rose to her hair to thrust in a hairpin, to push aside a fine lock of hair which, loosened, had fallen across her eyes.

"Mother," she said to Mrs. Leggatt the next morning as she helped her with the household duties of the day, "mother, when does a man first fall in love?"

Mrs. Leggatt stopped in the work she was doing. Had she been Christina and the question had been asked by Anne, she would have continued her work without a pause.

"Why do you ask that, Dorothy?" she inquired.

"I—I was reading in one of the books father has on the bookshelves——"

"One of those yellow-backed books?"

"Yes."

"What were you reading?"

"About—about a boy of just seventeen falling in love."

Mrs. Leggatt took her daughter's face in her hands and looked sadly into her eyes.

"Are you beginning to think of these things already?" she asked.

"Why—already? I've got my hair up."

"That doesn't make a woman of you, my dear," replied Mrs. Leggatt, and she tried to convince her heart that that was true. "You oughtn't to read those books yet. They weren't written for little girls."

"But I'm not a little girl."

Mrs. Leggatt smiled and took away her hands.

"You say that as if I had said something that wasn't kind. Please God there'll never come a time when you'll long to be able to say it of yourself, not at least until the years compel you to. Why don't you like to be a little girl?"

"I've been a little girl," said Dorothy petulantly; "it's different now. I suppose you don't want to tell me."

"Tell you what?"

"What I asked you—when a man first falls in love."

"What does the yellow-backed book say?"

"Well, I told you. It's about a boy of seventeen. Can a boy of seventeen fall in love?"

"If the book says so I expect it's right."

Dorothy turned away.

"That's not an answer," said she.

"Well, my dear child—how can I answer? A boy of seventeen may just as likely fall in love as a man of fifty. You can never know when it will come to any one—man or woman."

"When did you fall in love?" asked Dorothy.

The poor woman turned away and went on with her work. The tears had gathered quickly in her eyes. It was now more bitterly than ever that she felt the punishment of her folly. She could not look her own child in the face to give her that advice and counsel which every child must need. The very thought that Dorothy knew so little of the past—she would not have asked such questions had it been present in her mind—filled her with a sense of dread for that moment when she must come to know and understand it all.

But something in the line of her shoulders as she turned away brought the consciousness of it quickly to Dorothy's mind. In a moment she was at her mother's side, her arms about her neck. She guessed, but did not know even then. Only the faintest rumours of that scandal had ever reached her ears. Being a child, and in the very house where it had happened, no one had ever spoken of it to her as, at the time, they had spoken freely of it in Eckington. Mr. Allen had been sent away. For many days her mother had been in tears, and for many weeks had never ventured out of the house until it was dark. A sense of shame and disgrace had fallen upon the family, repelling all childish curiosity. She had asked no questions at the time and, since then, life had gone on in its accustomed ways. She had almost forgotten it.

But now upon an impulse, she knew that what she had always guessed was true. Her mother had loved Mr. Allen. With that knowledge came rushing the thousand possibilities vaguely, nebulously, to her mind.

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"Dearest," she whispered. "I'm so sorry—I didn't mean it like that."

The little courage which the wretched woman still possessed was lifted by her daughter's pity.

"Like what?" said she. "Like what?"

"You loved Mr. Allen, didn't you?"

"Did your father tell you that?"

"No."

"Then how did you know?"

"I guessed."

For one moment Mrs. Leggatt looked at Dorothy; one moment in which she yet had hope to keep the secret from her still. The moment passed and then her eyes fell. It was too late. Dorothy was quite right. She was different now. No longer was she a little girl! Something had taught her; some sleeping instinct had awakened. She knew now the meaning that love can bring into a woman's life. There was nothing she could hide from her now. Often and often she had meant to give her a false impression concerning Mr. Allen's sudden departure, but she had left it over long. It was too late now. In a few more months, in a few more days, perhaps, she would come to understand it all. As her eyes fell, she shuddered.

"Mother," said Dorothy presently, when the silence had expressed the countless words which had passed through both their minds, "mother—do you think that's why the Furlongs don't like me to be with them?"

Mrs. Leggatt looked quickly up. A bright light of anger was in her eyes. All a mother's instinct for protection stirred fiercely in her then.

"What have they done?" she asked.

Dorothy told her of what had happened in the oak tree.

"It wasn't Anne at all," she added; "it was Dicky."

Mrs. Leggatt smiled again.

"If it wasn't Anne," said she, "it doesn't matter. It's women who make the laws for women; women who judge their own kind. If it was only Dicky, that's not the reason. Men don't censure women who have loved. It's only women who hate them. They hate them in self-defence. If it was only Dicky, you needn't mind. P'raps he's in love with you and doesn't know it."

It was when she said that, and when she saw the look in Dorothy's eyes, that she would have given years from her life to have those words back again.

Chapter IV

For the whole of the next week, Dicky waited in expectant apprehension of Wilfrid appearing at the oak tree. The days of their friendship were long over. No two boys who once were friends could have grown more dissimilar in their pursuits. During the eighteen months in which Dicky had been away at school in the north, all ties had been severed between them. The growth of Wilfrid's mind had been too slow. When he came back for his last holidays Dicky found that they had nothing in common. Wilfrid had found another companion at his father's school, and there the whole friendship had ended; not in enmity—not in dislike. It had died because there was no food left upon which it could eke out the merest existence.

And now, with growing apprehension, Dicky waited in full confidence, believing that as soon as he had heard of it, Wilfrid would be drawn by the glory of secrecy, and come at once to the oak tree. But Wilfrid never came.

At last Dicky grew to believe that Dorothy had kept her dying solemn oath. She had not told any one. Against all his pre-conceived ideas he found she was capable of regarding a secret.

He thought about this often at night, and with astonishment. For not only had she kept the secret, she also herself had never appeared at the oak tree again. Seeing that now she knew, that seemed rather foolish to Dicky. After a week, he questioned Anne about it.

"I don't see how you could have expected her to have done anything else," said Anne. "You showed her plainly enough that you didn't want her to be there. She's fearfully sensitive. She's always thinking that people don't want to speak to her—because—oh—well, you know why."

"Why?" asked Dicky.

"Her mother, of course."

"Oh!" That had never entered Dicky's head. But now he was taking his first lessons in that strange art of the little

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things which guide the whole course of women's lives. He had not realised till then that Dorothy's life might still be in the shadow of her mother's folly. Whenever he had seen her himself, the thought had never entered his head. Now suddenly he became doubly conscious of it; conscious most of all that this Dorothy, whom he had despised, had a sorrow of her very own to bear, moreover bore it bravely too.

As the thought materialised in his mind, he turned quickly to Anne.

"Ask her to come up to the tree again," said he.

Anne flung her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Dicky!" she exclaimed, "may I really? She will be so glad. And you can read just the same. It won't matter her being there."

Dicky turned away.

"Oh, I don't mean when I'm there," said he. "She wouldn't understand Darwin. She'd hate it. No—you can ask her when I'm not there. I shan't be able to come till at least six to-morrow. There's a huge load coming in in the morning. Take her along with you to-morrow afternoon."

At three o'clock the next day, Dicky heard the click of the catch on the wicket gate. Without inquiring of the reason in his mind, he climbed the ladder into the mill loft, where the grey dust lay deep like snow upon the rafters; there he watched Anne from a window in the gable as she walked along the road toward the hill.

"Lord!" he said aloud, "I wish I was a girl," and of all girls would have been the most miserable in the world had his wish been gratified.

He followed her with his eyes till she was out of sight, wondering, as he climbed down the ladder, what girls found to talk about when they were alone. For the next hour he could think of nothing else but those two, sitting there by themselves in the oak tree, while he had to pursue his monotonous labours in the mill. Loathing his work as he did, the injustice of it was almost unbearable. He kept looking out of the window, with eyes bent longingly in the direction of Bredon Hill.

Of course Dorothy would be gone before he could get there. But would it ever even reach the hour of six when he could start? From the moment the clock had struck four he would look at it every five minutes. It occurred to him then that he had never known how grotesquely long was the period of a man's life. If minutes went as slowly as that, it was well-nigh impossible to have any conception of the three-score years and ten.

At half-past four, Mr. Furlong ordered the trap to be got ready, informing Dicky that he was driving into Pershore. He left instructions for as much work to be done as Dicky could well accomplish by six o'clock.

"If you put your shoulder to the wheel," said he, "you'll be able to get away by six. I believe in working under pressure, it doesn't do anybody any harm."

"I shan't be later anyhow than half-past six," said Dicky.

Mr. Furlong's mind was easy as he drove away. If he works till half-past six, he thought, I can't grumble. But Dicky had not the faintest intention of working for another moment. No sooner had the rumble of the trap's wheels died away along the road than he was using the utmost of his persuasions to induce one of the men in the mill to do the work for him. By bribery and that corruption of the way Dicky had with him when his needs were great, he gained his point. Will'um agreed to do his work as well as his own. The sixpence a week which Dicky was now getting in pocket money was pledged for a fortnight in order to gain his ends.

He could not have said why on this afternoon in particular he was so anxious to be free. The sky was cloudless, the sun a fierce flame in the heavens. There were none of those tones of light across the meadows or in the shadow of the hills to stir his interest in the countryside. The sun was bleaching the colour out of the world. Even the distant forests which could be as blue as the seas of the Orient, were paled to a misty grey. The heat was intense. Only the incessant hum of insects, the bees in the meadows, the dragon-flies across the reeds, gave evidence that the world was

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yet alive. Not a leaf stirred on the willow trees. It was the insects alone that dared to move on so hot a day.

As soon as he had made sure that his duties would be done, Dicky effected his escape. He closed the wicket gate in silence and started running down the road. By the road was the shortest way. True, it was dusty and hotter there than through the meadows. A flock of sheep in the distance, with the old shepherd at their heels, raised a white cloud of dust that hung about them as they walked. But Dicky chose the road.

"Afternoon, Master Dicky," said the shepherd, "'e be in a fair hurry for a hot day."

Dicky wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Mr. Angel," he said, coming up close to the shepherd's side, "don't ever say you saw me out here this afternoon."

"I woan't, indeed," said the shepherd slowly; "but look you, supposin' I'm asked—what be I to do then?"

"I suppose you wouldn't tell a lie?" suggested Dicky.

"No—indeed no," said the shepherd. "How could I do that if I were asked fair an' square? How could I say I didn't see you when I did?"

"You mightn't have seen me," said Dicky, "if I'd gone by the meadows; but I should have been out all the same. You can't work in a mill on a day like this. I can't. Well—that's what you can do—imagine I went by the meadows—you needn't really have seen me at all. I don't suppose you'll be asked anyhow."

Feeling then that he had wasted enough time over a purely hypothetical possibility, Dicky went on with lengthy strides. The shepherd followed behind with his sheep, watching his swiftly diminishing figure.

"That's right enough," said he to himself, "if he'd gone by the meadows; but if Mr. Furlong asks me did I see 'en on the road, what be I to do then but say I did? Mrs. Angel might know summuat else I could say. I'm dommed if I do."

In less than twenty minutes, Dicky had reached the foot of the hill, had stopped, breathless, to whistle the call. Before he had finished it, there came the answering whistle from the oak tree and, as he mounted the steep hill path, he listened keenly for the sound of voices. Everything was silent. A heron soared over the hill through the burnished blue of the sky, sinking down to the trees that clustered by the river. Dicky watched that great comprehensive sweeping of the wings. In the vast silence about him, it almost seemed that he could hear the whirr of the beating pinions as the great bird passed overhead.

As soon as he had partially gained his breath, he set to the same pace again up the hill. Presently he saw the figure of Anne descending to meet him. Then she was alone. Imperceptibly his pace slackened in a scarcely conscious sense of disappointment.

"What is it?" he asked before she had reached his side.

"I thought you weren't coming till after six," said Anne. "Dorothy's still there."

"Oh—well, it doesn't matter," said Dicky. "If she doesn't like my reading, she'll have to put up with it. I got Will'um to do my work. Father's gone in to Pershore."

"I don't expect she'll mind," said Anne.

It was full of embarrassment, that meeting of theirs in the oak tree. Dicky felt the warmth in his cheeks, and said it was the hottest day they had had that year. Dorothy leaned uncomfortably against one of the branches with a none too certain foothold. She felt as though everything were slipping from beneath her feet. Even the consciousness of being so high above the ground made her feel suddenly ill-at-ease.

"Where are you going to sit?" asked Dicky, "because I'm going to read. I suppose you'd better lie in the hammock, hadn't you?"

"No—I can sit here easily," she replied. "I can sit on the platform, Dicky. You always have the hammock, don't you?"

"Did Anne say that?" he asked.

"I said you liked it," said Anne; "but we take it in turns. It's your turn today. That's what I told Dorothy."

Dicky spread out the hammock, then looked at Dorothy.

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"In you get," said he. And she obeyed.

For half an hour then, Dicky's voice made a dim monotonous note in the silence of the day. He found the *Origin of Species* more difficult to understand then than he had done at other times. The passages seemed more complex. He was scarcely aware that there were moments when his eyes wandered from the printed page to the profile of Dorothy's face as she lay in the hammock. He did not realise that it is difficult to follow the intricate law of Evolution, considering at the same time the suddenly discovered beauties of a woman's face. Anne had been quite right. Dorothy was a prettier girl since she had put up her hair. He could not follow what difference it had made. He did not even know where her prettiness lay. It had not been in the nature of his instinct in Art to consider the beauties of line in a woman's face. He did not perceive in the warm fulness of her lips that promise of caresses—a promise which has beauty in itself.

It did not appeal to him that the whole line of her face, from her forehead to her throat, had a grace of proportion, that the grey eyes were set honestly and wide apart. It was more he liked the character he saw; yet character there was little. A certain degree of patience, a great look of fidelity in the eyes, a need for great love that lay in the half-drooping corners of her mouth.

But of real character this was all. She had few of the subtleties of her sex, none of its brilliant flashes of a superior intelligence. Yet the character he found there made Dicky say to himself that Anne was right. Dorothy was prettier since she had put up her hair. Thinking all these things, he went on reading aloud, wondering why the *Origin of Species* was so difficult to understand.

"Getting tired of it?" he asked presently, looking up from the pages.

Both of them stirred quickly and emphatically declared that they were not. He was surprised at the sound of genuine interest in their voices, not realising that he had asked because he was getting tired of it himself.

Presently Anne laid down her work.

"Wait a moment, Dicky," she said. "Dorothy, did I give you a piece of that stuff to hold when we came up?"

Dorothy shook her head.

"Well, just see if you're lying on it in the hammock."

Dicky waited. The piece of material was not to be found. Anne rolled up the sewing in her lap.

"I shall have to go back," said she. "I must get this finished to-day, and I've left a piece behind me." She rose to her feet. Dorothy began slowly to descend from the hammock.

"Are you both going?" exclaimed Dicky.

"I must," said Anne.

"I suppose I'd better," said Dorothy.

Dicky shut up the book.

"Oh, I say! What awful rot! After sweating all this way out here."

The sublime selfishness of his sex did not seem to appeal to any of them. The world is full of women who are content to listen to the *Origin of Species;* the world is full of men who expect such contentment of them. Here they were, studying Darwin's law of Selection, with the very law taking force under their eyes, and none of them, not even Dicky himself, had understood a word of what he had been reading.

"Dorothy needn't come," said Anne. In the back of her heart, far behind her own consciousness, she had determined that Dorothy should stay.

"Well, I don't suppose she cares very much for the reading," said Dicky, hoping, without knowing it, that he might put it to her pride to stay.

Dorothy looked from one to the other.

"But p'raps you wouldn't care to go alone, Anne?" she asked, and put it to the pride of Anne that she might say she would.

"Of course I don't mind going alone," declared Anne, and started quickly to climb to the ground.

"Don't tell the pater where I am when he comes back," Dicky called out after her. "Will'um's going to say I left off at a quarter-past six."

Anne made her promise. She smiled when she reached the ground.

"Who'd ever have thought," she said to herself. "He used to call her a little

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ass. I wonder if he got away on purpose."

High up in the oak tree, as she descended the hill, Anne heard the droning note of Dicky's voice as he started reading once more. With every step it grew fainter until, at last, she heard it no more. The thought sped across her mind that he must have stopped altogether. She smiled once more.

Chapter V

Solemnly Dicky read of the habits of crustaceans while Dorothy lay back on her cushion in the hammock and watched his face. Whenever he looked in her direction, her eyes were swift to the dense canopy of leaves overhead. Not once did their several glances meet. Still Dicky read on, the words coming slower and slower, laboured and more laboured in their meaning, until he scarcely realised the sense of it at all.

"Sure you're not tired of it?" he asked again.

Most earnestly Dorothy assured him she was not.

"He must have been a wonderful old man—Darwin," said Dicky, and he closed the book with his finger marking the page.

"Wonderful," said Dorothy.

"Fancy to have thought all that out, steadily, for years and years, and then to write it all down. I'd like to do something that'ud take me years and years."

"Something at the mill?"

"Lord, no! I hate the mill!"

"Do what then?"

"Paint a picture."

"Yes—Anne told me."

"Told you what?"

"About your wanting to be a painter."

Dicky laid down the book. There were things more interesting to him just then than the *Origin of Species*.

"Anne doesn't really know," said he, and then, as he looked at her, she looked back at him, and he thought it seemed as if she would understand everything. "It's no good really telling Anne," he went on. "She's an awful brick, but I can see she doesn't know. It's no good really telling her."

Dorothy turned round on her cushion and, in a voice half whispering, half pleading—

"Tell me," she said.

"You'd only laugh at me," he replied. "Anne 'ud laugh, too. The pater 'ud be mad."

"I wouldn't laugh, Dicky," said she.

That was the first time in his life that Dicky really knew he had heard the voice of a woman. He looked out through a window in the foliage of the oak tree. The sun was dropping slow through the heavens, the humming insects were winging homeward with their spoil. Far away on the road to Little Cumberton he could see an old man, stepping it slowly through the dust in the shadow of the hedges. A bundle was on his shoulder. His back was bent. Further away still, in a bend where the river lay open in the meadows, the red cattle and the white were knee-deep in the silver water. He thought the world was very wonderful.

"I'm going to be a painter," he said, turning suddenly. "One of these days I'm going to leave the mill. I don't care what any one says. If the pater doesn't let me go, I shall run away."

"You won't leave Eckington, Dicky?" she asked quickly.

"Leave Eckington!" he laughed, and it hurt right in her heart. "What's the good of Eckington? I shall go to London."

She looked away and was silent. Who could say how much of the future she saw then? Women have that sight of which a man knows nothing.

For that instant Dicky had been riding in the vault of heaven on the clouds of his ambition. When suddenly he realised her silence, he came to earth.

"Would you mind if I went to London?"

Still she looked away and still was silent. But in those days Dicky knew nothing of women's silences. He had yet to learn how it is in the things she leaves undone, the words she leaves unsaid, a woman says more a thousand times then ever is asked of her. She was telling him then that she loved him with every beating of her heart, with every silence of her lips. Dicky thought

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she did not care even enough to answer, and longed to make her say that she would mind his going, but knew no means to accomplish his desire. He saw her hand lying idly over the side of the hammock, and wondered if he touched it what she would say.

After long moments he asked her if she believed in palmistry. At the unexpected question, she turned with lifted eyebrows and with puzzled eyes.

"Anne's got a book," said he, holding out his hand. "That's the line of Fate and these are the lines of Art. The book says I shall do something in Art. I—I wonder if you'll ever do anything."

With all ingenuousness she held out her palm for him to see. He took her hand timidly in his. However cold the blood may be, hands can be warm. It is not a bodily warmth, but the very touch of them can tingle through the veins. Both felt the sudden warmth within them as his fingers closed over her wrists. For this is the first caress of lovers and, in those early moments, means as much as any touching of the lips.

The power of speech was gone from Dicky then. He could only sit in silence holding her hand, looking at the lines upon her palms, yet seeing only the smooth skin, following only the lines of her arm to where the sleeve of her dress hid it from his eyes.

In moments, Dorothy watched his face, wondering why he had spoken of palmistry, seeing he had said nothing of it since. At the hazardous risk of losing the touch of his hand, she took her own away and shifted her position in the hammock. While she was moving Dicky did nothing; but when she had settled down again, he leaned forward as casually as he could to where her hand lay out on the hammock's edge. In the firm belief that he had concealed his own clumsiness, he took it in his own once more.

She caught a short breath in her throat. She knew now. He had never meant to talk of palmistry at all. It had been worth the risk to learn so much.

There then for long minutes they sat without speaking. At last, with ready apprehension, Dicky's fingers stroked the softness of her wrist. Neither because she wanted to, nor because she thought she ought, Dorothy was about to take her hand away. But his fingers were ready, and his fingers held her fast.

"Does it matter?" he whispered.

And she whispered it did not.

So he still caressed her hands. Lest she might become nervous of it again, from time to time he made remarks, the most casual in the world.

"Do you like it up here?" he asked.

Dorothy nodded her head.

Again, after a long pause, he inquired if she had told Wilfrid of their secret.

"No," said she.

"Why not?"

"I knew you weren't friends with him now—besides, Anne made me swear."

Dicky looked for one instant in her eyes and then made up his mind. However daring a thing it was to do, he meant to do it then. Whatever it cost, and if she would never speak to him again, his determination was fixed. With his heart hammering in his breast and a hot wind beating on his forehead, he bent suddenly over her hand, kissing the fingers that he held.

There was one moment of a vibrating pause. Their hearts were leaping in a wild excitement. Something had happened, something had been said in silence, a thousand times more sudden and arresting than if a voice had hailed them from the hill below. He knew what it meant; she knew what it meant. It was the suddenness of it that frightened them both.

Dorothy looked at him with burning cheeks.

"We ought to be going," she said in a breath.

Having carried out his intention, Dicky was ready to obey. In silence they climbed down from the oak tree. In silence, through all that distance from the hill, they walked back toward Eckington.

When at the mill they parted, Dicky spoke at last.

"Are you angry with me?" he said.

Dorothy just shook her head and smiled.

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Chapter VI

In a few hours Dicky had discovered a new world. He had crossed the plains, had penetrated into the deep shadows of the valleys, had mounted the high hills and now, upon the other side, there stretched before him, at his feet, a land of gold, a land of sunshine, a land of such promise as made his heart leap and the blood go racing in his veins.

He was in love; wildly, passionately, overwhelmingly in love. The suddenness of it bewildered him, yet he wondered constantly in his thoughts why he had not found out his love for Dorothy years and years ago.

Again and again he told himself that it must have been meant from the beginning. Then why had he only learned it now? He, too, remembered how he had thought her a little fool. He laughed aloud in the darkness as he lay in bed that night, calling the thoughts back to his mind. A little fool! She was the most wonderful creature in the world! He said her name aloud—Dorothy; then lay there listening to the echoes of it as they reverberated down into the very depths of his consciousness.

At sunrise he was awake. Sleep is no luxury to a boy in love. Indeed, he may dream, but the night is wasted when no dreams have come. In the daytime, with all his thoughts, he makes the world be full of her. She sings in the throat of every thrush, her voice is there in the tinkling music of the running brook, she whispers in the leaves that rustle to each gentle wind. There is nothing living in the world but her.

Before the sun was well into the heavens, Dicky was making his way up the pathway on Bredon Hill. The clocks of the churches in Little Cumberton and Eckington rang out the hour of five in a distant chorus as he climbed the branches into the oak tree. This was where it had all happened. There was the hammock in which she lay. He stood looking at it with all that awe and wonder of a pilgrim at a shrine. There, indeed, the miracle had been wrought; there he had held her hand, there looked into her eyes and seen the whole meaning of life, why the earth had been made and he been born in it. There was no need now for the smallness of a fieldmouse or the nimbleness of a wren. He had discovered why God had made the world. It was that he, Dicky, might love Dorothy as no man had ever loved a woman before.

For long moments he stood by the side of the hammock, living again that hour when they had been alone; living in swift imagination the countless hours that lay before them. There was some purpose in it, he knew that. Not knowing what purpose it was, he fulfilled it in all the blindness of his desire.

In a little cupboard they had built out of an old box on the platform, Dicky kept the paint box Christina had given him, together with all the impedimenta he required. To this cupboard he went, almost unconscious of the need that urged him. The world was there below him. With the divine conceit of a boy in love, with that outrageous pride of power, he set to work to paint a picture of the world, a picture of all life, of all romance. He painted a picture of the sun.

This was the greatest failure he had made. Away beyond him in that white light of heat, the fields, the river, the whole country side was lying breathless in pale sunshine. There was no form to mould, no lines were there to draw. The river moved through fields of gold and, like a serpent gliding through the shimmering grass, vanished in silver mist, that had no beginning and no end. Such shadows of the trees as fell were toned in gold, transparent as a dragon-fly's wing. No subject was there there for him to paint but the greatest subject of all—Romance—the breathing, golden, all-effulgent light whose soul and being is the very sun itself. Dicky painted a picture of the sun.

For two hours he sat there. At last he rose and put his paints away in the cupboard. For one moment he looked at the sheet of paper in his hand. It was all white, as spotless as when he had torn it from the block. He had done nothing. This was the greatest failure he had made, the greatest failure which had brought him nearest to success.

That picture took him ten years to paint, and he began it that day in the

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oak tree. Now every one knows Richard Furlong's picture called—Romance. It is not so many years ago since it passed into the possession of the French Government. It is the same picture which that early morning he began with a blank white sheet of paper.

Chapter VII

The days of Dicky's love-making came and went. Their passing was so swift he could not mark their going. It was autumn again and the oak leaves were red before he could believe the summer had really gone.

They had been alone a great deal together. Dorothy would accompany him long distances into the country to sit beside him while he sketched. His energy for work then was uncontrolled. Yet during all that time he had never touched her hand again or said one word of what had passed when they were alone together in the oak tree.

For long hours at night, Dorothy would lie awake with wondering mind. She loved. She was content with that. In the shallows of her heart she believed that Dicky loved her. He kept her closely with him wherever he went. But in the quiet depths of her consciousness —those depths which a woman only fathoms when her heart is beating in the stillness of the night—she was unsatisfied with the progress of their love. Something was needed to make it live with that burning reality which love meant to her. In what it lacked she could not guess. He might take her hand again; he might kiss it again as he had done that day in the oak tree. He might even kiss her lips. And when she thought of that, her heart throbbed wildly in her breast; she laid her head in faintness on her pillow, murmuring his name beneath her breath.

But none of these things did Dicky do. He had caught the first meaning of Romance and, as a boy when he catches the first butterfly of the year, feared as yet to touch it with his hands lest he should bruise its wings.

As surely as the day must vanish into night, the night unfold its darkness and set free the day once more, so surely did Dicky know that the moment would come when Dorothy would be in his arms and his lips be seeking hers. So the thousand lovers proved their love. But his was like no other love the world had ever known. In those first days when he had seen Romance, such proof of love as this would have brought it all to earth. It was in the spirit of it he lived; in the spirit of it he worked with an untiring energy while Dorothy sat beside him, waiting for the hour when she might truly know.

And so the days of summer fell behind them into autumn. One night as she passed her daughter's room, Mrs. Leggatt stopped, hearing the sound of sobbing from within. She listened, making doubly sure. Then she turned the handle and went in.

"Dorothy?" she whispered.

The sobbing ceased.

"What is it?" she asked and knelt beside the bed. "What is it? Aren't you well?"

A broken voice assured her that she was.

"Then what's the matter?"

There was no reply. It needed the gentleness of her arms, the quiet, soothing fingers on her daughter's head, before Mrs. Leggatt could bring the story from Dorothy's lips. Mrs. Leggatt's heart misgave her as she listened. The world was very old; was very changeless in the midst of all its changes. Adam and Eve might well, indeed, have been turned out of the Garden, but they had only been driven into the world. She laid her head upon Dorothy's pillow, adding a sigh to her daughter's tears when the little story was ended.

"But if you're sure he loves you," she asked presently, "isn't that enough?"

Dorothy was silent.

"Isn't it? Isn't it?" persisted Mrs. Leggatt. "What more can you want but that?"

"But he doesn't say so," whispered Dorothy. "He doesn't show it. Never —not once since that first day when— when he—held my hand and—then— kissed it. He asked me that day if I was angry. Perhaps when I only shook my head he didn't understand that I meant —no. But I know he'd wanted to take my hand. It hadn't been anything to do

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with looking at the lines, because I took it away to see, and he got it back again as soon as he could."

In the darkness, Mrs. Leggatt smiled; a smile in which no thought of laughter lay concealed. You smile at memories that only bring you pain; it is the gentle smile of recognition. That is all.

"Well—if he wishes to be with you now," she said, "isn't that proof enough? Isn't that all that you need? It is so easy to get more, and when it comes it's always more than you ask. 'The little more and how much it seems—' I must read Browning to you. It was read to me once. But it's never the little more you get, for the little more is the very edge and then—oh—what more do you want?"

"If he—if only he——" she could not bring herself to say the words.

"If only he kissed you, Dorothy—is that it? Oh, he'll do that one day, my little girl; why should you want it now? He may love you to-day better than ever he will in his life again. Oh—isn't it the world?—it's the world all over again! Be content, my dear, be content with little. It is just the more a woman wants which makes the much more that she gets. Be content with little—it is enough."

She could give no better advice than this. In her good-hearted but foolish way the poor woman could not find it in her conscience to adopt an attitude of stern reproval. Her own folly was known. How could she pose in virtuous censure of this very passion to which she herself had given way? It was the world, she had said, it was the world all over again. It stirred up memories which for years she had striven to subdue. She could only speak from them. All she said was true—only too true, with that painful truth which comes from bitter experience. But it was no advice from a mother to her child.

She may have thought her words contained a warning, saving Dorothy from the abyss into which she herself had fallen, but their effect was far from what she supposed. The great tide of Nature which turns in every woman at such an age had fully turned in Dorothy then. She loved Dicky with her whole heart and understanding. There was nothing else in Life for her but this. To that end, therefore, of its complete and perfect comprehension, she set the whole purpose of her mind. Nothing more than this was to be gained. She knew nothing of, nor cared for, the development it brought her. The moment a girl becomes a woman, her development is complete. She can become no more. The experiences of Life lie still in front of her; they harden or soften as they come. But in the development of purpose in her soul, the journey of a woman's life finds its completion when love comes knocking at her heart, and, in answer to its summons, she steps forth into the light of womanhood.

To Dorothy, the advice her mother had given her served only to quicken her mind to its end. If it were not the little more which she needed, but the much more she would get, what was that more, and could it ever be too much?

(To be continued)

THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

The Bookfellow, Sidney, Australia:

Meadow and Bush. By James Hebblethwaite.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Battle of Gettysburg and Other Poems. By Thomas A. T. Hanna.

The Women of the Iliad. A Metrical Translation of the First Book and of Other Passages in which Women Appear. By Hugh Woodruff Taylor.

Paul Elder and Company:

Eric's Book of Beasts. Done in Water-Colours, and Accompanied with Appropriate Jingles by David Starr Jordan.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The White Hills in Poetry. An Anthology. Edited by Eugene R. Musgrove. With an Introduction by Samuel M. Crothers.

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The Macmillan Company:
A Little Book of Nonsense.

Thomas B. Mosher:
Songs Before Birth. By Isabelle Howe Fiske.

A. M. Robertson:
The Inverted Torch and Other Poems. By Samuel John Alexander.
A California Troubadour. By Clarence Thomas Urmy.

George Routledge and Sons, London:
Bonbons. By Francis P. Savinien.

Sherman, French and Company:
"Where It Listeth." By Mary Norsworthy Shepard.
A Prairie Prayer and Other Poems. By Hilton R. Greer.
The Ban of Balduibane: An Epic. By Henry R. Gibson.

Woodcox and Fanner:
In Cupid's Chains, and Other Poems. By Benjamin F. Woodcox.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

George H. Doran Company:
The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi. Translated by Mary Prichard-Agnetti from the Documents Collected and Edited by Thomas Palamenghi-Crispi. 2 volumes.

Duffield and Company:
A Cosmopolitan Actor, David Garrick, and His French Friends. By Frank A. Hedgcock.

E. P. Dutton and Company:
Annals of the Irish Harpers. By Charlotte Milligan Fox.

Henry Holt and Company:
The World's Leading Poets: Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe. By H. W. Boynton.
The World's Leading Painters: Leonardo Da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Velasquez and Rembrandt. By George B. Rose.
Christopher Columbus, and the New World of His Discovery. A Narrative by Filson Young. With a Note on the Navigation of Columbus's First Voyage by the Earl of Dunraven, K.P.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
Charles Dickens: The Man and His Work. By Edwin Percy Whipple. 2 volumes.

Mitchell Kennerley:
My Life in Prison. By Donald Lowrie.

John Lane Company:
Recollections of Guy De Maupassant. By His Valet François. Translated from the French by Nina Round.
G. K. Chesterton: A Criticism. Anon.

Moffat, Yard and Company:
Harriet Hosmer: Letters and Memories. Edited by Cornelia Carr.

C. V. Mosby Company:
Augustus Charles Bernays: A Memoir. By Thekla Bernays.

The Neale Publishing Company:
Champ Clark. By W. L. Webb.

Sturgis and Walton Company:
The Life of Nietzsche. Volume I. The Young Nietzsche. By Frau Förster-Nietzsche. Translated by Anthony M. Ludovici.

HISTORY, TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Published by Author:
The Battle of April 19, 1775, in Lexington, Concord, Lincoln, Arlington, Cambridge, Somerville and Charleston, Massachusetts. By Frank Warren Coburn.

The Century Company:
The Strangling of Persia: Story of the European Diplomacy and Oriental Intrigue that Resulted in the Denationalization of Twelve Million Mohammedans. A Personal Narrative. By W. Morgan Shuster.

Duffield and Company:
The Byways of Paris. By Georges Cain. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton.

E. P. Dutton and Company:
Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London. By A. St. John Adcock.
Two Visits to Denmark. 1872, 1874. By Edmund Gosse.
London's Underworld. By Thomas Holmes.
The Charterhouse of London: Monastery, Palace and Thomas Sutton's Foundation. By William F. Taylor.
Neighbourhood. A Year's Life In and About an English Village. By Tichner Edwardes.

Harper and Brothers:
The Day of the Saxon. By Homer Lea.

Henry Holt and Company:
Social France. At the Time of Philip Augustus. By Achille Luchaire. Authorised Translation from the Second Edition of the French by Edward Benjamin Krehbiel.

Charles H. Kerr and Company:
History of the Supreme Court of the United States. By Gustavus Myers.

McBride, Nast and Company:
Planning a Trip Abroad. By Blair Jaekel, F.R.G.S.
Andorra, the Hidden Republic. Its Origin and Institutions, and the Record of a Journey Thither. By Lewis Gaston Leary.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
The Secret of the Pacific. A Discussion of the Origin of the Early Civilisations of America: The Toltecs, Aztecs, Mayas, Incas and Their Predecessors, and of the Possibilities of Asiatic Influence Thereon. By C. Reginald Enock, F.R.G.S.

Sherman, French and Company:
The Rise of the Modern Spirit in Europe. A Study of the Pre-Reformation Age in Its Social, Scientific and Literary Aspects. By George S. Butz, Ph.D.

Small, Maynard and Company:
In Forbidden China. The D'Ollone Mission. 1906-1909. China, Tibet, Mongolia. By Vicomte D'Ollone. Translated from the French of the Second Edition by Bernard Miall.

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Tripoli the Mysterious. By Mabel Loomis Todd.
White Mountain Trails. Tales of the Trails. To the Summit of Mount Washington and Other Summits of the White Hills. By Winthrop Packard.

RELIGION, SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

R. F. Fenno and Company:
The Strenuous Life Spiritual and the Submissive Life. By A. Van Der Naillen.

Maspeth Publishing House:
The Philosophy of the Future. By S. S. Hebbard.

The Pilgrim Press:
The Culture of Religion: Elements of Religious Education. By Emil Carl Wilm, Ph.D.

Sherman, French and Company:
Christ Among the Cattle: A Sermon. Preached in the First Congregational Church, Portland, Oregon. Sixth Edition, Revised and Corrected. By Frederic Rowland Marvin.
Endeavors After the Spirit of Religion. By Arthur G. Beach.
Revelation and Its Record. By William W. Guth.

Small, Maynard and Company:
The Story of Evolution. By Joseph McCabe.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:
The Sheriff of Badger. A Tale of the Southwest Borderland. By George Pattullo.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:
A Man in the Open. By Roger Pocock.

Broadway Publishing Company:
The Prophet. By "N."
The Flower of the Season. By Nannie Deaderick Betts.

W. B. Conkey Company:
A Cowboy Detective. A True Story of Twenty-two Years with a World-Famous Detective Agency. By Charles A. Siringo.

George H. Doran Company:
The Golightlys: Father and Son. By Laurence North.
Seegar and Cigareet. By Jack Hines.
The Frontier. By Maurice Leblanc. Translated by Alexander Teixeira De Mattos.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
The White Waterfall. By James Francis Dwyer.
The Guests of Hercules. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

Duffield and Company:
Mene Tekel: A Tale of Strange Happenings. By Augusta Groner. English Version by Grace Isabel Colbron.

E. P. Dutton and Company:
The Good Girl. By Vincent O'Sullivan.
The Widow Woman. By Charles Lee.
Paul Carah, Cornishman. By Charles Lee.
Our Little Town, and Other Cornish Tales and Fancies. By Charles Lee.
The Permanent Uncle. By Douglas Goldring.
Bypaths in Dixie. By Sarah Johnson Cocke.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
The Blue Wall. A Story of Strangeness and Struggle. By Richard Washburn Child.

Jewish Publication Society:
The Sign Above the Door. By William W. Canfield.

Mitchell Kennerley:
The Mastering Flame. Anon.

John Lane Company:
Elsie Lindtner. A Sequel to "The Dangerous Age." By Karin Michaëlis Stangeland. Authorised Translation by Beatrice Marshall.
Elizabeth in Retreat. By Margaret Westrup.
The Dewpond. By Charles Marriott.

J. B. Lippincott Company:
The Raid of the Guerilla, and Other Stories. By Charles Egbert Craddock.
The Penitent. By René Bazin.
Both Sides of the Shield. By Major Archibald W. Butt, U. S. A. With a Foreword by William H. Taft, and a Short Account of the Author's Life.

A. C. McClurg and Company:
Mrs. Spring Fragrance. By Sui Sin Far (Edith Eaton).

The Macmillan Company:
The Brothers Karamozov: A Novel in Four Parts and an Epilogue. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. From the Russian by Constance Garnett.

Outing Publishing Company:
The Triangle Cupid. By Charles Alden Seltzer.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:
Paul the Minstrel and Other Stories. Reprinted from "The Hill of Trouble" and "The Isles of Sunset." By Arthur Christopher Benson.

William Rickey and Company:
A Butterfly on the Wheel. By C. Ranger Gull.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
The Turnstile. By A. E. W. Mason.
Davidée Birot. By René Bazin.

Sherman, French and Company:
A Plaything of the Gods. By Carl Gray.

Small, Maynard and Company:
Wilhelmina Changes Her Mind. By Florence Morse Kingsley.
The Isle of Strife. By George C. Shedd.
The Mysterious Card. By Cleveland Moffatt.

MISCELLANEOUS

Published by Author:
The Social World. By J. M. Moncada. Translated into English by Aloysius C. Gahan.

American Association for Highway Improvement:
The Official Good Roads Year Book of the United States.

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American Book Company:
Masterpieces of English Drama. General Editor, Felix E. Schelling:
Christopher Marlowe. With Introduction by William Lyon Phelps.
Beaumont and Fletcher. Edited by Felix E. Schelling.
Webster and Tourneur. With Introduction by Ashley H. Thorndike.

D. Appleton and Company:
The Care of the Skin and Hair. By William Allen Pusey, A.M., M.D.
Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America, with Introductory Chapters on the Study of Birds in Nature. By Frank J. Chapman. Revised Edition.

Albert Brandt:
Elegies, Ancient and Modern. With an Introductory Study of the History of Elegiac Poetry from the Earliest Days Down to the Present Time. By Mary Lloyd.

The Century Company:
English Composition and Style: A Handbook for College Students. By William T. Brewster, A.M.
Century Readings in United States History. Edited by Charles L. Barstow:
Explorers and Settlers.
The Colonists and the Revolution.
A New Nation.
The Westward Movement.
The Civil War.
The Progress of a United People.

George F. Cram:
New Census Edition of Cram's Junior Atlas of the World. Containing a Complete Series of Newly Engraved Maps of Each State, Foreign Countries and United States Possessions. With New Census Information.

E. P. Dutton and Company:
Hopson on Auction. By Francis Johnstone Hopson. The New Count "Royals," Together with the Rules of Auction Bridge as Adopted by the Whist Club of New York and Published Through the Courtesy of the Whist Club.
Everyman's Library. Edited by Ernest Rhys:
The Life of Mazzini. By Bolton King, M.A.
The Invisible Playmate, W. V., Her Book, and In Memory of W. V. By William Canton.
Piers Plowman, the Vision of a People's Christ. By William Langland.
Arthurian Tales and Chronicles. Represented by Wace and Layamon.

The Editor Company:
The Fiction Factory. By John Milton Edwards: Being the Experience of a Writer Who, for Twenty-two Years, Has Run a Story Mill Grinding Successfully.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:
Swimming Scientifically Taught. A Practical Manual for Young and Old. By Frank Eugen Dalton, P.S.A.

R. J. Haight:
Modern Park Cemeteries. By Howard Evarts Weed, M.S.

Harper and Brothers:
Festivals and Plays. In Schools and Elsewhere. By Percival Chubb, former Director of Festivals in the Ethical Culture School, New York, and His Associates of the School Staff.

The Health Culture Company:
Beauty of the Highest Type. A Scientific and Artistic Aim for a Nobler Beauty. By Caroline Williams Le Favre.

Henry Holt and Company:
Illustrated Key to the Wild and Commonly Cultivated Trees of the Northeastern United States and Adjacent Canada, Based Primarily Upon Leaf Characters. By J. Franklin Collins and Howard W. Preston.

Home University Library:
39. Reconstruction and Union. 1865-1912. By Paul Leland Haworth, Ph.D.
40. The English Language. By Logan Pearsall Smith, M.A.
41. Psychology: The Study of Behaviour. By William McDougall, M.B.
42. The Principles of Physiology. By John Gray McKendrick.
43. Matter and Energy. By Frederick Soddy.
44. Buddhism: A Study of the Buddhist Norm. By Mrs. Rhys Davis, M.A.
45. English Literature: Medieval. By W. P. Ker, M.A.
46. English Sects: A History of Noncomformity. By W. B. Selibe, M.A., D.D.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of June and the 1st of July:

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

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ALBANY, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

Juveniles

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
2. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. The Life of Woodrow Wilson. Hale. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

1. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
2. The Girls of Friendly Terrace. Smith. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Peter and Polly. Wilkinson. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Pleasures and Palaces. Tompkins. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. Memoirs of Francesco Crispi. Crispi. (Doran.) $7.00.
4. The Loss of the SS. Titanic. Beeseley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

Juveniles

No report.

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BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) $3.00.

Juveniles

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. The Last Try. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Molly McDonald. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Pipe Smoke Carry. Taylor. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
4. Wisconsin. Howe. (Scribner.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. The Bantam. Corcoran. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Alma of Hadley Hall. Breitenbach. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Children in the Little Old Red House. Douglas. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Secret Service. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. His Worldly Goods. Tuttle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. Decameron. Boccaccio. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
4. George Bernard Shaw. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.

Juveniles

1. Books by Amy Chapin Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Books by Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
5. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.00.
6. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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DALLAS, TEX.

Fiction

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. American Government. Haskin. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Men Who Sell Things. Moody. (McClurg.) $1.00.

Juveniles

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Squirrel Cage. Canfield. (Holt.) $1.35.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $.125.
5. Lonesome Land. Bower. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. His Worldly Goods. Tuttle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

Juveniles

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Prince and Betty. Wodehouse. (Watt.) $1.25.
4. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. Land Birds East of the Rockies. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

1. Alma at Hadley Hall. Breitenbach. (Page.) $1.20.
2. The Children in the Little Old Red House. Douglas. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
3. Cliff Sterling, Stroke of the Crew. Pattin. (McKay.) $1.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. The Quiet Courage. Appleton. (Stewart, Kidd.) $1.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Super Race. Nearing. (Huebsch.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

1. The Story of Christopher Columbus. Moores. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. Handicraft for Handy Boys. Hall. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $2.00.
3. The Boy with the U. S. Foresters. Rolt-Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Fiction

1. The Last Try. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
5. The Goodly Fellowship. Schauffler. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Story of the Iliad. Church. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Little Colonel Stories. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Hollow Tree Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. Eve Triumphant. de Coulevain. (Putnam.) $1.25.
6. The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet. Stevenson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Yosemite. Muir. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Toby. Harris. (Small, Maynard.) $1.25.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. Her Weight in Gold. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.
5. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Dweller on Two Planets. Phylos. (Baumgardt.) $2.00.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. India Under Curzon and After. Fraser. (Holt.) $4.00.
4. Marvels of Fish Life. Ward. (Cassell.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery (Page.) $1.25.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Spanish Gold. Birmingham. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.

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NON-FICTION

1. The Jonathan Papers. Woodbridge. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. Auto. Blue Book No. 2. (Auto. Blue Book Co.) $2.50.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putname.) $1.35.
6. Alexander's Bridge. Cather. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Irish Folk Plays. Gregory. (Putnam.) $3.00.
2. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
3. The Child of Dawn. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. As a Man Thinks. Thomas. (Duffield.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Glittering Festival. Harrison. (McClurg.) $1.25.
3. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse & Hopkins.) $1.00.
2. Lee, the American. Bradford. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Travellers Five. Johnson. (Page.) $1.25.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. Captain Martha Mary. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. Danny's Own Story. Marquis. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Track's End. Carruth. (Harper.) 75 cents.
2. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. The Aeroplane Boys Series. Saylor. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) $3.00.
2. Diary of Lady Frances Shelley. (Scribner.) $3.50.
3. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.
4. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anonymous. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
6. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.
4. The Yosemite. Muir. (Century Co.) $2.40.

JUVENILES

1. Girls of Friendly Terrace. Smith. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Minute Boys of Philadelphia. Otis. (Dana, Estes.) $1.25.
3. Children in the Little Old Red House. Douglas. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.

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PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. The Major's Niece. Birmingham. (Doran.) $1.20.
5. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Official Auto. Blue Book. Vols. 2 and 3. (Auto. Blue Book Co.) $2.50.
2. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
3. Business and Kingdom Come. Crane. (Forbes.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.
4. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Boy Scouts in the Maine Woods. Otis. (Crowell.) $1.25.
3. The Young Crusaders. Atwater. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
3. The Melting of Mollie. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Man Who Reaps. Jones. (FitzGerald.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) $1.50.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. American Government. Haskins. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Land We Live In. Price. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
2. The Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
3. Harper's Camping and Scouting Book. Grinnell and Swan. (Harper.) $1.75.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
4. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
5. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. My Demon Motor Boat. Fitch. (Little, Brown.) $1.10.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Key to the Trees. Collins and Preston. (Holt.) $1.35.
3. Panama. Edwards. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.

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6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. His Worldly Goods. Tuttle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Her Weight in Gold. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Joseph in Jeopardy. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Patty's Motor Car. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Conflict. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.35.
6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. Martin Luther. McGiffert. (Century Co.) $3.00.
4. Wisconsin. Howe. (Scribner.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. On the Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
3. The Battle of Base Ball. Claudy. (Century Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
2. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Inverted Torch. Alexander. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. A California Troubadour. Urmy. (Robertson.) $1.50.
3. California Fruits. Wickson. (Rural Press.) $3.00.
4. Gardening in California. MacLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.

JUVENILES

1. Eric's Book of Beasts. Jordan. (Elder.) $1.00.
2. Peter Rabbit. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Jungle Stories. Kipling. (Century Co.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. American Government. Haskin. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. The Yosemite. Muir. (Century Co.) $2.40.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
3. Harper's Boating Book for Boys. Davis. (Harper.) $1.75.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

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TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Midnight at Mears House. Holt. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Briggs.) $1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) $1.50.
6. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Briggs.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEX.

FICTION

1. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
3. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
4. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
5. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Fall Guy. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Writings of Brann the Iconoclast. (Herz Brothers.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
3. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) $3.00.
4. Lessons in Truth. Cady. (Fenno.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
2. Hans Brinker. Dodge. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
3. Billy Whiskers Series. Montgomery. (Saalfield.) 90 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35	356
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	198
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00	147
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	108
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40	96
6. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25	85

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